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EUGENIE.

MEMOIRS OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE

BY COMTE FLEURY ⚜ ⚜ ⚜ ⚜ ⚜

COMPILED FROM STATEMENTS, PRIVATE DOCUMENTS AND PERSONAL LETTERS OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE * * * * FROM CONVERSATIONS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III AND FROM FAMILY LETTERS AND PAPERS OF GENERAL FLEURY, M. FRANCESCHINI PIETRI, PRINCE VICTOR NAPOLEON AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE COURT OF THE SECOND EMPIRE

"The documents and conversations contained in these two volumes are, to my best knowledge, authentic."

C^TE FLEURY

VOLUME I

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branches, Spanish and Portuguese, played an important part in the peninsular history in the 16th century. I mention these facts to show that Napoleon III did not marry "beneath him" as some of his unreasonable critics have said. Some very foolish and groundless statements have been made to this effect. I simply wish to controvert them.

The family of Porto-Carrero, Counts of Montijo, includes the Cardinal of that name, who played a part during the reign of Charles II of Austria and descends in direct line from the ancient patrician family that in 1339 gave the city of Genoa its first Doge. Dona Maria Francisca de Porto Carrero, Countess of Montijo, writer of repute, who was prosecuted on the charge of turning her house into a Jansenist meeting place, was one of the Empress' ancestors and lived in the beginning of the 19th century. She was the correspondent of the Marquise de Lage de Volude, former lady in waiting to the Princesse de Lamballe, and at one time, during the Reign of Terror, was a refugee in Spain. Sovereigns, statesmen, soldiers, churchmen, are consequently found among the Empress' ancestors. And perhaps I may, in passing, add here that her sister married the Duke of Alba and Berwick, who was lineally descended from James II, king of England.

Her father, Don Cipriano Guzman Palafox y Porto-Carrero, Count of Téba, was the youngest brother of Eugenio, Count of Montijo, who, in the beginning of the last century, was associated with every liberal and even revolutionary movement in Spain. His family claims that his name stands out prominently in the efforts made to combat the stupid tyranny of Ferdinand VII's government. He

had the audacity of old-time conspirators and the perseverance of modern revolutionists. With a small band of resolute men, he penetrated into the Aranjuez palace and for a few hours held in his power the King, Queen and the favourite Godoy. But the people did not second him and the conspiracy failed, and Eugenio de Montijo was pronounced a madman by those who did not dare to profit by his bold act made in the interest of good government.

Cipriano fought with distinction in Napoleon's armies. Attached to the cause of King Joseph, he was conspicuous during the murderous struggle in Spain and was several times wounded. In 1814, he had risen to become colonel of artillery and was stationed by the Emperor at the fortifications of Paris then threatened by the Allies, where he was at the head of the students of the Polytechnic School defending the Buttes Chaumont. In fact, owing to the part he played in the wars of the Empire, he was prosecuted and imprisoned by order of Ferdinand VII, after the fall of Napoleon. Later, he was one of the first grandees of Spain called to the Senate. In a word, the Empress' father was a man of liberal views, energy and cultured tastes, who was ever ready to render service to others.

After the French revolution of 1830, Comte and Comtesse de Téba went and settled in Paris, where they became intimate with many leading families in Parisian society, especially the Delesserts and Labordes whom the Empress' parents' old friend Prosper Mérimée had known since his childhood. Some of these friendships, begun in Spain, were

now destined to become more and more intimate as the families met almost daily.

Don Eugenio died in 1834, and his brother, Don Cipriano, inherited the property and titles of the Montijo house. But this veteran of the wars of the Empire was not greatly influenced by the change of fortune and he had no intention whatever of altering his simple and retired mode of life. Deeply imbued with liberal and thoroughly modern ideas, as I have already said, he repudiated the customs of an ancient caste and wished his daughters to receive an education far superior to that which women of society then possessed; he would have liked even to see them brought up as though they were poor. "Let them be toughened by privation and sufferings," was his constant remark.

The character and ideas of the Empress' mother were far different. She made no objections concerning the nature of the instruction of her daughters, being herself possessed of much culture and a wide and varied range of knowledge. She was a woman of marked energy, vitality and activity, with an earnest desire to push forward, which neither old age nor blindness could slacken, and she was anxious to give a free rein to qualities which she felt might be useful to her relatives as much as to herself. Wherever she was, she always gathered around her a body of superior men, whom she did not merely seek to "bind to her chariot wheels," to "rivet to her fate" as a literary friend has remarked. She admired for their own sake those whom she had chosen as friends. She was most useful to Mérimée, whom she had initiated, at the time of his first journey to Spain, into the complex affairs of that

country. It was she who related to him, later on, the anecdote from which he drew *Carmen;* and, later still, she suggested to the traveler, lover of art and of historical reconstitutions, the idea of a new Don Pedro, king of Castille, on whose memory weigh a number of timely "suppressions" including those of some relations and of Eleonora de Guzman, who had been his father's mistress. To help Mérimée in his eager search for authentic documents, she stirred into activity legions of archivists and librarians, awoke benumbed energies, and shook the dust from annals which had lain unheeded during long centuries. Influencing both his mind and heart, she whispered into the ear of her friend a historical theory of her own about Don Pedro, which Mérimée practically adopted and skillfully turned into a complete system of his own.

The Empress' mother recognized and admitted the merits of the ideas advocated by the French doctrinaries and liberals who then shared with the "discussing gentry" the favors of Louis Philippe's reign; but all her affection went out to some "tyrant of genius" who would lead the people toward goodness and happiness without bothering them with the means he employed to accomplish this beneficent end. It is certain that the great Napoleon was her ideal. In the family to which she belonged, one was born a Bonapartist and one remained so till death. Some years later, she learned that a certain Prince, twenty years of age, bearing the name of Bonaparte, was in Madrid. She managed to meet him and to study him with most minute care. Handsome, fascinating, witty, he was surely a Bonaparte, but he was not *the* Bonaparte for whom she declared that

Europe was ever waiting. In fact, but little persuasion would have been necessary to induce her to visit another Bonaparte then prisoner at Ham.

In Paris, the Empress' mother led a retired, intellectual life. Mérimée introduced to her several authors, especially Henri Beyle, ("Stendhal") his great friend, who, though twenty years older than himself, exercised such a strong influence over him. Beyle found charmed admirers in the little daughters of Comtesse de Montijo and came with pleasure to a house where his stories were greatly enjoyed. These were red-letter evenings for the children of the family. They looked forward to them with impatience, because they were put to bed a little later on those occasions. And then, his stories amused them so much!

Apropos of these visits, Mérimée once wrote the Empress' mother as follows, and afterwards, incorporated almost these very same words in one of his volumes: "One can picture the two children sitting on Beyle's knees or close by his side, on low chairs listening with attentive ear, parted lips and eyes wide-open as though looking on some strange vision, while he, the singer of the great deeds of the past, gave fresh color and animation to those tales of lives that were spent long since, letting drop one by one from his lips, as from a string of pearls, the episodes of that prodigious drama which he had witnessed or in which he had even played a minor part. One can imagine, if one reads in 'The Carthusian Nun of Parma,' the chapter devoted to Waterloo, how picturesque must have been those descriptions, filled as they were with suggestive details, stamped with that sincerity of feeling, that intimate knowledge

of the living and the lived which makes the charm of Stendhal's creations. Thus the little girls, already prepared by their father's reminiscences, early learned a deep reverence for the Empire, and gathered from the mouth of this unequaled story teller, a truer, more striking Napoleon than the legendary one. In order that the memory of the children should retain these dazzling delineations of 'the man in the little cocked hat and gray coat,' and, their imagination fed, that their eyes also should be interested, Beyle completed his stories by pictures." The Empress Eugénie long had a *Battle of Austerlitz* given to her and drawn by him.

It is a new Stendhal whom we thus meet, a Stendhal who, in order to be understood by his "little pupils" was willing to become a mere "story teller," he who, according to Mérimée's own admission, took a malicious pleasure in appearing in the eyes of the public as "a monster of immorality." Here, on the contrary, we find a Stendhal who, putting aside all pride and love of domineering, deigned to be simplicity itself. "He felt that his words were listened to with admiration and fervor," continues Mérimée, "and to his satisfied vanity, nothing was more agreeable than the eager attention shown in those pretty eyes of the two little girls." "When you are grown up," he would say to the future Empress, "you will marry the Marquis of Santa Cruz,"—he pronounced the word with a comical emphasis which I can never forget—"and you will forget me and I will no longer care about you."

Mérimée, too, would tell tales, but tales that were less warlike than those of Stendhal. He really liked to entertain the children when they were sometimes

entrusted to his care, for, in his own way, Mérimée was fond of children. I recall how, when he congratulated his friend Stapfer on the birth of a daughter, he remarked that he could fully realize the joys of fatherhood, for he well remembered the pleasure he had himself tasted in past days when bringing up kittens! He added quaintly, that "kittens lose much of their attractiveness as they become full-grown cats, whereas human kittens, especially she ones, gain in this respect as they grow older."

So Mérimée was always quite ready to amuse "la petite Eugénie," as the future Empress was then called. He would often take her out for a walk, would show her the sights of Paris and they would wind up by dropping in at the pastry-cook's. "I am interested by her chatter," he would say. Often, too, he corrected her French exercises, and he even gave her some writing lessons. No wonder then that Eugénie always retained for this friend of her childhood a warm remembrance which never faded. She always enjoyed talking about him, and continued to call him ceremoniously, as in her childhood days, "Monsieur Mérimée." Memories of Compiègne, of Saint Cloud, of Biarritz, cluster also round his name. As the scholarly inspector of historical monuments he contributed in no small degree to strengthening Eugénie's taste for studies of the past, just as Beyle had been her Napoleonic educator. It was only natural for the Empress to remain faithful to the memory of these her first intellectual teachers. On one point alone did she fail to show herself an apt pupil; impiety never had any attraction for her. But I ought to add, that they omitted to instruct her in that branch!

Mérimée really became much attached to the children, and when they left Paris in 1839 to join their mother, called home in haste to her husband who was dangerously ill at Madrid, the "dear French friend," as this family always called him, was indeed very sorry. For a short period the girls remained alone in Paris with their governess, when Mérimée devoted as much time to them as he could spare. One of them having treated the excellent Miss Flower in a somewhat rude manner, they were taken to task, I was told, and Mérimée preached a lay-sermon to both of them which had a good effect and the echo of which they carried to their friend Cecile Delessert, who always enjoyed all they told her about the good French author. "You would not believe," he wrote at that time, "what grief I feel to see the children go."

There is a picture representing them at the ages of thirteen and fourteen with gowns in plaits at the back and a bit of embroidered drawers showing beneath the skirt. "What will these two children be like when I meet them next?" he wrote their mother in a letter of which they were the bearers. "Will they be tall young girls, coquettish, scornful or passionate, with no feeling for their old pedagogue? Will they, adulated and flattered in the dazzling days of their spring-tide, turn from the man already approaching the forties, whose hair is even now streaked with gray? These, and many other questions, have flashed through my mind and that of Beyle, who is, I must add, skeptical in regard to all things except women. This is why, in spite of the armor of indifference with which I like to clothe myself, I, now that my little friends are leaving me,

give way to a feeling, which, though fraught with a good deal of melancholy, yet, I must confess, contains a dash of vague hopefulness." At the last moment, he nearly started with them. The girls and Miss Flower promised to write him. So he immediately penned a note to their mother in which he said: "Out of all this, there will at least come a letter." And that is just what did happen. At Oloron, in the Pyrenees, where the travelers had to stop on account of the bad weather, Eugénie sent him what she called "a fine letter," and one which her old friend kept for a long time. He used even sometimes to show this letter discreetly when the author of it had become Empress of the French!

Mérimée wrote regularly to Eugénie's mother. He followed Spanish politics with great interest although he early abandoned the hope of understanding them. He was glad to learn that his correspondent, a partisan of Narvaez, had been made mistress of the robes. Writing to his friend, October 22, 1847, he said: "So you are really *camarera mayor,* and you are pleased. That is enough to make me pleased also. You can do good in that post, and that is a sufficient reason why you should accept it. Whatever you may say to the contrary, you are made for fight, and it would be ridiculous to wish Cæsar to lead the tranquil life of the Second Citizen of Rome. I may tell you that I have already received much flattery on your account, and I expect on the first occasion to have petitions presented to me which are really meant for you! Knowing my temper, you can readily guess what use I shall make of them."

Mérimée was not at ease concerning his friend's

safety, and was alarmed to hear that she went out in a phaeton alone with the sovereign—Queen Isabella—against whom a number of conspiracies were being hatched. But this anxiety was not to last long, for barely three months after her appointment, Eugénie's mother abandoned of her own free will a post which she had accepted with delight, but the difficulties attending which she had not realized. Scarcely was she installed, when intrigues were set on foot to deprive the Grand Mistress of the Queen's confidence; the masters of Spain feared her intelligent energy and her growing influence. The future Empress' mother preferred to abandon her functions rather than submit to any compromise. Her mind was quickly made up and she did not appear to regret her decision.

In this connection, it may be of interest to give here this unpublished reflection of an intimate friend, valuable in spite of flattering phrases, here and there: "The character and conduct of the mother is often reflected in the daughter, who, contrary to the rule suggested by Galton, seemed to take after the female rather than the male parent. When the Empress Eugénie entered into the difficult public life of the Court of the Second Empire, she had had much experience in this sort of existence, both from hereditary instinct and from what she saw, heard and guessed during these early years in the palace circles of Madrid. It should also be borne in mind in this connection that court life in Spain, especially in those stormy days, is surpassed by no other capital in Europe by its intrigues, its hidden influences and the general sharpening of the wits of all those who come within its precincts. If

there was the material of a statesman in the Empress Eugénie, she came with it naturally."

Freed from political worries, and from court intrigues and jealousies, the Countess Montijo quickly assumed an important position in Madrid society, while her invaluable friend in France corresponded regularly with her and kept her informed of many inside political and diplomatic matters, which she sometimes utilized in her own salon. He even undertook to do all sorts of errands for them. Mérimée had friends in the Foreign Office, and he took advantage of this fact to entrust to the "diplomatic pouch" not only long letters, but also dahlia and pawlownia seeds, which he procured at the Garden of Plants for her gardener, and Chinese lanterns to decorate open-air fêtes, according to the fashion set by Comtesse Duchâtel. Nor did he scruple to send in this manner satin shoes for the young Duchesse d'Albe and costumes from Palmyra, the fashionable dressmaker of the day. This good friend even tried to forward, through the Foreign Office, a barouche; but at this, the good-nature of the minister rebelled.

From Madrid, in turn, Mérimée received *fosforos*, for he complained of being unable to find "in such a chemical town as Paris" any matches which suited him. He also was sent loaves of bread which he stated were much better than the French bread and which followed him from town to town when he was on official inspection tours. The Delessert ladies and their friends asked the Montijor to get them mantillas and Mérimée was invited to the trying-on.

A certain mantilla suited the Marquise Pasquier very well, and to see just how it should be put on,

she carefully studied a pencil sketch by Mérimée of "the second daughter of the Comtesse, la petite Eugénie," he wrote.

Mérimée and the Countess Montijo did not confine this exchange of attentions wholly to frivolities. They also sent their friends to one another. The latter introduced to him Spanish politicians and grand ladies, while the former would recommend to her his literary friends and colleagues. Thus, to cite but one or two examples of this kind, Charles de Mazade, entrusted with a mission for Comte de Salvandy, member of the Academy and twice minister of public instruction under Louis Philippe, was very handsomely welcomed in Madrid at the house, and later, at Mérimée's suggestion, she carefully read and revised the traveling notes published on his return to France, by the young writer, Prince Albert de Broglie, then attached to the French Embassy at Madrid, one of their frequent guests. When recommending him, Mérimée reminded the Countess of his "real obligations to the father of the young diplomat," but chroniclers relate that there was a complete misunderstanding between Spain and the future academician. "He considered the Spaniards very frivolous, and they considered him too funereal," the future Emperor once truly remarked.

This interesting correspondence of Mérimée with the Countess Montijo is the history of the comings and goings of diplomats, an account of political facts and a record of social incidents. It is the story of Parisian society life sent across the Pyrenees, by means of the pen of a clever man. This again, I may say, was an important element in the political edu-

cation of the person destined to share the throne of a country whose men, women, manners and politics were thus being continually described in the Madrid home circle by such a talented brain and such an observant on-looker, as Prosper Mérimée. Thanks largely to him, it could be said of Eugénie perhaps with some truth, when she married Napoleon III: "Why, this young woman knows more about France and her people, her arts, her politics and her public men than many a youth who was born within our boundaries like his ancestors for several generations."

Mérimée's friendship with the family was of such old standing that not only was he the first to be informed of the proposed marriage, but he was even chosen as the fit person to give to the Emperor's representative all the necessary information for the drafting of the marriage contract. There had been some thought of giving him the title of Chief Secretary; but that honor seemed inadequate, and it is, therefore, not to be wondered at that Mérimée's nomination as Senator was one of the first favors the Empress asked of her husband.

It has been asked in some quarters whether Mérimée felt embarrassed by this honor to which, no doubt, he had certain claims by reason of the services he had rendered as inspector of historical monuments, but which he knew was due in great part to the friendly action of her whom he had known as a child. At any rate, he once made, in this connection, this statement to his friend Dr. Véron: "You know the whole story, as well as I do. Fate willed it, that, through sheer lack of something else to do, I went to Spain where I met some very good and amiable

people who gave me a hearty welcome. Among them was a little girl to whom I told tales, for whom I interceded when she did not know her lessons, and to whom later I preached gentle sermons with a moral, —for I am far from being over indulgent to youth. One day that little girl told me she was going to marry the Emperor. I begged her to make me swear never to ask any favor of her, and after a certain amount of discussion, she had me take such an oath in most solemn fashion. The Emperor, nevertheless, in response to her request, wished to give me a very fine position where there was much to do. I begged him to leave me with my monuments, where I had greater freedom. The Empress then said to me in Spanish: 'You will be given something else, if you do not accept this, and you will be our enemy in the bargain.' That is how I came to lose my liberty."

Mérimée was at his toilet one morning when he received the official announcement of his nomination. It caused him some surprise and some embarrassment. There was nothing odd in a literary and scientific man accepting a favor which he had never asked for. But he made the mistake of keeping secret a nomination which every one was sure to hear of through the *Moniteur*. It has been said that he spent the previous evening in a drawing-room hostile to the Empire, where he kept silent about the pending appointment, instead of openly meeting criticism, and that, on that same evening, he even spoke of the Emperor in terms which were worse than cold. Of course the Empress never inquired into all this political gossip and she remembered only the Mérimée of her youth. Perhaps this nomination was very badly viewed in Orleanist circles,

where Mérimée usually moved. However, if he had been willing to put up with some coldness and epigrams, he would probably not have lost any of the friendships which were dear to him.

The Emperor has said on this point: "This is quite possible; but what is certain is that Mérimée, at the time of his nomination, showed a hesitating attitude, largely due to his natural timidity. But, the matter once settled, he became brave again, and would not accept the period of penance which certain drawing-rooms desired to subject him to, as a means of obtaining absolution. He found consolation in other pursuits, not merely in the 'blue and gold coat, more becoming to the complexion than the academic mantle embroidered with tarragon,' as somebody remarked in this connection."

I do not hesitate to transcribe here a paragraph which a kind friend has written, for at the core it is true, I am happy to say. This life-long supporter of the Second Empire speaks as follows concerning this episode: "This affair of the appointment of Prosper Mérimée to the Senate well illustrates a side of the character of the Empress which endeared her to all who came in contact with her. She could not forget a kindness and always remembered the friends of her early days, who had helped her in any way, especially those who unwittingly contributed to prepare her for the high position which she was eventually called upon to fill. In this respect she was the pendant of the Emperor himself who also had a warm heart for the friends of his chequered youth. But in dispensing these peculiar favors, the Empress made fewer mistakes than her generous mate, which was largely due to the fact that the

Emperor had gone through hard times and had been served at moments by far from wholly worthy individuals. But Mérimée was an exceptionally meritorious 'friend of the first hour' and both Emperor and Empress honored themselves in honoring him."

I have dwelt at considerable length on the Empress' relations with Mérimée because her associations with him were not only exceedingly pleasant but because he really had a strong influence on her mental development, and also because the story has not always been told as I have just told it. Perhaps I should add, further, that I have done this, too, because he had to do directly and indirectly with Eugénie's marriage, though it is not necessary to go further into this matter here.

When it was finally settled that she was to marry the Emperor, Eugénie immediately informed Queen Isabella of Spain, who then sat on the throne, in a formal letter, in which she declared that "I shall have no other thought than to contribute, in the measure of my powers, to strengthen the bonds which unite two great nations and two great monarchs, to whose service I shall be consecrated by love and duty for ever."

Queen Isabella's reply pleased both Napoleon and Eugénie, especially the portion where she said: "I give my full consent to a union which is so splendid for you, and you may rest assured that I entertain best wishes for your happiness and that of the Emperor, expressing the hope that, both being guided by the hand of the All Powerful, you will lead France, that great nation, to the highest degree of prosperity and comfort. In the difficult and

dangerous path which you are henceforth to tread, always keep for guide, faith in the Supreme Being and the duty of sacrificing everything to the Emperor and to France. Such are the sentiments of the Queen and the counsels of your affectionate Isabella."

The Empress then and there decided that she would ever do all in her power to keep up the friendliest relations between France and Spain, for under every régime and in all times, an allied or neutral southwestern frontier has been a source of great strength to France, negative though it may be in its nature. The importance of this came out sadly in 1870, when France and Germany were precipitated into a dreadful conflict, because this principle seemed to be overlooked for a moment in Spain. At that time the Empress labored with all her might to do what she could to prevent the catastrophe and so did Queen Isabella, who was then leading in Paris the life of an exile. During this crisis Eugénie reminded her of the message to her in January, 1853, and of her reply, and added: "Now we can both, in France itself, labor to prevent Spain from doing such an unfriendly act as to put on a throne, once so worthily filled by your Majesty, a German prince." The ex-Queen replied immediately: "I have not forgotten those far-off days, and I am laboring, as you may well imagine, and as you and the good Emperor are laboring, to prevent this threatening disaster. May we all succeed in our honest efforts!" The Queen did strive, and with success, in obtaining from this Spanish government the abandonment of this fatal policy. On this point, the Emperor said one day: "If half of the diplomats

concerned in this mad affair had the talent and the honest heart of Queen Isabella we would not only have been out of this imbroglio long ago, but we should never have got into it!" Some one repeated this wise remark to the Queen, when she said earnestly: "I do not know whether I have talent of any kind, but I do know that in this Hohenzollern campaign, I was honest in heart. Of that I am sure."

CHAPTER II

THE COUP D'ETAT

A GREAT deal has been written about the Coup d'Etat of December 2, 1851, by which Prince Louis Napoleon became the supreme head of France and which made him Emperor a year later. But the acts and causes which led up to this important event have not always been given in the same way or in the same spirit; so it has appeared interesting to state here the official version of the Emperor and his friends. On several occasions, the Emperor spoke in my presence, to me or to others, concerning the persons and events of the Coup d'Etat, his "coming out from the legal circle and entering into law and order," as he used to put it. What I say in the pages which follow is based on these conversations, on conversations with other actors in that event and on notes made by me in my readings. My rather retentive memory is also called upon here as everywhere throughout these volumes, though in no case do I rely on it alone for a fact or a statement of importance, for I know by experience how treacherous one's unaided memory often is. In this connection, I recall a frequent remark of the Emperor. He would say: "I have often found myself deceived by my own memory. I had read or heard things, which I finally got to think emanated from me, whereas they were really quite foreign to me and I

could not at all vouch for their exactitude. And yet I was telling them as my own and believing implicitly in them. Mistrust your memory as you do your wife," he would say in closing, looking at Eugénie with a whimsical expression that meant of course that he was teasing her a little. The Emperor in his familiar movements immensely enjoyed banter and good-humored irony. As he was always solemn and reserved in public, those who did not know him well imagined that he was heavy and unresponsive. But this was a great mistake. Napoleon had a light sunny side that accounts largely for the charm which he occasioned in the eyes and hearts of all who came close to him and in whom he confided. Few men had warmer friends and few made fewer enemies than Napoleon III.

The cabinet formed on January 24, 1851, composed wholly of members chosen outside of the Assembly, had lasted three months, when the Prince President of the Republic decided to yield to the demands of public opinion and select a cabinet taken entirely from members of the Assembly, hoping by this means to unite more closely the executive and the legislative branches of the government. So on April 4th, of this same year, the Prince charged Odilon Barrot, one of the old-school French liberals, with the mission of forming this new ministry. The President reserved for his friends only the portfolios of Justice and Finance, leaving all the other posts to the Majority. But Odilon Barrot failed. His friends wished to exclude from the new ministry all of the supporters of the President. This event is not always presented in this light; but, nevertheless, this is the true light. The Prince, therefore, decided

to form a cabinet made up of some of the members of the last one, and introduced new men whose ability had been tried. On the morrow, Sainte-Beuve, who afterwards became a senator of the Second Empire, proposed a vote of distrust in the President! But all these wild efforts of the frightened parliamentarians, who felt that the power to govern was to be wrested from them, only added to the strength of the Prince. All those who wished order to reign, were deserting the turbulent minorities of the Assembly and putting their trust in him.

The Emperor, in after years, often spoke to his faithful friends and especially to those who had helped him to accomplish his destiny, of the struggles of this period. "One might reap a rich harvest and gain much information," he said on one of these occasions, "by the perusal of the numerous articles, pamphlets, speeches and publications of various sorts which appeared at this time, all dealing with me and my policy. There were conflicts then of word and pen." On these occasions he used to recall the following remarks of a man who was never his friend, but who sometimes spoke justly of him, Thiers: "The Majority is in fragments. The President, who seemed to owe his strength to his association with the Assembly, now walks alone, not only without the support of the Assembly, but against it. This divorce has not weakened him, has not humiliated him, has not even put him in a bad temper. He possesses self-control, perseverance, and strength of character. He has gained ground and friends. Nobody can question these assertions; what I say is evident to every fair mind." "Thiers didn't always hit the nail so well on the head," the

Emperor used to add with a smile, after quoting this passage from memory.

At this moment there was a general demand for the revision of the constitution with a view to the prolongation of the President's term of office. The Assembly could, in accordance with the constitution, take up the question on May 28, 1851, that date being the beginning of the last year of that legislature. A series of articles published in the *Constitutionnel* as early as 1850 had called the attention of the press to the matter, and public opinion had also begun to manifest very plainly its ideas on the subject. "Little by little the tiny spark grew into a big flame," said the Emperor at a later date, and petitions in favor of the prolongation began to circulate all over France. In fact, so intense was the movement, that the Minister of the Interior felt called upon to cool the zeal of some of the partisans of the reform. In the meantime, a central committee was organized to receive the petitions, though many were presented directly to the Assembly, through the people's representatives. The Extreme Left, or the Mountain, as it was called, moved that these petitions be rejected on the ground that they were unconstitutional; but these opponents were finally forced to give way before the rising tide. From May 5 to June 31 no fewer than 13,294 petitions were laid before the Assembly, bearing 1,123,625 names. Of these signers, 741,011 prayed that the constitution be revised, while 382,624 others did not hesitate to ask that it be revised in such a way as to lengthen the President's term. By the end of July, the number of petitions had reached the formidable number of a round 300,000, exclusive of only 526 opposed to

revision. The parties whose plans had been upset by these popular manifestations accused the government of having brought pressure to bear to produce these results. But two months later, eighty Departments out of eighty-five, through their Councils General, or Departmental Legislatures, called upon the Assembly to carry out the revision of the constitution. Men of sense recognized the fact that the nation demanded a change. Berryer, Dufaure, Odilon Barrot and others, who were not friends of the Prince-President, admitted that the people wanted the term of office prolonged. No one questioned the necessity of a *coup d'état* of some sort, whether brought about by the parliamentarians or the executive power, if proper conditions of order, authority and government were to be reëstablished in France; there must be some escape through energetic and determined means, from the complicated situation. As to the character of the method to be employed or the way of accomplishing it, there was diversity of opinion. Hence the many plans, varying in certain particulars but similar in their results, and all a violation of the constitution, which were proposed to Prince Louis Napoleon during his three years' presidency. The idea of an appeal to the people became very general and seemed all the more fitting because it received the approval of such men as Thiers, Comte Falloux, Montalembert, the Duc de Mortemart, General Changarnier and Comte Molé. These facts should be kept in mind by those who are prone to criticize the action of the Prince-President a few months later.

The first precise proposal came from General Changarnier, and followed almost immediately after

the popular vote of December, 1848, which made Louis Napoleon President of the Republic. The general has denied the charge of having sought to bring about a *coup d'état,* declaring that it was to increase the prestige of the constitution, not in order to destroy it, that he was ready to disperse the Assembly, with the assistance of Odilon Barrot himself, if such an energetic measure were necessary. In any case, General Changarnier went further than anybody else had during these stormy days, for he made sure of the support of the second regiment of dragoons. In excuse, he held that his responsibilities as general-in-chief obliged him to follow a firm and prudent course. But it could not be considered as an act of devotion to the constitution, his willingness in January, 1849, to coöperate by means of a great show of military force in the reëstablishment of the Empire; and yet that is what he did. On the 29th of that month, Paris had a great fright. There was a mutiny among the militia and much effervescence among the "reds" because of a proposal to dissolve the Assembly. The insurrectionary party which had been defeated in the bloody uprising of the month of June of the preceding year had conceived the thought of taking advantage of this uneasiness to bring about a formidable revolt. But the government was on the alert and immediately took strong measures to defend itself, and Paris awoke to find itself caught in a net of steel and iron. This act of energy sufficed and the terrified mob did not move. General Changarnier, who was the ruling spirit on this occasion, then thought—nor was he alone in this way of thinking—that the setting up of the Empire was the surest manner of bringing about

a solid government. If his wish had been realized and had been realized under his direction, the demagogues would have been curbed and all France would have welcomed the act. But the Prince at first repelled every attempt to induce him to hasten events by violent measures. "I was opposed to any attack on legal institutions," he said at a later period, referring to this moment; "I wished to avoid extreme steps which did not seem indispensable for the salvation of society." Changarnier did not hide his regret and astonishment at the Prince's moderation and said on more than one occasion: "The President missed a fine opportunity to put things to rights. He made a mistake, for he will not meet with another like it." If General Changarnier had had his way, the Empire would have come three years sooner, and he would not have been in a position to express very different views concerning this Empire from those which he expressed a little later. As the Emperor well said: "Changarnier found out how to make himself decidedly hostile to me as soon as events got straightened out and he saw that I meant to act for myself." It was natural, therefore, that the General should fall from power, which happened on January 10, 1851, when he was deprived of the command of the Paris national guard.

Thiers also had shown a willingness to sacrifice the constitution in order to reëstablish a strong government. "But of course he was not working for the Imperial Government," Napoleon would say with a smile, which meant that Thiers, as always, was working for himself alone. His first idea was to lengthen the President's term, making it ten years, which was a breach of the constitution. "We may

suppose that M. Thiers was delaying the carrying out of this plan," the Emperor would say, "until he should be at the head of affairs; like many others, he found the time long between changes of cabinets!" This idea of Thiers frightened the parliamentary groups, especially the party in power which pretended that the presidency was a danger to the republic. Thiers fancied that "the Prince's thirst for power," as he styled it, would be quenched if he was given ten years of it. But the parliamentary leaders were mistaken in imagining that the Prince-President was privy to these plans. His ideas as to the remedy for the political malady were of quite another sort. They were revealed in his vigorous message, dated October 31, 1849, wherein it was made plain that Louis Napoleon and not the Assembly meant to govern the country. This message and this policy cut short the proposed changes in the constitution, and prevented M. Thiers and his friends from violating that instrument.

Comte Molé also had *coup d'état* ideas running in his head. He did not hesitate to declare to those who would listen and even to those who would not listen, that the Constituent Assembly, in view of the organization which it had given to the executive branch, would not be able to establish a solid government. Though in 1851, he was violently opposed to the Prince-President's policy, in 1850, he appeared convinced of the necessity of reëstablishing Imperial institutions, especially after the decidedly republican elections at Paris, in March of that year, which threw the moderate parties into consternation. "We must reëstablish the Empire; that alone can bring us out of this disorder," he said—which

remark the Emperor would also quote from memory.

Overtures were made to the Prince and plans were drafted in view of preserving order under the auspices of the Government. But this spirit of concord did not last very long. Some of these leaders of the moderate party never entirely gave up their early convictions and rallied round the President only because he appeared to be the firmest center in the general upheaval. All this agitation culminated at a meeting held at Comte Molé's castle of Champlâtreux, in September, 1851. The plan there discussed had as its foundation, the reëlection of Prince Louis Napoleon as President, the establishment of two legislative chambers and energetic measures to be taken against the socialist party. But no precise form of execution of this program was decided upon, so that the Prince, while fully appreciating the good intentions which had actuated these worthy gentlemen, could not look upon their work as very serious, and, in fact, the whole scheme was not long in dwindling to pieces.

In the meantime, the struggle between the Executive and the Assembly threatened to become acute, and men of order began more than ever to deliberate as to the best extra-constitutional solution of the problem. Most of them favored a *coup d'état* of some sort, but there was great diversity of opinion as to what form it should take. The monarchical parties desired to control the movement, using the Prince for their own ends, while he hesitated over the details more than over the main question. But on one point his mind was fully made up—he did not intend to be duped by the groups of the Right,

especially as he knew he could count on the support of three hundred members of the Assembly.

The newspapers added to the confusion. The democratic press was opposed to any revision of the constitution. The royalist journals were ready to accept revision provided it were profitable to the monarchy, but the Orleanist division of the royalists was opposed, holding that revision could be of advantage only to the Imperialists. Of all the Paris papers, the *Journal des Débats* came out squarely in favor of revision. No wonder that in the midst of such confusion, Napoleon felt more than ever that he was called upon to act and not to talk. "There was nothing else to be done but what I did do," he used always to say, when closing a conversation on this period.

Another serious obstacle which lay in the way of revision was Article III of the constitution which required a three fourths vote in favor of a change before any could be made; and as there were 750 members of the Assembly, less than 200 could defeat such a measure. "The revision motion will not pass," exclaimed one of the leading republican editors of the time, "for our party is sufficiently strong in the house to prevent it." And he was right.

In the meanwhile, the Prince-President had determined to carry the question before the people in a number of public addresses. The notes on which these speeches were based exist, and it is from them that the following passages are selected, rather than from the printed copy given at the time, which was not always correct. These notes show what the Prince really had in his own mind, some of which

thoughts he did not feel able always to make public when the opportunity offered for doing so.

On June 1, 1851, at Dijon, he spoke about as follows in one passage of his speech: "Neither intrigues, nor attacks, nor discussions of a passionate nature between parties are in harmony with the sentiments or the condition of the country. France neither desires a return to the old régime, whatever may be the form under which it is disguised, nor an experiment with Utopias which are fatal and impracticable. The country puts its trust in me because I am the most natural adversary of both systems. If this were not so, how do you explain the kindly way in which I am treated by the people, despite all the adverse polemics? I may add that it is this kindly treatment which takes the sting from these polemics in so far as they are directed against me. If my administration has not been able to accomplish all the reforms we wished, this is due to the maneuver of the factions which paralyze all the efforts of Assembly and Government. During the last three years, I have always been well seconded when it was a question of putting down disorder. But when the matter in hand was the amelioration of the lot of the people, then I met nothing but inertia. But a new phase of our political era has commenced. From one end of France to the other, petitions are being signed demanding the revision of the constitution. I await with confidence the voice of the country and the action of the Assembly, which, I feel sure, will be actuated only by a wish to do what is demanded for the public welfare. If France holds that no one has the right to settle what her fate shall be without first consulting her at

the polls, I will see that this is done. Since I have been in power, I have proved that I have always put the interests of society before my own personal interests. The most unjust and violent attacks have not succeeded in drawing me from my calm attitude. Whatever duties the nation may lay upon me will be faithfully carried out, and you may rest assured that France will not perish in my hands."

This language reassured the provinces which had been disturbed by the underhand work of the demagogues of socialism; it quieted all law-abiding citizens, and drove far from men's thoughts the nightmare of disorder. In the Assembly, those who hoped to get control of the power, which they would not leave in the hands of the Prince, pronounced these words to be pure bravado. They called forth many replies, and among these was the well-known one of General Changarnier, who had been removed from the command of the national guard, in January of this year. In June, 1851—a few months before the Coup d'Etat—he said in the tribune: "The army, no more than yourselves, does not desire to see France a prey to the misery and shame of the government of a Cæsar, alternatively set up and thrown down by disorderly pretorians. No one could get our soldiers to march against the Assembly. Not a battalion, not a company, not a squadron could be induced to make such a fatal mistake; and those who should try to influence them in such a direction, would find themselves confronted by the chiefs whom our soldiers are accustomed to follow in the path of duty and honor. Representatives of France, continue your deliberations in peace!" When, in after years, Napoleon III read

this passage, on one or two occasions, he never could suppress a smile.

The preliminary work for the revision of the constitution was still going on in the Assembly. M. de Tocqueville, chairman of the committee having the matter in hand, made his report on June 25, 1851, and it came up for debate about the middle of July. During this time, the Prince-President continued his journeys, which were veritable triumphal marches wherever he went. Here is one of the notes made for his Tours speech of July 1, of this year: "I look without fear on the country's future, for its salvation will always come from the people's will, freely expressed and religiously observed; and I earnestly hope for the solemn moment when the powerful voice of the nation shall dominate all opposition and bring about concord among warring factions; for it is very sad to note that the revolutions which shake society to its very foundations and leave a heap of ruins behind, cannot uproot the old passions, the old exigencies, the old elements of trouble."

On July 6, the President spoke at a town banquet at Beauvais, on the occasion of the unveiling of a statue to Jeanne Hachette, the heroine who defended this place when it was besieged in 1472 by Charles the Bold. According to his notes, he said: "It is encouraging to remember that in moments of extreme danger, Providence often permits a single person to be the instrument of the salvation of all. Yet Jeanne Hachette, like Jeanne d'Arc, did no more than to show Frenchmen the path to honor and duty and to walk at their head in that path. It was Napoleon who, in 1806, reëstablished the old

custom, which had long been abandoned, of celebrating the end of the siege of Beauvais. He did so because for him France was not a fictitious land, born of yesterday, enclosed within the limits of a single epoch and bound up in a single party, but a great nation resulting from eight hundred years of monarchy, still great after ten years of revolution, laboring for the fusion of all old and new interests and making its own all glory without exception of time or cause."

Henceforth, the Prince was determined to remain at the head of the state. He preferred to accomplish this end by reëlection, which necessitated the revision of the article rendering reëlection impossible. After several days of debate in the Assembly, the measure was voted down, and the President saw that he could not remain in power by this means. He also saw that though the constitution was not revised, it was stricken to death. This long discussion had made it clear that revision would have been voted if each party could have revised according to its own wishes. In a word, a majority of the Assembly and the country desired revision, but the requirements of a three quarters vote prevented the solving of the problem. "It was a victory for the opposers of the lengthening of my term of office," said the Emperor one day. "But my enemies were not contented to stop there in their hounding of me." In fact, the Assembly passed a resolution blaming the administration for the criticisms of the conduct of public affairs contained in the petitions already referred to. "But," continues the Emperor, "the country soon replied to this awkward vote of blame, with a calmness and a dignity which made an

impression on me that I have never forgotten, and which also greatly influenced public opinion both in France and in foreign parts." In the August following this vote, the General Councils, or Departmental Legislatures, held their summer session and, before separating, most of them passed very significant resolutions touching on the question of the hour. Out of eighty-five of these bodies, eighty demanded that the constitution be revised on the lines desired by the Prince-President, only three did not take the matter under consideration and but two opposed it. Among these eighty, only one declared the revision to be in the interest of the republican form of government. "If this were not an invitation to establish the Empire," remarked the Emperor, "what was it? The popular vote was evidently at the bottom of this action of the Councils General; they were better informed than was the National Assembly."

The parliamentary struggle had been warm, the speeches were many, and the summer was hot and far advanced. So, after leaving a sort of permanent executive committee behind, the Assembly adjourned till the beginning of November. But neither the public mind nor the Elysée took any rest. From that moment, Prince Louis Napoleon began to make the final preparations for the approaching *coup d'état*. One day about this time, General de Lamorcière remarked to a friend: "The *coup d'état* will occur when the President has found the man he is looking for; and this man, who will shrink from nothing, is in Algeria. When you see Saint Arnaud in the War Office, then you may say that the *coup*

d'état is at hand." This prophecy was soon to be realized.

Meanwhile, there was much agitation among the different political parties but the leaders did not seem to perceive into what discredit the Assembly had fallen in the eyes of the nation, nor the ardent wish of the country for a more centralized and stronger government, nor the ever-increasing ascendancy of the Prince-President, who became more and more the hope of the whole people. Nor did they appear to hear the cries of the socialistic demagogy, announcing the era of pillage and murder for 1852, but went about with their eyes and ears closed, engaged in seeking candidates for the presidential office, when a novice in public affairs should have perceived that that office was not to become vacant! Some of these nominating bodies were serious, while others could be regarded only as childish. Thus, one of the organs of the latter category proposed as a candidate Martin Nadaud, the bricklayer deputy. Not less absurd was the suggestion which came from the editor-in-chief of the venerable *Gazette de France* that votes be cast for Henri de la Rochejacquelin, son of the famous anti-republican general of the Vendean insurrection of the first revolution. The republicans pushed to the fore, Carnot, son of the famous war minister of the revolution and father of the future president of the third republic. General Changarnier, afraid of being forgotten, nominated himself and coquetted with the Legitimists and the Orleanists, and fell between two stools, as he richly deserved to do.

"One fraction of the Orleanists then took up the candidacy of the Prince de Joinville," said the

Emperor one day, "while the Legitimists who could not hit upon a good leader, closed around me. General Changarnier then perceived how his influence had waned since the day when he separated his line of conduct from my own. United with me, he had played the part of the Champion of order, my right arm charged with the defense of authority in face of demagogy and anarchy. From the moment when he refused to follow me, he was no longer much needed by anybody and he became a malcontent, a general without a command, 'waiting for something to turn up.'" Concerning the Joinville candidature, which had been invented by the *Journal des Débats,* the Emperor said: "In the first place, it was unconstitutional, as he was exiled. Moreover, it would have occasioned another division in the Bourbon family and grafted a younger branch on to the Orleans family; and if he had succeeded, against all probability, in getting elected, he would have been obliged to accept a revolution, which had condemned his father's policy and had overthrown his throne. Yet this candidature was advanced by one of the great organs of the press of that time, perhaps the greatest! Was it not necessary to put order in such incoherency?"

In the meantime, the Assembly met again, and the first measure brought forward by the President and his followers was the repeal of the electoral law, which was based on a restricted suffrage, and the substitution for it of complete universal male suffrage. A long and violent discussion was the result, and the final vote showed a majority of three, out of seven hundred, against the measure. Thus, Louis Napoleon was the champion of universal

suffrage, and the republican party its opponent! But the mistakes of the majority did not stop here. After slapping in the face the common people, they next treated the President "the Elect of France" after the same fashion. A resolution was introduced giving the Speaker of the Assembly the command of the military guard which watched over its safety. This would have been the last straw on the patient camel's back! But it was not carried, and the *coup d'état,* which would have been the President's answer if it had been carried, was postponed for the moment. "This is perhaps the best course," was all the Prince-President had to say when he learned that the motion was lost.

But the Elysée was now more than ever on the alert. It was evident to all observing on-lookers that this long struggle between the two powers could not go on much longer in this revolutionary fashion. While the different groups of the Assembly were seeking the means of making themselves dictator, Prince Louis Napoleon stood ready, everything in hand, waiting only to decide which was the right day for action. He of course counted for success on the army, and, as he had been studying the army for some time, felt sure of its aid. Thus, at a review during the summer preceding the *coup d'état,* held on the plateau of Satory near Versailles, the cavalry actually disobeyed orders in their desire to acclaim the Prince-President. Since his advent to the presidency, it had always been the custom of the soldiers, when they filed past, to cry: "Long live Napoleon!" But the Assembly had directed General Changarnier to stop this, and on this particular occasion, instructions to this effect had been given to the general

commanding the division which was being reviewed. The infantry obeyed and filed past in silence. But not so the cavalry. Swords were brandished and the President was saluted with enthusiastic shouts. The Prince showed himself displeased at this order, and the commanding general was removed and sent to another military division. This act naturally ruffled General Changarnier and the coolness between him and the President dated from this incident. "It was not so much generals whom I needed at this moment," said the Emperor; "I wanted the support of the common soldier. So Changarnier's defection was not a serious blow."

At this period, the President often spent much time at the Castle of Saint Cloud, when he took frequent horseback rides into the country round about. One day he returned smiling and related this anecdote to the officers on duty: "If some Burgrave (the nickname given to the leaders of the conservative party during the Second Republic) had been with me to-day, he would have felt considerable anxiety over the political future; for, while I was going up a steep lane among the vineyards, I met a workman, evidently a chair-repairer. I was moving my horse to one side so as to let the man pass, when he put down his burden and thus addressed me: 'Please wait a moment, sir, while I tell you something. I am told that over there at the Assembly, the deputies don't want you. But we do. We know that you like us workers. Those chaps must remember that we elected you, and they should be given to understand that on the first sign from you, our arms and our chests are at your service.' In order to give emphasis to his remarks, he brought his fist down on

my knee with considerable force, and as I passed on, he called out: 'You can rely on us!' The fact is that all the common people whom I meet, stop and uncover as I pass by. Those good Burgraves are much mistaken if they imagine that they can fight against me with success. They will learn this one of these days when it is too late."

But the Prince began at an early date to make himself popular with the lower classes of France. The Emperor used to like to tell of a little episode which happened on July 26, 1848, during the truce which General Cavaignac had granted the insurgents. "I was moving about among the barricades in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, accompanied by a friend, when the women, who wanted to put a stop to the bloody conflict, thus addressed me: 'Say, you dandy there, with the light colored gloves and the cane, instead of gadding about there to no purpose, you had better help us put up these white flags.' 'You are quite right, my good woman, I have come to see if I cannot aid in reëstablishing order and so am only too glad to help you in your efforts for peace. So I took off my gloves and gave them with my cane to my friend. Picking up a fallen flag, I stuck it in its hole again and steadied it with three or four handfuls of sand. I then put on my gloves, took back my cane and moved on amidst the laughter and cheers of these good women."

But it was neither the Prince's popularity with the common people, nor the hearty support of the rank and file of the army that assured the success of the *coup d'état.* They contributed largely thereto; but what gave the weary President the courage to undertake it and what carried it to a triumph was

the presence about him of a number of able, bold and devoted friends. Among these should be put first, General de Saint Arnaud, and the careful way in which the Prince went to work to win him over to his cause well illustrates the remarkable manner in which the *coup d'état* was planned and carried out.

Major Fleury, of the Prince's military staff, an officer of great activity and very devoted to his cause, had just completed fourteen years of service in Algeria, where he knew all the officers who could be useful to the Prince. He had served under General de Saint Arnaud, whom he could not praise too highly to the Prince-President. So he was sent to Africa on a special mission whose aim was to bring over to the Prince officers in the African army who would aid in carrying out the plans then maturing at the Elysée, and especially to see if Saint Arnaud's support could be secured. The Major suggested that the young general be sent on an expedition against some rebellious tribes, which would give the latter an opportunity to distinguish himself and the former an occasion to talk with him about the cause which the future Emperor had at heart. The Major was instructed to see the Minister of War, General Randon, who readily fell in with the proposition, adding: "Tell the Prince that when Saint Arnaud takes my place, I do not want to be mixed up in all the events that are sure to follow; all I ask is to be sent back to Algeria as governor general." This was quite in accordance with the wishes of the Prince, who, notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary, never had a thought of asking General Randon to play a part in the coming events. So Major Fleury hastened to Africa; the Kabylian

expedition was soon under way, with General de Saint Arnaud in command, and the Major accompanied him as being on a special mission from the President to follow the campaign. He was cordially welcomed by the General, but at first made no mention of the real object of his coming, though he did refer now and then to the conflicts between the Executive and the Assembly, and whenever he found a good opportunity for so doing, he did not fail to make the General understand that the Prince was the only candidate whom the conservatives could oppose, with any chance of success, to the revolutionary parties, and that the only remedy for the present state of things lay in the army. Major Fleury would bring up the same subject at table, in order to see how Mme. de Saint Arnaud took it. At first, she caused him some anxiety. This lady, whose maiden name was de Trazegnies, was related to the Mérodes and to some of the best families of Belgium. She seemed to lean towards the royalists and would probably not exercise much influence over the General in the direction of the Bonapartists. But in the end, the Major saw that he was mistaken on this point. Mme. de Saint Arnaud, who was very devoted to her husband, wished to share the honors which she felt he could obtain, and soon hints became plain words, and the delighted Major was soon convinced that the wife was to be a great help in the work in hand. "You may count on me aiding you in every way I can," she said one day, and arranged the details of the final interview between the Major and the General, when Saint Arnaud said squarely: "Let the Prince get me appointed general of division, and I will answer for the rest. But we will have

time to talk over all this at our leisure, during this expedition."

In Saint Arnaud's circle, Fleury met gallant officers like de Place, de Séricourt, de Clermont-Tonnerre, Boyer, and de Chavarrier who entered heartily into his plans and all remained faithful to the future Emperor whom they served usefully. At Constantine, Fleury met again General Bosquet whom he had known years before. "He was when I first knew him, just out of the Polytechnic School," writes General Fleury in some manuscript notes on this period of his career, "and was a close friend of Cavaignac and Lamoricière. He was believed to hold decided republican opinions; but as he was very ambitious, his political convictions eventually were pushed into the background. I quickly perceived this state of his mind, and if my overtures to Saint Arnaud had been repelled, I intended to open up the business with Bosquet, who, from what I afterwards learned, would have been only too glad to coöperate with us. In fact, he was evidently disappointed that he had not been taken into the combination. He did not hesitate to speak of the political situation, 'which,' he said, 'could be cleared up only by the help of the sword;' and he was quite willing to let it be seen that he considered that sword to be his own."

The expedition was carried out rapidly, and at the end of two months the tribes were subdued without any very great loss of life. During all this time Fleury did not leave the General's side, and was thus able to talk with him constantly about the object of his mission. The promises already given were renewed, and Fleury was able to leave for

France with a report for the President of the complete success of what he had undertaken to perform. Thereupon, the Prince immediately congratulated the General on the brilliancy of his expedition, informed him that he was named general of division and that he would soon be called to a command at Paris worthy of his high rank and talent. The daily press at the capital had been full of references to him and his feats in Africa, so that when he reached Paris, his coming produced a real sensation. At the reception given in his honour at the Elysée, he was the cynosure of all eyes, and when the President took him to the theater, he attracted more attention than the play. He was soon given the War portfolio, and to still further increase his prestige, the most famous and popular generals and colonels of the African army were recalled, and Canrobert, d'Ablonville, de Lourmel, Espinasse, Marulaz, Renault and other dashing officers were added to the group of devoted men surrounding the President. "I then felt that the military chiefs could at length be trusted to act at the right moment," said the Emperor in his review of this period of his public life.

Turning now to the civilians whom the Prince-President had drawn around him, the first place belongs to Comte de Persigny, who had long been Prince Louis Napoleon's confidential friend in the dark and troubled days of the London exile and the Boulogne fiasco. The Emperor has well described his character in this brief sentence: "Persigny was enthusiastic, perhaps even fanatical, somewhat erratic at times, but, unquestionably, heartily devoted to me and my cause from the start to the

close of his life; frank in his utterances and apt to complain if his advice was not followed."

Major Fleury and de Persigny called the attention of the Prince to Comte de Morny. It was an open secret that Morny was the son of Queen Hortense and Comte de Flahaut. Very intelligent and full of enterprise, he had long sought some outlet for his energies. He had tried diplomacy and had even participated in commercial undertakings. Politically, he was at this moment very friendly with the Orleans Princes and on good terms with their chief fugleman, M. Guizot, although he was naturally considered to have Bonapartist tendencies. The revolution of 1848 had ruined him financially and he was hesitating as to what course to pursue, when the star of Louis Napoleon began to rise on the horizon. In the course of the year 1849 he decided to enter into closer relations with the Prince, whom he then hardly knew. His political situation and his position in the clubs and in the best society could not but be very useful to the President. Both felt and saw this. At the first interview, the President was affectionate and kind, but a handshake was the extent of his demonstrativeness. Morny would have liked something more, but the President was not yet sure that he could go further, especially as the former committed the error of seeking to make too prominent the nature of his birth, for, it should be remembered, Louis Napoleon never recognised Morny as his half brother, though the latter got up a sort of coat of arms consisting of the portrait of the Queen and de Flahaut, with his own arms crossed with the hortensia, a hydrangea—which he later suppressed, owing to an indirect remark on the Empress' part.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the two brothers soon understood each other and a firm "political intimacy" was the result which became the foundation of an alliance to which both remained faithful until their death. They began by studying each other with care.

The somewhat reserved character of the Prince always checked him from opening his heart too freely. While listening to advice, no matter whence it came, he made no promises. He liked to "work out the averages," and it was very rarely that he was entirely influenced by one person alone. He took from several what he found good, or useful, or ingenious, but began by appropriating to himself the ideas which pleased him in others, modifying these ideas according to his own tastes. Morny, finding himself to be *persona grata* and often consulted, would have liked from the first to take the direction of the enterprise and perhaps dreamed of imposing his own will on that of the Prince. But this was impossible, for if there was one thing that Prince Louis Napoleon did not like, it was appearing to yield to pressure of any kind. It was always disagreeable to him to be made to feel that the persons whom he was consulting were claiming "author's rights" on anything they might suggest to him. But Morny was a first-class politician and he knew how to wait when waiting was necessary. He fully realized that by trying to hurry things and being too forward with advice, he was running the risk of compromising his new-born influence. He took hints from those surrounding the Prince, all of whom were friendly to this future minister —from Persigny, Fleury, Comte Edgar Ney, and

others, and thus learnt better than any one else what the Prince was in reality, and by what tactful and clever means his confidence could be won. This plan was the very one to adopt, and the Prince gradually opened out to him as he had never done before to any one; and Morny, on his side, also felt the charm of the President's manner, and ceased to be simply the wily and well-informed politician and became the intimate friend and devoted follower. The Prince now had another trump card in his hand, and he was more sure than ever to win in the important game which was about to open.

The parliamentarians also tried to play their trump card, and feeling that a *coup d'état* was in the wind, they invented the most varied combinations against the "dangerous Prince." Through secret channels, the Prince learned that a plot was being hatched of which Thiers was the soul and Changarnier the military instrument. "They want to seize me and shut me up in the Vincennes dungeon," the Prince confided at the time to Lord Malmesbury; and at a much later period he said to the Empress: "In this crisis, I naturally preferred to take the initiative, and instead of being put upon by the Assembly, to render that body powerless. Much of the talk about the *Coup d'Etat* of 1851 is pure idle sentiment. Governments have always employed these extreme measures after having exhausted all others, and when it was found that conciliatory methods had failed. Nobody has forgotten the violent acts of the Convention and the Directory, the stern measures of the allies with Louis XVIII in the rear, the revolutions of 1830 and of 1848, and the proposal of the Assembly of

the Second Republic to hand over military authority to their President. Were not all these really attempts at *coups d'état,* though only in an embryonic and undeveloped state? When the ground is cut from under one's feet, one is apt to cry out about usurpation and the suppression of liberty. But this is just what they were all trying to do. The affair of 1851 was a steeple-chase. I got in first and the others didn't get in at all! That is all the difference between them and me. Had federalism triumphed in the provinces in 1793, the Convention would have been called a criminal, an enemy of individual liberty, employing illicit methods to attain power. If Charles X had been better guarded and armed he would have forced the country to accept the famous ordinances. Would he then have been accused of fomenting revolt and would his ministers have been shut up in the fortress of Ham? On the contrary, would not the blame for the conflict have been put on those who prepared the way for and stirred up the insurrection—the journalists of the *National,* certain ambitious deputies, and the duke of Orleans himself, who, pretending not to desire honors, waited till the crown had been dashed from his cousin's head, and then complacently let it be set on his own? If on September 4 the deputies of the Left had met with some opposition from those who should have defended the throne, if the people had realized the infamy of the deed committed when Catiline was at our gates, may we not believe that these victors would have been called rebels, bad citizens and traitors to their country? But they succeeded in their effort and it was the Imperial government, beaten by numbers and

unlucky circumstances, by the desertion of those who should have defended it, which was declared the guilty party. Measured by this rule, the act of December 2 was simply a natural result of the conditions of the hour."

Nor was this *coup d'état* carried to success so easily as some historians have led their readers to believe. The patience, perseverance, and daring shown by the Prince well illustrate a side of his character for which he has not always been given credit. When it was thought that all was ready for action, it looked for a moment—and a most critical one it was—as though Saint Arnaud was to fail the President and his supporters. Here is the account of this episode in the preliminaries of the *coup d'état,* an account which differs in some respects from that generally given. In fact, sometimes this episode is not mentioned at all, and yet it looked for a moment as though the whole plan, so carefully drawn up, and so long delayed in execution, would fall through because of this very episode.

September 17 was the date originally set for the accomplishment of this great and pacific event. After having formally agreed to assume the responsibility of executing the task, General Saint Arnaud asked for a few days' leave of absence in order to visit his mother near Bordeaux. He promised to be back by September 4, on which date he was to call on the President at the Elysée. The General was back on the day agreed upon, but instead of going to the Elysée he sent the President a letter in which he asked to be relieved from the promise given and begging him not to count upon

him any longer. The anger at the Elysée was naturally very great. Persigny and Morny plainly showed that they were exasperated. Fleury, who had invented Saint Arnaud, was very much upset. The Prince, who was the most affected of all by this blow, let his disappointment be seen the least. "I was so sure of what must eventually happen," he said much later, "that I felt that it was simply the postponement of the inevitable; and after events showed that I was not mistaken."

"We feared now that everything had to be done over again," says one of the actors in the scene, in private papers; "if, in fact, the whole scheme were not seriously compromised. Indiscretions must have been committed and all was probably lost. Though the Assembly was not sitting at this moment, it was represented by the Permanent Committee, which was completely dominated by General Changarnier, who might from one moment to another learn everything. We all asked one another what was going to happen. Carlier, the head of the Paris police, came to the Elysée, and spoke with so much caution that it was evident he had abandoned the project. General Magnan, who commanded the army in Paris, vacillated and declared that without Saint Arnaud's aid, he could not act. To calm suspicions, the Prince went the same evening to the French Theater, accompanied by de Persigny and Major Fleury. He was, of course, much moved inwardly, but kept a calm exterior, which did not prevent him, during the intermissions, from giving very forcible expression to what was on his mind. He was very severe on Saint Arnaud, and with reason; but not so severe as his suite.

"'It's a treason,' exclaimed Persigny.

"'Since they abandon me,' added the Prince, 'I will do without generals, get on horseback and alone advance to meet the troops.'

"'No, that will never do,' said one of those in the box; 'though you unquestionably enjoy great personal popularity, and your name counts for much, you must bear in mind that you are not your uncle nor in the same situation as he was.'

"'There are two things to do,' said another: 'hand over the War Office to General Baraguay d'Hilliers, and send for General de Castellane and put him in command of the troops of Paris. Both these officers are very friendly to you. If they decline your offers, then you should return to Saint Cloud, act as though nothing had happened, and wait for a more favorable occasion.'

"Both of these Generals did hold back, giving good and sufficient reasons, and the disappointed President determined to retire to Saint Cloud on September 15. But before that date, he requested Major Fleury to go to General Saint Arnaud and have a frank talk with him.

"'I think it a mistake,' argued the President very wisely, 'to leave Saint Arnaud alone, as if we had broken with him, for some of his fellow officers, like Leflô, Cavaignac, or Bedeau who are hostile to me, may draw him over to their side. They would, of course, like nothing better than to accomplish this.'

"A few minutes' conversation with Saint Arnaud dissipated all these fears.

"'What I meant,' he said, 'by asking the Prince to release me from my promise was this. In my

opinion, the time has not yet come for action. The Assembly is in vacation, the country quiet, and if we move now, I much fear there will be resistance in all the Departments of France.'

"'The Permanent Committee is on the watch, a coup d'état is in the air,' replied Major Fleury, 'and it will not be so easy to act with energy when the Assembly is reconvened.'

"'That is not my opinion,' was the short reply. The General went on and admitted that, during his visit to Bordeaux, Mme. de Saint Arnaud had pointed out to him many dangers, and he closed the interview with these words: 'Tell the President that my ideas have in no wise changed in regard to the necessity of a coup d'état, nor have my feelings for him undergone any modification. We differ only as to the moment when we should act. When you ask some one to throw himself from a house top, you must let him choose how and when he is to accomplish that risky feat.'"

This conversation was immediately repeated at the Elysée, and a few hours later, the General and the President were in the midst of an affectionate interview, which ended by the promise that Saint Arnaud should be put at the head of the War Office and that he should not fail when the time came for the coup d'état. Then the Prince-President retired to Saint Cloud, where he received many political friends, and where he also busied himself with improvements in the castle and the surrounding park. The calm face of the Prince showed no trace of the anxiety of the past few days. It was a remarkable example of his wonderful self-control, and this trait of his character did more than any-

thing else to prepare the preliminaries of the coup d'état and to carry it to a success, when the final moment came for action.

We always considered the five principal actors in bringing about the Coup d'Etat to be Morny, Persigny, Maupas, Fleury and Saint Arnaud. As everybody knows there was a reception at the Elysée on the evening of December 1st, but everybody did not know then or since that the Prince-President was far more nervous than many of his guests have since imagined. He, of course, treated his many visitors with marked kindness and affability. This outward manner of Napoleon has often been remarked upon. But he had to make a great effort to hide his concern. In fact, this effort tried him more than the vigorous actions which soon followed. "Inactivity has always wearied me more than activity," he used to say very truthfully. This fact I have often seen illustrated in his career.

After the guests left, the Prince held the final conference with his friends before the orders were given to "go ahead." At this conference the Prince did not take the leading part, as is often asserted. His rule of life was never to march swifter than events. He had long felt that a coup d'état was coming. "But all I had to do was to sit still and let it come," he would say afterwards; "or at least, I saw that it was best for me not to try and hasten the fatal hour." So at this final conference, he was the most silent of the circle. When he perceived by the language of his friends that they were ready to act and believed that the moment had come to act, "then I was sure that the coup d'état was made," the Emperor has said.

On the morning of December 2nd, when Prince Napoleon was informed of the state of things, he sallied forth, from his house in the Rue d'Alger, with his neighbor M. Gavini, "furious at what my cousin has done," as he expressed it to all those whom he met. The violent diatribes and insulting epithets which he indulged in could not be too violent nor too insulting. In this disposition, more or less modified at times, this able but ill-balanced member of the Bonaparte family remained throughout the duration of the Second Empire. His was a curious mind. He might have been of so much aid to the future Emperor, for his talents were of the first order. "His remarkable facial resemblance to the great Napoleon alone was a host in itself," a certain leading deputy once truly remarked to me. "Yes," added the Emperor, when I repeated this to him, "but my good cousin generally spoils this facial resemblance by 'making faces'!"

Very different was the conduct of Prince Napoleon's father, the aged ex-king Jerome. As soon as he heard, at the Invalides, of what had occurred, he put on his uniform and rode to the Elysée, where he was warmly welcomed by his nephew. At ten o'clock, Prince Louis, with Jerome on his left, followed by a numerous staff, rode out from the Elysée and presented himself before the troops, who received him enthusiastically. "I always felt peculiarly grateful to my distinguished uncle for this immediate and timely support, especially at a moment when it was impossible to tell just what would be the final result of my act. He might have sacrificed his life to my cause. But he did not hesitate, and a true Napoleon, but political considerations be-

fore those of a personal nature. In a word, King Jerome now did all that lay in his power to aid me to restore the empire. When he died eight years later, it was one of the hardest blows I ever received. I felt that the last connection between me and the great Emperor had disappeared. From that moment, I experienced a moral weakness that sometimes must have affected my conduct of affairs; for it must not be forgotten that I always sought inspiration in the thoughts, deeds and acts of the First Empire and its mighty head. His death had been expected for some time, as he had been ailing for months. But his passing away made a great impression, for he had again become popular. With the advent of the Second Empire, I showered upon him all the honors in my power. I went often to his receptions in the Palais Royal, where he held an elegant and very correct little court. The Empress, too, liked his company, for his conversation was most interesting, as he had seen much during his eventful life."

What the Emperor says about her enoying the society of the aged king is quite true. He was flattered by the attentions of the Emperor, who used to say: "My uncle, who has a great deal of common sense," or "My uncle, whose wide experience," etc. These phrases were often repeated to him and could not but please him. The Empress trusted the father as much as she distrusted the son. The fact is—and I have touched on this elsewhere in these volumes—the latter had a very bad temper and was reckless in regard to what he said on political or religious subjects. He was always very aggressive and more than once showed real hostility towards

Eugénie, being sorely vexed that he was no longer heir to the throne. Again, he loved to appear "advanced."

By the way, many untrue statements have been made concerning the Empress' relations with King Jerome. Some chroniclers have said that, not satisfied with the presidency of the Senate, the governorship of the Hôtel des Invalides and a large pension, he had a grudge against the Emperor for not giving him a large place in the government, and especially for not making him regent when the Emperor made his temporary absences from France. It has been, furthermore, declared that he was particularly disappointed that the regency was entrusted to the Empress during the Italian campaign and that he openly manifested his displeasure; that this displeasure increased when he perceived that "his suggestions were not listened to," and that "his nephew had advised his wife and her ministers to take no notice of his uncle's advice." Needless to say that all this is absolutely false. This idle gossip is dissipated by a letter written by the king to his nephew, dated May 16, 1859, which I do not give here as it was long ago made public. Suffice it to say that the Empress always had the pleasantest relations with King Jerome, who never was heard to complain of the Emperor or to any one concerning the fashion in which he was treated by the Emperor, by the Empress or by the government, for the very good reason that they all honored him, not only for his own merits but as the brother of the great Emperor and as the only remaining direct link betwen the two empires.

The Emperor has left this memorandum concerning the Coup d'Etat:

"My enemies declared that they 'would get rid' of me at the very moment I was getting rid of them! They imagined that the common people were on their side, and when some of the leaders were on the way to prison, they hoped to stir up sympathy by addressing themselves to 'the man in the street.' But they found this man very indifferent. I felt sure that such would be the case. However, they thought they knew better than I. But events showed that I was better informed than they about the real feelings of the French nation concerning the detestable régime which I overturned with the approval of all sensible citizens.

"On December 2nd the workingmen of the Faubourg Saint Antoine were beginning to start for their shops, when the event became known. They showed a little curiosity when they saw some of the political prisoners going by. But that was all. There was no attempt at rescue, as some of these more sanguine prisoners thought would be the case. The fact is that the Assembly had become very unpopular. The momentary coalition between the deputies of the Right and the republicans against me could deceive no one. They wished to overthrow me and were openly plotting against me. 'He will not dare,' they said. But I acted first. They held that nobody would be bold enough to give orders against the Assembly and that if such orders were given, the soldiers would not obey them. Here again they were woefully mistaken. The facts showed that there was no disobedience among the rank and file. My friends among the officers who carried

through the Coup d'Etat met obedience practically everywhere. My foes had asserted that the whole population of France would rise up as one man to defend the constitution. But when the time came to rise, the 'patriots' numbered a baker's dozen.

"It is true that the population of Paris did not all read my proclamations in the same spirit. The lower classes and the upper classes did not in every instance take a similar view of events. The larger body of the working people regarded my proclamations as a reëstablishment of universal suffrage, the fall of the royalist majority in the Assembly and the maintenance of the republic. The phrase 'violated legality,' which was later bandied about by certain leaders of all parties, they really cared very little about. They were looked upon as enemies by the great majority of the Assembly; they were for the most part deprived of their electoral rights; they saw their wishes and ideas constantly opposed by the Right; they believed that this same Right was plotting for a monarchical restoration, in which view they were not far from seeing clearly, and they consequently were indifferent, to say the least, when they perceived that I had clipped the wings of this threatening majority. Furthermore, the people of Paris nourished feelings of resentment against the middle classes who had been pitiless towards them, and they could see no necessity to worry very much about what seemed to them essentially a quarrel between me and 'those heartless middle classes.' Their general opinion was well summed up in the short phrase of the Deputy Lagrange, who exclaimed on December 2nd: 'That's well played!' The arrest in the morning hours of Thiers, Changarnier,

Cavaignac, Lamoricière, and others, whom the lower classes looked upon as their enemies, confirmed the people in this view, though their belief was somewhat shaken, it must be admitted, later in the day, when it was found necessary, for the success of the new régime, to seize several of the advanced republicans also.

"The so-called 'republican bourgeoisie' violently protested against my act. The conservative bourgeoisie, on the contrary, found in the Coup d'Etat a guarantee of governmental security and were not displeased with what had happened. But the 'liberal party,' which pretended to look upon the name republic as a guarantee of political liberty, feared a dictatorship in other hands than their own. In a word, the whole situation was very confused, and if I acted as I did, it was because something had to be done, and I did what seemed the best for the distracted country. It is very easy now for some persons to blame my course. But if I had left the initiative to one of the other parties, what proof is there that they would have done as much for the nation as I did? None!"

CHAPTER III

PRINCESS MATHILDE

In a preceding chapter brief mention has been made of Princess Mathilde, but I propose in this chapter to devote more attention to this remarkable woman, especially as a part of the success attending the Coup d'Etat was due, at least indirectly, to her. Nor did her good auspices cease with the advent of the new régime. She continued to be throughout the Second Empire and down to the very day of her death a pillar of strength to Bonapartism, and if some of the male members of the Bonaparte family had possessed the abilities and good sense of Princess Mathilde, the history of the house would not have been marked by several incidents of a more or less regrettable character.

The Emperor's cousin exercised considerable influence over the world of letters and of arts, not only in Paris, but far beyond its walls. During the Empire and till her death in January, 1904, at the advanced age of eighty-four years, she held a most brilliant salon, first in the Rue de Courcelles and later in her fine mansion in the Rue de Berri, where is now the Belgian Legation, which was frequented by celebrities of all sorts and from which political discussion was severely banished, at least during the Third Republic.

Princess Mathilde's father, King Jerome Napo-

leon, was the great Emperor's brother and reigned for a short time in Westphalia, during the First Empire. When the Prince-President reached the throne, and earlier, at the moment of the Coup d'Etat, as was seen in the last chapter, Jerome supported his nephew in every way possible, both by the prestige of his name and by his resemblance to Napoleon I. He even bravely walked the boulevards by his side. The Emperor was touched by this generous conduct and promoted him first to the rank of Marshal of France and afterwards made him Governor of the Invalides. The ex-king, in turn, was well pleased with these honors and was always careful to do nothing to embarrass the Emperor's rule; so when he died in 1860, his funeral was a most magnificent state pageant, which made a deep impression on every one at the court. Napoleon III liked to speak of King Jerome. "He brings me so near to the great Emperor," he used to say, "not simply by his features, but in many other mental and physical things. I cannot forget his gallant conduct at Waterloo, nor the way he came to my support during the early years, when all the members of the Bonaparte family did not always imitate him in this respect."

Prince Napoleon, his son, and consequently the brother of Princess Mathilde, also had the Napoleonic features to a very marked degree; but he adopted a far different attitude towards the new Emperor. He was always hostile to his cousin. Neither coaxing, nor proofs of confidence, nor honors could entirely overcome his independent ideas, his love of criticizing, a proneness to petty conspiracy, or the pleasure he took in grouping

around him men who were for the most part unfriendly to the Second Empire. He frequently displayed towards the Empress a rather disagreeable manner, her great offense in his eyes being that of having given an heir to the throne—the birth of the Prince Imperial leaving him no longer the heir apparent. He sometimes carried this spirit so far that at one of Eugénie's birthday parties he actually refused to propose her health, as the Emperor desired him to do. But his loudly proclaimed anti-religious convictions would of necessity have raised a barrier between them, even if he had not chosen to seek other grounds of dissension.

Princess Mathilde's mother was Queen Catherine, born Princess of Würtemberg, a truly admirable woman, who was worthy of every praise. Her husband used to say that during twenty years he had tried to discover some fault in her, but without success. She loved him passionately, and showed great indulgence towards his imputed gallant escapades during their stay in Westphalia. In 1814, her father having asked her to abandon her husband in his misfortune, she absolutely refused to do so in an admirable letter addressed to the king of Würtemberg. The latter was much incensed at this, and for a time imprisoned his son-in-law and daughter in the castle of Elvangen. A year later, they were sent out of the country, and then commenced for them a long series of temporary sojourns in different places.

Princess Mathilde received a good education, first from her mother, and then from Baroness Reding, who remained with her till her death. At an early age she showed intellectual parts and a pronounced

taste for the arts and letters. When she was sixteen, she was considered very handsome, and already quite a woman, physically and mentally. Napoleon once said of her outward appearance: "Mathilde possessed the somewhat ample beauty of the Bonapartes, while around her she spread a certain charm that won all hearts."

On one or two occasions, after their marriage, the Emperor spoke with the Empress quite frankly of his early love for his cousin. One day, especially, he said: "The union would have been looked on with favor by Queen Hortense. But the Strasbourg fiasco spoiled everything. Having failed in that effort, I was much ridiculed by my family, and all idea of a wedding, even at some distant day, was abandoned. During my exile in America, I quite forgot the matter, though I did return to it for a moment in 1851. How lucky I was," he would add with a smile, "that it fell through. Furthermore, I was always opposed, in principle, to marriage between cousins."

Princess Mathilde was, at the last date mentioned above, separated from her husband, Count Anatole Demidoff, Prince of San Donato, with whom she had been unable to live happily. The Emperor Nicolas I approved of his cousin's course, and had decided the Count, who was very wealthy, to settle upon the Princess a considerable allowance, though she had taken her maiden name again and lived quite independently of her husband. As divorce was then unlawful, it would have been a great undertaking to have the marriage annulled religiously and civilly, so the two parties simply lived apart. The Princess, now enjoying a considerable fortune,

surrounded herself with a number of intelligent people whose company pleased her. Her one idea was to continue to be full mistress of her actions and of her heart, and she was never disposed to entertain even for a moment the idea of marrying again. She always remained, however, a faithful friend of the Prince-President, and opened her salon wide to the men of political promise whom he desired to bring there. But she gently declined his hand as, in fact, she had done that of the young Comte de Chambord. At one moment there was some talk of a marriage between her and the Duc d'Orleans, a suggestion made by Jules Janin, the celebrated critic, to M. Guizot, which led the Princess to say on one occasion: "I might have married the three pretenders!" But she preferred her artistic home in the Rue de Berri to the uncertain glory of a French throne; and, by so deciding, she showed superior intelligence, and true philosophical wisdom.

The Princess herself used to relate this story of the Duc d'Orleans affair. I have heard it also from Jules Janin. It appears that he really went to see M. Guizot in 1837, when there was talk of marrying the eldest son of Louis Philippe, and called the minister's attention to the fact that Princess Mathilde was very handsome, that her family connections were irreproachable, and that the name of Bonaparte was worth that of many others. The King, whom Guizot saw in the matter, listened to all these arguments and then said quietly: "But she has no dowry!" In vain M. Guizot assured him that the Chambers would willingly vote her an allowance, but he would hear no more on the subject. Later,

in 1870, when Jules Janin, who had just been elected to the Academy, spoke of the matter again with M. Guizot, who had now become his colleague, both agreed, I am told, that their plan for uniting "the two families of pretenders," as Guizot said, would have been admirable if it could have been carried through.

Princess Mathilde, therefore, married none of the princes of France, but contented herself, as has just been said, with an enormously rich Russian, with whom she lived for some time in Italy. When King Jerome's branch of the Bonaparte family was allowed to return to France, on the advent of the Orleans Monarchy, the Princess came occasionally to Paris, but she always declined to show herself at the Tuileries, though she knew the young Princes of Orleans and always felt kindly towards them. When, after the fall of that régime, the decree of 1852 was promulgated, by which the State confiscated a part of the property which Louis Philippe had settled on his children, Princess Mathilde, generously forgetting that her own family had suffered similar treatment in 1815 at the hands of the elder branch of the Bourbons, took sides with the moderate parties who considered that it was unjust and unnecessary to reopen this question, and publicly supported the Princes of Orleans in their efforts to keep their possessions.

Princess Mathilde did not see the Orleans Princes again until the fall of the Empire, and she renewed her acquaintance with the Duc d'Aumale only after the death of Prince Napoleon, in 1891, at which time there was quite an exchange of courtesies and marks of friendliness between those two distinguished

members of French royalty. She lunched at Chantilly with the Prince, who in his turn visited the mansion in the Rue de Berri, and was present there at a dinner given in his honor, where he met numerous men of letters and artists, a class of society which both the Princess and the Duc were always fond of patronizing and with whom they delighted in associating.

Exile, or the overthrow of parties, often bring about such reconciliations between persons who have long been separated by political differences. Let me give an example of this which always awakens in me most pleasant recollections. Thus, shortly before the death of the Duc d'Aumale, the Empress Eugénie was traveling in Sicily, accompanied by the Prince and Princesse d'Essling, when they happened to pass near the Duc d'Aumale's Italian estate, Zucco. When the Duc heard that the Empress was in the neighborhood, he crossed to her yacht in order to pay his respects. The meeting was very cordial. The Duc d'Aumale was accompanied on this occasion by the Duc d'Orleans. In the afternoon they had a long and delightful drive in this beautiful part of Italy, and I do not exaggerate when I state that the conversation charmed the Empress as much as the scenery.

Princess Mathilde was very glad to meet again the Duc d'Aumale. "It awakened the happy memories of our youth," she said one day, referring to this old acquaintance renewed. She often spoke about it to Bonnat, the painter, who had brought about the first meeting, which was followed by many others. In a codicil to her will, added in 1891, at a time when she was vexed with Prince Victor and

consequently overlooked one of her nephews in favor of the other, she had, oddly enough, been careful to remember the Duc d'Aumale, leaving him a portrait, by Nattier, of a prince of the house of Condé. When the Duc d'Aumale died, she modified the codicil and bequeathed the painting to the Duc de Chartres.

What thoughts this simple act awakes. And the Empress made this note on the subject, which I recopy and put here, where it seems to be quite in its place: "Two dynasties that have spent long years in quarrels, and whose partisans have been desperate enemies, by such an action as this seem to forget the past. Chance brings about a meeting between these two strong characters, such typical representatives of the two régimes: Bonapartists and Orleanists exchange greetings of peace, in their person, while the pamphlet, 'Letter on the History of France,' which created a considerable sensation in 1861 and which was a severe arraignment of the Empire, was forgotten, as was also the duel which nearly took place between Prince Napoleon and the Duc d'Aumale. It is true, however, that the former was dead when the reconciliation between the Princess and the Duc took place. At first, partisans on neither side could understand such an altered state of things, and continued to bicker about it. But the Republic is in power, and the vanquished parties, at first widely divided, now gradually draw nearer to one another, all ready, however, if one of them should appear to be rising to the surface, to become once more sworn enemies! But, in the meantime, there is no reason why these conservative elements should not amalgamate, since there is no

political advantage gained in such a union, especially as this category of French citizens remain more than ever outside of all political movements. This was the view of the political situation in France since 1870 taken by both Princess Mathilde and the Duc d'Aumale and which brought them together at the close of their lives."

Princess Mathilde early came under the influence of a man of remarkable taste, Comte de Nieuwerkerke, the sculptor, who encouraged her artistic tendencies and introduced artists to her salon. As a child, she drew with much taste, and, later in life, spent several hours in her studio almost daily, even to the very end. She had very talented professors, among whom may be mentioned, besides Comte de Nieuwerkerke, the Girauds, Doucet, Hébert, and Claudius Popelin. Her drawing-rooms in Paris were filled with modern works alternating with fine canvases of the old masters. She even publicly exhibited some of her own work. When, under the Second Empire, M. de Nieuwerkerke was made Superintendent of Fine Arts, he became supreme in the Princess's drawing-room so long as the Empire lasted. He proved an admirable Mentor in many respects, and the vogue which Princess Mathilde's salon enjoyed long after his death and up to the very moment of her own, was in no small measure due to the presence and good counsel of this excellent man.

At times, unfortunately, Princess Mathilde allowed herself to be influenced by the occupant of the Palais Royal—her brother, Prince Napoleon—and occasionally tolerated a somewhat censorious style of conversation in her drawing-room which was

commented on at the Tuileries and much blamed. While outwardly amiable towards the Empress Eugénie, she now and then allowed things to be said against her and against those who surrounded her. She also took an active part in all anti-church questions, for she was inclined to free-thinking. The truth is the mansion in the Rue de Courcelles, where met twice a week so many men of talent and wit, as also so many critics of the Empire, became at times "a temple of epigrams," as the Emperor well described it. The intimate friends of the Princess momentarily imitated the tone which prevailed at the Palais Royal. Though, I hasten to add, these outbursts were only casual, the Emperor was much pained by them. He did not show his feelings, however, and pretended to attach only a secondary importance to the matter. But those who were received both at the Tuileries and the Rue de Courcelles might well be surprised at the freedom of language heard in the latter abode, a freedom, indeed, which not infrequently exceeded the limits of good breeding. This assertion can no longer be questioned, since writers of talent have noted in their journals, now in print, the spirited conversations heard in the drawing-rooms of the Princess. The Empress declared this to be the case at the time, but her assertions were often denied. But they can be denied no longer. It should be borne in mind, however, that it was the guests and not the hostess, as a rule, who were guilty of this intemperance of language.

One of the chroniclers of Princess Mathilde's salon, Comte Horace de Viel Castel, was famed for his spitefulness. He spoke against every one, was

vexed with every one, and would relate in an acrimonious tone what was said or what was thought, and what might have been said or what might have been thought. It would be useless to contradict here that tissue of spite and, often, of lies woven by this venomous pen. M. Viel Castel, who was at first protected by M. de Nieuwerkerke but later dropped by him, was particularly bitter in the way he spoke of his former patrons and treated both the Princess and M. de Nieuwerkerke with great asperity of language. He exaggerated greatly, it would seem, the reprehensible side of the conversations held in Princess Mathilde's drawing-rooms when the Emperor and his consort were under discussion. Many of those who spoke so carelessly did not imagine that their indiscreet remarks and calumnies were being gathered together word by word and preserved for posterity by the spiteful pen of Viel Castel. His untruths have already been pointed out by others, and just how much, or rather, just how little, dependence can be placed on his work has been clearly stated in the diary of the Goncourts.

All this did not, however, prevent artists and literary men from fancying themselves, when at Princess Mathilde's receptions, at the "Ministry of favors" and from passing all their requests and demands through the cousin of the Emperor. In fact, she obtained many favors for them, for she had retained a certain amount of influence over Napoleon, and, as she did not meddle in politics, there was no great harm in granting her requests.

One of the chief sources of Princess Mathilde's influence at the Tuileries was her devotion to the

Prince Imperial. She was sincerely fond of children in general, and was especially full of attentions to the young heir to the throne. She gave a children's party in his honor in the middle of the reign, where Lockroy's "School-Master" was played on a tiny stage by M. du Sommerard's daughters, Joseph Primoli, Jules Espinasse, and the other young friends of the Prince Imperial. There was a cotillion led by Mlle. Marie Abbatucci, Easter eggs were hidden in the garden and hunted for by the young people, and other similar amusements were provided for the youthful guests, who all declared that nowhere else had they ever had so good a time. This all pleased the parents, too, and naturally rendered the Princess very popular. The Emperor and Empress had come to witness their son's pleasure, and the Prince Imperial could scarcely tear himself away from the spot where he was passing such a pleasant afternoon. In vain his preceptor called him. "I cannot find my cap," exclaimed the boy in his excitement. The Emperor had hidden it so that his son might remain a little longer!

Princess Mathilde often visited at the Tuileries, Saint Cloud, Fontainebleau and Compiègne. She was present at all the ceremonies demanded by etiquette, and avoided none of the duties incumbent upon her as the cousin of the Emperor. Yet she enjoyed being nowhere so much as at her home, where every evening, when not obliged to go to Court, she held a reception, unless there happened to be a first night at the Théâtre Français, which was one of her favorite pastimes. This led the Emperor to say: "If Mathilde were not a Princess, she would surely be a theater manager, and if she

filled this part as well as she does the other, her house would surpass the Comédie Française."

Her very eclectic drawing-room was most interesting. Diplomats, literary men, artists of all kinds, politicians of all shades were welcomed there. Among the men of letters, she had certain favorites. First was Flaubert, who was later replaced by Maupassant. Then came Taine, whom she wished to marry in 1856 to a person of her choice, and whom she continued to see long after the fall of the Second Empire, until he drew such a harsh portrait of Napoleon I, when, much to the amusement of the Paris literary and political world, she wittily cut off relations with him by having her footman leave her visiting card at his door with a p. c. c. in the corner. François Coppée was much at her house in the very first days of his fame, as was also Sainte-Beuve, a faithful correspondent, from whom she separated only in 1869, also for political reasons. Mérimée, Théophile Gautier, Amédée Pichot, Yrairte, Augier, Sandeau, and Feuillet were among the best known French authors who were frequent visitors in the Rue de Courcelles. Many of them came later to the Rue de Berri. That eccentric Franco-American scholar, Henry Harrisse, used to recount there every fresh step in his remarkable Columbian labors. The Goncourts installed themselves in her drawing-room as oracles, observing all that took place, judging, directing, and industriously collecting the most minute fragments of the wit which was so freely flung about. Most of these friends were also guests at Saint Gratien, the pretty property near the Lake of Enghien, once belonging to Marshal Catinat, which Princess Ma-

thilde bought from the Marquis de Custine. There also, at various times, could be seen the Bonaparte Princesses with their husbands and children, for Princess Mathilde always did all in her power to aid in keeping union and friendship alive in the historic family from which she sprang.

Princess Mathilde herself was not very fond of music, but she took care to procure good musical treats for her guests. All the great composers, performers, and vocal stars of the day were heard in her drawing-room. Among the famous prima donnas who added to their fame in this circle I recall Alboni, who, on account of her size, was surnamed by one of Princess Mathilde's wits, "an elephant who has swallowed a nightingale"; Miolan Carvalho and Christine Nilsson. The wife of General Bataille and Mme. Conneau also sang from time to time in the Rue de Berri.

Princess Mathilde encouraged with great enthusiasm all literary efforts. Many writers who frequented her house read their manuscripts to her, with benefit to them and their works. She studied history, politics, everything that had any connection with art and literature, and so had developed a learned mind and a cultivated taste that were recognized by everybody. The Emperor has well said: "She was, as regards the diversity of her acquirements, and the generous and efficacious protection she granted to writers, a true Marguerite of Navarre."

Princess Mathilde seldom wrote her impressions of men and things except to Sainte-Beuve, whose letters to her have been published but whose letters from her still remain unedited. I have seen some

of these, however. After the great success scored by the *Lion Amoureux* in 1866, she sent Sainte-Beuve the following peculiar letter, indicative of patriotic and liberal sentiments, which may be given as a fair specimen of a certain side of her epistolary talent:

"Ponsard's piece has delighted me; in the first place, because the characters speak French and awaken French patriotism and, in the second place, because it is admirably well played. The piece has revived all my old republican feelings. I felt like starting off with the Republicans to exterminate the Royalists, those unworthy Frenchmen! When the father of the young woman who is converted by the youthfulness of a Republican general and marries him in spite of all and every one—when this father to whom Hoche has just given his freedom—when this old liberated emigrant says: 'Come, my daughter, let us go over to the English'—at this point, I wanted to hiss! I was quite satisfied with myself, to find that I am still capable of strong and patriotic feelings. I am not noble enough to number among my relations any who have fallen beneath the guillotine; my nobility is born of the Revolution. I like it, I understand it, without excusing its crimes. I am indulgent towards its errors and I would like to see every Frenchman realize its grandeur and defend its good name."

Commenting on this letter, the Emperor once said: "Mathilde paints her own character faithfully in that page. She has always possessed liberal and patriotic sentiments, and seemed very little attracted towards the royalists. She even exaggerates sometimes her liberal ideas."

On the religious question which, during the Second Empire, divided parties and even fractions of parties to such a great extent, Princess Mathilde was openly anti-clerical. Sometimes she was violent in her judgments and often even unjust. Both the Emperor and the Empress felt that the government labored under sufficient difficulties in this Roman question without having dissension crop up in their immediate circle, and above all in his very family. At Princess Mathilde's receptions, as at those of Prince Napoleon, one often heard reflections on this subject that really shocked by their excessive freedom. Something of this same kind frequently happened also at the house of Princess Julie Bonaparte, who was married to the Marquis of Roccagiovine, and who seemed to prefer to gather about her those belonging to the Opposition. On this point the Emperor once said: "Princes often have these strange fancies and do not realize what the consequences of their taste for criticism and dissension may be, but allow their friends to do great harm to the common cause by this unwise freedom of speech. Nothing weakened my position more than the unbridled tongues of some of my indiscreet relatives."

But it was not only Ponsard whom Princess Mathilde applauded at the theater. She also stood by the Goncourts, whose *Henriette Maréchal* gave rise to many stormy evenings at the Français in the winter of 1865. Realism at the theater was considered most extraordinary in those days and the play fell flat, in spite of the efforts of the Princess and her friends. Some twenty years later it was revived at the Odéon. Princess Mathilde was delighted.

The play had, however, only a half success. Times had changed; it was considered rather weak. Many pages might be written concerning the histrionic activity of Princess Mathilde. "She ought to have been a playwright," her Imperial cousin once remarked, "only then she could not have given such effective support to the plays of others, where was her real strength. When she saw that a piece was good, she wished to make others see it; and she often succeeded in this difficult task."

Artists felt even more at home in Princess Mathilde's house than did literary men. She was their companion, not jealous of their talent, who felt kindly towards them. Whenever there was an occasion for it, she would be generous to them in pecuniary ways. Some of these painters had a fashion of almost settling down in her house, bringing with them their familiar and sometimes reprehensible manners. They occasionally even indulged in jokes of doubtful taste. For instance, one Sunday under the Empire, they hit on what they considered an excellent farce. One of them dressed himself up so as to look exactly like Demidoff and then entered the dining-room, where a dinner was being given with Comte de Nieuwerkerke as the principal guest. Thereupon, the other guests fled in a general panic, leaving the Princess alone with her pretended husband. But an explanation from the painter soon brought back the fugitives. The Princess thought the best thing she could do under the circumstances was to laugh at the joke, but the story got abroad and caused much surprise. It was felt, in some quarters, that on such occasions the Princess did not show sufficient severity. She

was partly disarmed by the fact that she herself sometimes indulged in little outbursts of wit which were often amusing, perhaps now and then rather trivial, occasionally pretty keen, and frequently a trifle spiteful.

For instance, Vicomte de la Gueronnière, the author and diplomat, who had a rather weak character, was one day thus addressed by the Princess: "You are so anxious to hurt no one's feelings, that you are really all things to all men."

If any one was ostensibly lacking in deference towards her, Princess Mathilde sometimes got quite angry. One day, for example, Edmond About was guilty of some ill-placed puns before dinner, whereupon Princess Mathilde, without making any fuss about it, merely ordered his knife and fork to be withdrawn from the table. Edmond About understood the lesson and accepted the punishment. He obtained forgiveness this time, but when later he showed himself in the field of politics to be the violent enemy of that which he had formerly praised, Princess Mathilde intimated that he need not return. This was also the fate of the celebrated architect Viollet le Duc, the restorer, among other things, of Pierrefonds, whom the Emperor and the Government had loaded with favors and who proved himself ungrateful and unfair. She did not forgive Taine, as has been seen, for his severe criticism of Napoleon I; nor Sainte-Beuve for having consented to join the staff of the *Temps,* a paper which was very hostile to the Empire. She called on him at his modest home in the Rue Montparnasse and reproached him violently for this act. They never met again. Although Sainte-Beuve wrote to her, she

would not reply. But, in the following year, when Sainte-Beuve was dying, she relented. This was in 1869, when she, during the absence of the Empress in Egypt for the inauguration of the Suez Canal, was helping Napoleon receive a number of guests at the palace of Compiègne, and could not leave the spot. So all she could do was to generously send a little word of forgiveness to the languishing critic by Professor Zeller. This action was very characteristic of Princess Mathilde. Though she was always a good hater, there was a generosity about her that would not permit her anger to follow its object to the grave.

After the downfall of the Empire, Princess Mathilde went into a more modest hotel in the Rue de Berri; but her social position was in no way diminished. Her salon continued to be the meeting place of all the illustrious men of every branch of art and letters. All praised her good sense in taking no part in politics during the Third Republic, and remaining merely a protector of the literary and art world. Princes and ambassadors, academicians and politicians of all parties had the pleasant habit of coming together regularly in her drawing-room, where she was always found in happy mood, wearing the legendary pearl necklace, and seated under a large palm, by a marble bust of Napoleon.

When her brother, Prince Napoleon, who, as we have seen, was like his sister in many respects, died in Rome in 1891, Princess Mathilde hastened to his deathbed, watched by him, and was kindness itself to her sister-in-law, Princess Clotilde. She then met Prince Victor, whom she had not seen since his quarrel with his father. When Prince Napoleon

passed away, it was supposed that all the family divisions had died with him. One was led to think, on seeing Princess Mathilde leaning on her nephew's arm, that the quarrels of former days would be forgotten. How happened it then that she did not tear up her old will? She did not think of it, her friends say. But it was a painful surprise for all when, after her death, in 1904, it was found that she had bequeathed all her fortune, with the exception of some artistic trifles left to various friends, among whom was Prince Victor, to her other nephew, Prince Louis, the brother of Prince Victor, who sold everything as he was advised to do, and thus found himself, I have been informed, possessed of five or six millions of francs.

The death of Prince Napoleon at least brought about a complete reconciliation between the Empress Eugénie and the Princess Mathilde. The former never could entirely forget Prince Napoleon's conduct towards her, and this coldness with the brother naturally somewhat chilled relations with the sister. He had almost always been Eugénie's open adversary, and, while the Prince Imperial was alive, had often done his utmost to disturb the policy of the party. After the death of the Prince Imperial, in 1879, he assumed the rôle of a Prince of the Left, holding very advanced opinions, and caused thereby such regrettable divisions among the imperialists that two very distinct factions were formed, one following the father's lead and the other that of the son. Without ostensibly taking either side, the Empress naturally favored that of Prince Victor, always showing for him the deepest

interest and affection. Although she regretted the manner in which the separation between the two Princes had occurred, her sympathy was naturally much greater for the son than for the father. As has been more than once stated in these memoirs, Eugénie was never able to get on with the latter, notwithstanding passing moments of better understanding. For instance, when she visited him at the Conciergerie in 1882, when he was arrested on the occasion of his unauthorized return to France, she could not wholly forget his questionable attitude at the time of the Prince Imperial's funeral and other acts, which revealed his unfriendly feelings for the Emperor and the fallen régime. But the Empress forgave much on account of her growing love for his sister, whom she often met in Paris when passing through the city, during the closing years of her life. Then they would have long conversations, and exchange many affectionate greetings. The Empress dined several times at the mansion in the Rue de Berri, at this period, and the two ladies became quite intimate. The squabbles, political divergencies and religious dissensions, which so often marred Princess Mathilde's relations with the Second Empire, had then all disappeared from the memory of both. Much more gentle in her declining years, Princess Mathilde was careful to avoid subjects which might displease the Empress, who on the other side, was always desirous of showing marked amiability towards her cousin. During the last months of her earthly life, Eugénie frequently went to see her at Saint Gratien, and spent whole days by her bedside, with Princess Clotilde; and

when death finally came, the Empress was very deeply affected, for many dear things of the past, many good and suggestive memories, were buried in the tomb of Napoleon's noble niece.

CHAPTER IV

THE BIRTH AND CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

As long as her health allowed it, the Empress continued to show herself in Paris. She was seen, for instance, during the first week of March, 1856, crossing the Faubourg Saint Antoine on a visit to the school for working girls which she had lately founded. Later in the same day Eugénie followed the boulevards, with the Emperor but without escort, to examine the layette, or baby-linen, at Mlle. Félicie's in the Rue Vivienne. A few days later, she ceased to leave the Tuileries, the Archbishop demanded the prayers of the diocese for her, and the moment seemed near at hand when the Empress might give birth to the much-desired child.

The household of the "Child of France" was already formed. Madame Bruat, widow of the well-known admiral, had consented, to leave the seclusion in which she had remained since the death of her husband, who had succumbed on his return from the Crimea, to accept the position of *Gouvernante*. Madame Bizot and Madame de Brancion, widows respectively of a general and a colonel killed in the Crimea, were chosen as assistant *Gouvernantes*.

On March 13th and 14th the cradle offered by the municipality of Paris was on view at the City Hall. It was in the form of a ship made of rosewood. On the poop, a large draped figure, symbolizing the

town, supported the Imperial crown. The long and graceful folds of the sky-blue satin curtains were covered with Alençon lace. At the foot were two little genii who would protect the sleeping child. The prow of the ship was upheld by an eagle with spread wings. Small columns, round which twined corn and olive branches, formed the base of the cradle. On the sides were Sèvres medallions representing Justice, Prudence, Vigilance and Force.

So great was the crowd which assembled to see this work of art, that the authorities announced that it would be exposed a day longer. Consequently, much disappointment was felt the next morning when the Salle du Trône was not opened to the public and it was learned that the cradle had been suddenly carried to the Tuileries, where it was believed its presence would soon be necessary. The whole day passed in expectation. The state bodies sat in permanent session, awaiting the arrival at any moment of an envoy from the palace. The artillerymen of the Invalides did not leave their guns. Venetian masts were hastily raised and banners already floated from the department buildings. Until long after midnight the Parisians still waited to hear the first cannon. Slowly the crowd melted away from around the Tuileries with the gathering darkness, and only a few small groups remained around the castle, where the event was anxiously expected.

The Emperor and Comtesse de Montijo watched by the Empress' side, while in the adjourning apartments were the Princesse d'Essling, Duchesse de Bassano and Madame Bruat. Prince Napoleon, Princess Mathilde and the other members of the

Emperor's family holding rank at court were in the Green salon near Napoleon's study. The chief officers of the Crown, a score of other personages, and the ladies of the palace were assembled in the drawing-room.

At length, at half past three in the morning, the Prince Imperial was ushered into the world. Madame Bruat presented the child to the Emperor, and to the Empress, then to Prince Napoleon, Prince Lucien Murat, M. Achille Fould, and M. Abbatucci, both ministers, who had been chosen as witnesses of the birth. One hundred and one cannon were fired to announce "the glad news to the Parisians, who awoke rejoicing," said one of the leading journals which the Empress read the next day.

There must perforce be a considerable amount of publicity at the birth of royal or imperial children; witnesses must be present and the event is naturally surrounded with numerous formalities. Fortunately, however, the days are past when the crowd was allowed to fill the palace and the birth-chamber at the risk of killing the mother and child through lack of air, as was nearly the case, when Marie Antoinette first became a mother.

Cantatas, compliments from all parts of France and Europe, universal rejoicings, deputations of all kinds, even from the market-women of Paris, reached the palace hourly. The news of the Prince's birth arrived at Sebastopol on the 23rd, and was celebrated by the firing of cannon by our own and the allied armies, and, curiously enough, even the Russians illuminated, and, from Inkerman on, the whole line blazed in unison. The Emperor seized the happy occasion to try and gain over to the new

régime these irreconcilable Frenchmen who still refused to accept the Second Empire. So, on March 20th, a full and free amnesty was granted to all who had been expelled from France after the events of 1848 and 1851. The sole condition made was that they should loyally accept the Imperial government. Though many exiles took advantage of this offer, a few refused to forget the past and most of these continued unfriendly to the government to the very end. Furthermore, in order to show her gratitude for the popular goodwill, the Empress announced that all children born on March 16th could have the "Empress and Emperor as godmother and godfather, if request were made to the proper authorities." Many demands of this kind were made and granted.

Again the sound of one hundred and one cannon shots startled Paris. This time it was on the 30th of March and proclaimed the glad news of the signing of the treaty between France and Russia. In this peace all might rejoice, for it was made on terms honorable to both parties. Paris was illuminated and the joy of the capital spread throughout the country, and far beyond the frontiers of France, for from all over Europe came congratulations to the sovereigns. This news gave Eugénie great pleasure, and this month of March, 1856, was, for her, the happiest of the reign.

In the meantime, the Empress was recovering rapidly, and the child appeared healthy and strong. And forthwith he began to be the recipient of that long series of decorations which crowned heads bestow on those distinguished by birth or attainments. On April 13th the list was opened by the Duc d'Albe,

who brought the Order of the Golden Fleece to the young Prince, on whom it had been conferred by Queen Isabella; and throughout his short life the bestowal of these honors continued. On April 28th, the day on which the treaty of peace was officially promulgated, the Prince Imperial was inscribed as an "enfant de troupe" on the register of the first regiment of the Grenadiers of the Guard. Thus early also began his military training, for which art he had a veritable passion and in the pursuance of which he finally lost his life.

The diplomatic body in Paris and the King of Würtemberg, then staying at the Pavillon de Marsan, came to present their respects to the Empress the day after her recovery, and, at their request, they were taken to see the infant Prince. Thus was inaugurated a custom which was continued throughout the Second Empire. All the great personages who visited the Tuileries saw the Prince Imperial, who, in this way, from his earliest youth became acquainted with the leading rulers and public men of Europe. This had much to do in making him the broadly cultured youth that he unquestionably became; and from the very first day of her restoration to health, Eugénie made his education, both intellectual and moral, the first act of her thought and solicitude. "We are resolved to make him a worthy man and prince," the Emperor wrote in reply to a letter of congratulation. "The Empress is especially interested in this good work. When she puts her heart and mind in anything, she always succeeds. So thus early I feel sure that our young Prince, if he is given health and years, will become worthy of the great name which he bears, and if he

should follow me on the throne will be equal to the occasion and know how to complete the grand work begun by his father and my noble uncle."

The Prince Imperial was born on March 16, 1856, Palm Sunday, day of joyous symbolism. Who could then foresee the calvary where his short life should end? The beautiful mother's mission which the Empress had just accomplished seemed to make her very popular with the people. A spirit of goodwill appeared to rule everywhere. Peace with Russia was signed at the end of the month, and all the political parties in France had apparently laid aside sentiments hostile to the Empire. No cloud darkened the horizon; outwardly, at least, all was calm. The Vatican and the Tuileries walked hand in hand, French troops protected the States of the Church, and Pius IX stood ready to be the godfather of the Imperial child. This act gave great joy to the Empress who always held in high esteem all religious sentiments and who was ever devoted to the Holy See.

On February 8th the Holy Father wrote this letter to the Emperor, which clearly reflects the friendly feeling which he entertained for the Imperial family: "I would hide from your Majesty the feeling that God inspires me with a very sweet hope. I believe that He wills that new bounties shall descend upon you, Sire, in the measure in which you fulfill your agreement to support and protect the Church, in whose bosom you were born. As for me, I have no other aim in my words and prayers than to bring about the glory of God, the salvation of souls, the propagation of the Faith and the honoring of Catholic princes. Receive, Sire, the apostolic

blessing which I send to your Majesty, with effusion and from the very bottom of my heart, to her Majesty the Empress, to the august infant she bears on her bosom and to all France."

Pius IX was celebrating mass on Palm Sunday in the Basilica of St. Peter when the news of the Prince's birth reached Rome. Immediately, on the pontiff's order, one hundred and one guns were fired from the Castle of the Holy Angels, announcing the news to the innumerable crowds gathered in Rome for the festal season. Everybody saw the important political bearing of the event, and the Vatican naturally perceived that it was another and strong tie which bound France to the Church. This was its politico-religious side, and the religious side was not less important than the political.

Through the intermediary of Comte de Rayneval, French ambassador in Rome, the Holy Father thanked the Emperor for having had the happy thought of mentioning in his official speech the papal blessing which had been sent to the young Prince at his birth. At the same time Comte de Rayneval gave the Empress a piece of news which filled her with joy. The Pope had decided that the Golden Rose which he blesses each year during the course of the Lenten festivities should be sent her. The origin of this custom, which is rarely observed, is not exactly known. The rose had been given the last time to the Queen of the two Sicilies, when the Holy Father returned to his states, after the republican revolution of 1849 at Rome, in recognition of the generous hospitality he had received at Gaëta and Portici during his exile.

No present or distinction from a sovereign could

be more pleasing to a sincere Catholic than this Golden Rose. It was thought that Eugénie deserved it for her attachment to the Holy See and for her "ardent faith," as His Holiness once remarked. Considering the circumstances in which the Holy Father now showed his sympathy, this act touched the Empress deeply. It strengthened her faithfulness toward the Holy See, both from a religious and a political point of view, led her more strongly than ever to use her influence for peace and conciliation each time the horizon darkened between the Vatican and the Imperial Government, made her more patient over the trials brought about by the Italian question, and caused her to show herself more openly and more irreconcilably hostile to the opponents of the papal throne. Though it is true that the Roman policy of the Second Empire has often been condemned even by good Catholics, it must not be forgotten that in the middle of the last century the European situation was not what it is now. The Church in France was a power and the Church in Rome was mighty both in religion and politics. Brought up an ardent Catholic and surrounded by strong Catholic influences, it was only natural that the Empress should cling to the Vatican not simply for personal reasons but in the interests of France itself. She held that politics are always firmer when allied with religion, and felt that the moral support of the Pope was not to be ignored. Those were her views then, and such they have ever been since. Eugénie was blamed for them then, and has been blamed for them since, but I owe it to sincerity to state her position thus clearly. It explains many things that happened during the Second Empire,

which is one of the reasons why I speak thus openly and frankly. It is my aim in these memoirs to throw light into obscure corners in the history of these times, and I think posterity should know all that can be known concerning the relations between the Tuileries and the Vatican.

The rejoicing over the birth of the Prince was not confined to the general public. The poets, for example, also did their part in celebrating the event. The song of "March Sixteenth," by Camille Doucet and "Napoleon IV," by Belmontet, were quite worthy of the occasion; but the Emperor and Empress were more particularly touched by Théophile Gauthier's verses:

Qu'un bonheur fidèle accompagne
L'enfant impérial qui dort,
Blanc comme les jasmins d'Espagne,
Blond comme les abeilles d'or.

. . . . . .

Au milieu des soleils sans nombre,
Cherche au ciel l'astre impérial!
Suis bien le sillon qu'il te marque,
Et vogue, fort du souvenir,
Dans ton berceau, devenu barque,
Sur l'océan du souvenir!

With these verses in mind, a friend wrote Eugénie in the summer of 1879: "Who could foresee, in 1856, that the child grown to manhood would, in order to 'recover the imperial star,' whose glory had departed, sail the seas to foreign lands, and that the bark would bring back an inanimate hero!"

All Europe seemed to share the delight of the French poets over the advent of this male heir. A hundred thousand francs were distributed to char-

ities and the Emperor and Empress expressed a wish to be godfather and godmother to all the legitimate children born on March 16th. They also had the principal theaters of Paris thrown open at their expense for an afternoon performance, on Monday, the 17th.

The people of Paris like out-door parades and ceremonies of every kind and it was the excellent policy of the Emperor never to let an occasion pass for gratifying this taste. One of the earliest opportunities of this sort was the baptism of the baby Prince Imperial and everything was done to add pomp and éclat to the event, which is here described somewhat in detail for this reason, as it gives a fair idea of a large number of similar festivities thickly scattered through the years of the Second Empire.

It had been decided that the Prince Imperial should be baptized on June 14, 1856, and the Parisians impatiently awaited the chosen date. Nor were they alone in their eagerness to see a grand fête; more than three hundred thousand persons had come for the same purpose from the provinces and from abroad. The streets where the procession was to pass were thick with people, when the great day arrived. In front of Notre Dame, on the vast square, high masts had been set up, from which floated banners bearing the Imperial arms; the ground was covered with smooth, clean, fine sand, while masses of flowers and light feathery ferns transformed the usually somewhat austere square into a fairylike garden. A large covered marquise had been erected in front of the cathedral.

The ceremony was to take place at six in the evening, and some time before that hour, the four

thousand guests were assembled in the metropolitan church, while the crowd without thickened so rapidly that, if the neighbourhood of the church had not been carefully guarded, it would have been impossible to force a passage for those whose business called them thither. As the Emperor and Empress, looking out from the windows of the Tuileries, saw the masses surging by with smiling faces and in their best attire, their hearts swelled with pride at the sight of this noble Parisian populace, and when they remembered that it was all in honour of their baby son, tears filled the eyes of both.

One of the ladies in Eugénie's suite thus describes the scene in an unpublished letter written at the time to a friend living in the provinces:

"There were people at every window along the quays, people on the roofs, on the chimneys even, people standing on trestles along the road, on the parapets by the Seine, on the arches of the bridges, in every possible corner, cramped and crushed, but heedless of discomfort; an inquisitive, sympathetic, innumerable crowd, buzzing, swaying, like bees in a swarm, thirsting for a sight which it knew would be magnificent, unique, in fact, on account of the splendour of the procession and the great pomp which was to be observed.

"The interior of Notre Dame was lighted up, though the day was still young, so that the great dark edifice was an imposing medley of lights and shadows. All the chief towns of France were represented by banners which hung down the lofty columns of the church, and red velvet draperies brightened the scene under the starry sprinkled ceiling and arches. Not less striking was the assembly

gathered within those walls, the gentlemen all wearing bright uniforms and the ladies in evening dress, with lace veils attached to their hair and falling to the shoulders. Thousands of candles sparkled in the nave and in the midst of the blaze was a platform on which were seated, arrayed in full pontifical vestments, the archbishops and bishops of France.

"From the Tuileries comes Cardinal Patrizzi, the Pope's Legate, in a coach drawn by eight horses, and as the papal representative, he is treated with the same ceremonial as would have been shown the Holy Father himself. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris and the Chapter of the Cathedral await his arrival at the door of Notre Dame and he is greeted on his entrance by a full choral rendering of the imposing anthem: *Tu es Petrus.*

"Meanwhile, the Place de la Concorde is being rapidly occupied by cavalry, and from the Tuileries to the parvis of Notre Dame, a double line of National Guards and the Imperial Guards form; but they have some trouble in keeping the crowd back. At five o'clock, a sudden clamor arises and the crowd sways excitedly; then the military bands strike up and the procession leaves the Pavillon de l'Horloge on its way to Notre Dame, via the Tuileries gardens, the Rue de Rivoli, the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, the Pont d'Arcole and Rue d'Arcole, and finally it reaches the Place Notre Dame.

"The procession was headed by the trumpeters and band of the First Carabiniers; General Korte and his staff; and squadrons, bands and officers of several other regiments. Then came eight carriages drawn by six horses, each accompanied by two lackeys. The first six carriages contained a lady of

the Empress's household, the lady-in-waiting to the dowager Grand-Duchess of Baden, two chamberlains, the grand-mistress and the lady in waiting of the Empress, and the chief officers of the Crown. Then we saw four postilions preceding the seventh carriage in which sat Princess Mathilde, accompanied by Princess Marie of Baden, Duchess of Hamilton. The Princess's grand cavalier was on horseback to the right of the carriage, and on the left was a Colonel of the Guard. The eighth carriage contained the Grand Duchess of Baden, King Jerome, Prince Oscar of Sweden and Prince Napoleon.

"Louder and louder grew the cheers until, from a faint murmur heard in the distance, they sounded at last like the roar of thunder as two splendid state coaches, each drawn by eight horses and preceded by six of the Emperor's postilions, closed the procession. The first of these coaches was the identical vehicle used by Napoleon on the occasion of his marriage to Marie Louise, and through the clear glass could be seen the widow of Admiral Bruat, Governess of the Children of France, holding in her arms the Prince Imperial half hidden in an ermine-lined cloak. Mme. Bizot and Mme. de Brancion, under-governesses, and the nurse were also in this coach. Marshal Canrobert, the Emperor's Aide-de-camp, and an equerry rode on the right of the carriage, while Marshal Bosquet, Adjutant-general of the Palace, and another officer, were on the left. Behind, followed some lackeys on foot and equerries of the Emperor on horseback.

"Eight beautiful bay horses, considered the finest in all the imperial or royal stables of Europe, were

harnessed to the second state coach, in which were seated the Emperor and Empress. The coach itself, enriched with artistic designs and gilded wheels, had just been re-decorated for the occasion. It was the coach which had been first used for the coronation of Charles X.

"The Emperor, who looked a little anxious but was most gracious to the populace, was wearing the uniform of a general with silk stockings and short knee breeches. The Empress was clothed in white and wore a diadem in the center of which sparkled the regent diamond. She was wreathed in smiles and looked handsome. We were all very proud of her. By the side of the coach rode Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, Marshal de Castellane, General de Lawoestine, commander of the National Guards, General Fleury, first equerry to the Emperor, General Regnaud de Saint Jean d'Angély, commander-in-chief of the Imperial Guard, and an aide-de-camp of the Emperor. All these distinguished soldiers in their gorgeous uniforms made a splendid sight which was fully appreciated by the people.

"Behind the royal coach, after the running lackeys, rode the aides-de-camp and ordnance officers of the Emperor, a squadron of the Cent Gardes; then, headed by their colonels and bands, came two squadrons of the Cuirassiers of the Guard, two squadrons of mounted artillery of the Guard, and two squadrons of the 2nd Carabiniers. This choice body of troops and the excellent music of their bands produced a grand effect.

"At six o'clock the roar of cannon and ringing of bells announced the arrival of the procession at the doors of the cathedral, where the sovereigns were

met by Mgr. Libour, surrounded by his clergy. But just before this, a little contretemps happened. So thickly had the sand been sprinkled on the square, that the eight horses were unable to draw the heavy coach, and the lackeys had to push the wheels in order to bring it up to the door of Notre Dame.

"The archbishop offered holy water to the sovereigns, who kissed the cross and were conducted beneath a dais borne by canons of the cathedral, to their prayer-desks. A master of ceremonies then distributed the 'honors' to the ladies destined to bear them. The Comtesse de Montebello carried the candle, the Baroness de Malaret the holy oils, the Marchioness de la Tour Maubourg the salt, honors which belonged to those who surrounded the Prince Imperial. Mme. de Sauley carried the towel, the Comtesse de la Bedoyère held the basin, and the Comtesse de Rayneval the ewer, honors bestowed by the godfather and godmother.

"A platform surrounded by a baluster and open on the side facing the nave was placed in the center of the cathedral. On that platform, at the entrance to the sanctuary, was the altar, which was reached by three steps. The throne for the Emperor and Empress was opposite the altar, and it also was reached by three steps. The font was midway between the throne and the altar. The baptismal vase, made of chiselled and beaten brass, was supposed to be the one brought from the Holy Land by Saint Louis.

"All these arrangements at the church had been carefully supervised by the Empress herself and were particularly gorgeous and imposing and formed a perfect counter-part to the outdoor mili-

tary display, which was the special care of the Emperor. This division of labour well illustrates the harmonious way in which our two excellent sovereigns 'pull together.'

"The Cardinal Legate occupied a throne opposite the altar and the throne of the Emperor and Empress. In front of the sanctuary were seats for the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris and the canons of the cathedral. The clergy made a special effort to be out in full force, arrayed in their most splendid robes, which added not a little to the general effect. The other seats were for the Prince Imperial, who was carried in the arms of Mme. Bruat, for the Grand-Duchess of Baden, representing the Queen of Sweden, the godmother, for Prince Oscar, King of Sweden, and for the princes and princesses of the Emperor's family. I name only a few of the grand personages present. The list is too long to give them all.

"Having reached their designated places, the Emperor and Empress knelt on their prayer-desks, while the Legate, leaving his throne, stepped to the foot of the altar and intoned the *Veni Creator,* which was immediately taken up by the choir. Meanwhile, the ladies bearing the honors deposited the various articles on the tables placed near the altar and which served as credences.

"When the *Veni Creator* was ended, the Cardinal Legate proceeded to perform the baptismal ceremony. As soon as this was completed, the Governess of the Children of France placed the Prince Imperial in the Emperor's arms. Then a master of ceremonies stepped to the front of the aisle and cried three times: 'Long live the Prince Imperial!'

The Emperor raised his son aloft, and, with a loving and happy expression, presented him to the congregation, while the Empress, much affected and very pale, showed deep emotion. Then, while the grand music of the *Vivat,* composed for the baptism of the King of Rome, by Le Sueur, filled the church, a loud shout of joy and welcome broke from the compact crowd, which evidently went right to the heart of both the Emperor and Empress, for tears trickled down their cheeks.

"The Cardinal Legate next intoned the *Te Deum* and the *Domine Salvum Fac Imperatorem,* after which he gave the Papal blessing. The Archbishop of Paris, surrounded by the clergy of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, presented the parish register of baptisms for the Emperor's signature, which the Empress signed also, with a trembling hand; and the interesting and imposing ceremony was ended.

"Preceded by a squadron of the Guides, followed by cuirassiers of the Guard, a carriage drawn by eight horses brought the little Prince back to the Tuileries, by the quays. I may add, that he behaved himself very well throughout this rather long ceremony; and, after his departure, the Archbishop of Paris, preceded by the metropolitan chapter, reconducted the Emperor and Empress to the door of the cathedral. Here the sovereigns stepped into their grand coach, and were driven across the Pont d'Arcole, through the magnificently decorated Place, to the City Hall, where a grand banquet was offered in the great dining hall by the Municipal Council. Four hundred guests were already gathered in the grand drawing-room. The Emperor and Empress took their place at a table raised above the

others, surrounded by the princes and princesses of the Bonaparte family, and during the dinner a fine concert was given. The Empress, in spite of the fatigue of the day, appeared smiling and radiant, and, after the banquet, remained for some time with the Emperor in the magnificently lighted salons. The Cardinal Legate appeared for a moment before the commencement of the ball, and immediately after his withdrawal, the quadrille of honor began. The Emperor opened the ball with the Baroness Haussmann, while the Empress danced with the Prefect of the Seine. Both seemed happy and contented with the way in which everything passed off.

"The return to the Tuileries was affected in semi-State landaus instead of the grand coaches used earlier in the day, as the return was made at a more rapid pace than that observed during the procession to the cathedral. Loud and continuous cheering accompanied the sovereigns on their way to the palace, as they passed through the brilliantly lighted streets, hung with flags and banners. This is, indeed, a day that will be long remembered by Parisians and which will remain more deeply graven than any other in the heart of the Empress."

The popular rejoicings and festivities continued during several days. Commemorative medals were distributed in great quantities and packets of sweets were provided for the children of the public schools. Numerous pardons were granted to civil and military prisoners. The Emperor, indeed, made a great event of the christening. "It reminded one of the grand days of the First Empire," he said years afterwards. "It was, of course, a fine sight, the long parade of gala carriages, with the coach used

for the coronation of Charles X at the head of the line." Later, the Parisian public seemed always to take a peculiar interest in seeing the imperial infant drive in the Bois, in his nurse's arms, the carriage being followed by an escort of the Cent Gardes. At the age of four, the Emperor had him entered in the regiment of the grenadiers of the Gardes and he used to take part in the parade in the Tuileries court-yard, as an onlooker. Adolphe Yvon, the talented painter of military life, has left a canvas, in which the child is represented in uniform, standing with three grenadiers who are at a salute. A little later, the Prince Imperial was, to his great delight, made a corporal, and thoroughly enjoyed practising sword exercises with his little playfellows, Louis Conneau, son of the physician who aided the future Emperor to escape from Ham, and Jules Espinasse, who was a little older than the Prince, the son of the general who was killed at Magenta.

One evening during "the christening week," there was a grand firework display in front of the Palace of the Legislative Body, the chief feature of which was the representation of a gothic baptistery; and there was also an illumination of the Tuileries gardens. The Court all watched from the windows of the Navy Department, on the Place de la Concorde, and it was understood that the Empress should give the signal for them to commence. The crowd was so dense on the square that it was impossible to pass through, and the court party was obliged to wait till eleven o'clock before they could leave the building and return to the Tuileries. The part of the city round the City Hall was magnificently illuminated during three days. The Avenue

Victoria was transformed into a garden with fountains and flowers from all countries, and on June 16th, the day of the Municipal ball, it was quite fairy-like.

Everywhere, during these fêtes, the Emperor and the Empress were greeted with loud cheers and ovations of the most spontaneous nature. The rejoicing of the people seemed almost delirious. Tired out by the joyous events of the week, the Emperor and Eugénie finally sought a little rest at the palace of Saint Cloud, where the interesting ceremony of the gift of the Golden Rose took place on Thursday, June 19th. During the mass, which was celebrated by Cardinal Patrizzi, the Golden Rose was deposited on the epistle side of the altar, and then the Legate took a seat facing the Emperor and Empress, when one of the prelates of his suite read the pontifical brief conferring on the Cardinal the right to bestow the rose. Thereupon, the Empress advanced and the Golden Rose was presented to her by Cardinal Patrizzi, with the usual formula.

The Pope's gift was in the form of a golden rose-tree in a flower-pot which was also of gold, resting on a lapis lazuli pedestal. The two bas-reliefs of the pedestal represented the birth of the Blessed Virgin and her Presentation in the Temple, while the arms of Pius IX and Napoleon III were engraved on the sides.

After the ceremony, the Cardinal Legate presented to the Emperor an admirable piece of mosaic work representing St. John the Baptist, after Guido. Also the Holy Father sent to the Prince Imperial an enameled reliquary containing a relic of the Holy

Manger. The child was brought to the Chapel in order to receive this sacred gift.

Truly, the summer of 1856 seemed full of promise, for the country was then enjoying an era of prosperity and peace, and the Empire was evidently very popular. It was not till three years later that this peace was unfortunately disturbed by the Austrian war. That the Second Empire was popular at this moment cannot be doubted. The people of Paris had given striking evidence of this during the ceremony just described, and from all parts of the nation the Emperor received many public and private evidences of the fact that the provinces were not behind the capital in loyal and enthusiastic support of the new régime. So the young Prince Imperial began his life under a cloudless sky, and the Empress has always felt that this was perhaps the happiest moment of her existence.

CHAPTER V

THE YOUTH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

I RECALL many cherished memories of the Prince Imperial's first communion. His religious education for this important act was intrusted to Abbé Deguerry, vicar of the Madeleine, a very learned and venerable prelate, who later lost his life in the Commune outbreak. He was gentle of speech and persuasive. The Prince listened attentively to his teaching, but the young man's questioning spirit led him to argue with his spiritual director, who had to convince him that the mind cannot grasp all the mysteries of the future life, as if one had to do with mathematics. One day the good Abbé told his pupil the story of the crucifixion and the suffering of the Blessed Virgin. He himself was much moved by the narration, and though the Prince was very attentive, he did not appear to be as much affected as one might have thought. So M. Deguerry said to him: "Is there any greater cause for tears than the passion of Our Lord?" "Certainly not, M. l'Abbé," replied the Prince, "but you have taught me that God sees everything, knows everything and can do everything. So he must have willed that Christ should suffer and that the Virgin should suffer. This thought prevents me from crying." Though the Prince was disposed to discuss things which he did not understand, his religious faith was sincere

and real. He was ever ready to accept in the spiritual world what his more worldly mind could not grasp. His natural piety was greatly strengthened after this careful examination, under the devout direction of Abbé Deguerry, of the claims and tenets of Christianity. He said to the Empress later, referring to this earlier period in his boyhood: "I fully realized the good example I could set and what were my religious duties. I even then perceived what a great consolation faith brings to mankind and what a vast source of strength it is to governments. The fact that I was probably to be the head of a nation sufficed to make me an earnest Christian."

The Prince Imperial communed for the first time on May 7, 1868, in the Tuileries chapel, which was decorated with crimson velvet hangings fringed with gold and was delightfully scented with the odor of new-cut flowers. It is a curious fact that the perfume of that ceremony still clings in Eugénie's memory, and on more than one occasion since then, sometimes when she has been driving through the country lanes of beautiful England, and sometimes in some public hall or private drawing-room, the same flower or some similar perfume has brought back the odor of that little chapel and with it the memory of that touching ceremony, nearly all of the actors in which have now passed on into the unseen world. The Emperor was, of course, present, accompanied by all the princes and princesses of the house of Bonaparte. In the gallery were the eldest son of Prince Napoleon and the young companions of the communicant. In the center of the choir-sanctuary, his head bowed and his eyes fixed on the altar, with his governor on one side and Abbé

Deguerry on the other, sat the young Prince, solemn and dignified. The eloquent and touching words pronounced on this occasion by Archbishop Darboy, I have never forgotten. At one point he stopped in his address, when the Prince was blessed by the Bishop of Adras, and, advancing to the first step of the altar, he knelt reverently, while Prince Joachim Murat and General Frossard, aided by two priests, spread the communion napkin before him. The tender-hearted boy was now weeping from emotion. Then the Archbishop continued his remarks and before he ended, nearly everybody present was sobbing. The Empress was deeply affected. At five o'clock that same day the Prince received the sacrament of confirmation at the hands of the Archbishop, in the presence of those who had participated in the imposing ceremonies of the morning. This was a red-letter day in the spiritual life of the Prince Imperial, and the moral principles there enunciated were his guide throughout his short but noble existence.

Another prelate saw fit, on the occasion of the Prince Imperial's first communion, to pronounce a sermon. This intervention in the spiritual affairs of the Imperial family seemed all the more out of place because this same priest meddled in their political affairs with far less justice and impartiality. I refer to Bishop Dupanloup of Orleans, who did not always speak so kindly of the Bonapartes and the régime as he might have done. It was shortly after the Tuileries ceremony that the Empress was present at Orleans to take part in the festivities in honor of Jeanne d'Arc, and then it was that the Bishop seized the occasion to compliment her and the Prince. His

words called forth considerable comment at the time, and later—especially later. No doubt Bishop Dupanloup was sincere when he declared that he hoped the Empress would never "shed other tears than those called forth by pious emotion." It is somewhat difficult, however, to reconcile the prayers addressed by him to Heaven in favor of the heir to the throne with the often hostile attitude which he assumed towards the Second Empire, its leaders and its policies. The Empress was one of the first to understand that the rights and claims of the Church should hold first place in the prelate's mind and she could excuse, in a measure, his discontent at certain acts of the Imperial government, such as that concerning the Roman question. But instead of joining the enemies of the Empire and making common cause with those who were trying to destroy it, why did he not strive to accomplish his ends in other ways? The Emperor spoke rightly when he said one day: "Speaking with all due impartiality, I think it fair to say that Dupanloup's political conduct was 'varied and undulating,' as some one has well remarked. It is true that he would shoot from one extreme to the other with the agility of an acrobat. While one cannot but admire his talent and his moral courage, and admit the justice of many of his ideas, one must draw back from some of his preachments and squarely pronounce them dangerous and leading to division rather than to concord."

While instructing the young Prince in preparation for his first communion, Abbé Deguerry had, without knowing it, prepared the way to a conversion. Miss Shaw, the devoted governess of the Prince, had been present at the lessons given by the curate of

the Madeleine, and although she was an Anglican, she never failed to help the Prince to accomplish his religious duties, and especially his daily prayers. Two days after this first communion she went to the Madeleine, told the curé that she had been led to think very seriously about religious matters and now desired to become a Catholic. The Empress was much pleased by this spontaneous act of Miss Shaw's and thus became more than ever attached to this excellent young woman who did so much for the English education of the Prince Imperial and who thereafter aided greatly in strengthening his religious convictions, which, however, were always firm and solid. It may be added that the Prince was not at all influenced by political or dynastic reasons in becoming and remaining a firm believer in the doctrines of Christianity, especially as set forth in the tenets of the Church of Rome. He was very thoughtful by nature, and often spoke, even in his earliest youth, of the great mystery of life, and always declaring that he, for his part, could find no satisfactory explanation of it except in the divine revelation of Jesus.

It may be found interesting if I describe the apartments of the young Prince at the Tuileries. In a white and gold salon he took his lessons and received his friends on Thursdays and Sundays. Through the windows could be seen the tip of the sentinel's bayonet and the white horse-tail of the helmet of one of the Cent Gardes, as they stood on duty; while further away was visible the Place du Carrousel, with its triumphal arch, as it stands today, and the wide Louvre square beyond. The floor

of the room was covered with a soft white carpet of a flowered pattern. On the walls hung a portrait of the Empress by Winterhalter, a lithograph of the Emperor, an engraving of the Empress' mother and pictures of one of the Emperor's favorite horses, of "Bouton d'Or," the Prince's pony, and of his spaniels Finette and Finaud. On the mantelpiece was a clock with a circular face, on which the hours were indicated by the horizontal rotation of a blue and gold hemisphere. On the left was a piano, fitted with a mechanical player, which, on rainy days, when the Prince could not go out of doors with his companions, would be set going after the four o'clock meal, much to the pleasure of the little circle. This was the moment when the Empress generally used to come to see him and his friends. Miss Shaw, the English governess, says she remembers that Eugénie sometimes would put her hand down under the collar of his jacket and say: "How warm you are, Louis. Keep quiet now or you are sure to take cold." I do not recall this habit, but it is highly probable that the Empress would act in this way, for the young Prince put his whole heart into his play, and the result was that he was often over-excited.

In this same room, in a little book-case, all the Prince's books were most carefully arranged. He, of course, had no finely bound or showy volumes, with bright covers and gilt edges. They were well-thumbed school books, with broken corners and spots on them. The boy studied seriously and his tools showed it. On either side of the inkstand were two little gold busts and two ivory miniatures of the Emperor and the Empress. A paper-weight, I re-

member, represented Napoleon I sitting astride of a chair. The Prince always treasured this object.

The Prince's bed-room had light blue satin on the walls and a ceiling frescoed in oil. The bed was an excellent example of marquetry decorated with bronze gilt ornaments. In the recess of the room was a picture of Hugues Merle, representing Religion protecting childhood, a gift to the Prince from the Duc de Morny. A palm branch which had been blessed by the Pope was fastened to the picture-frame. Attached to or worked into the lining of the bed were several sacred pictures, a silver cross, a large heart in old enamel and a gold medallion of the Blessed Virgin. I often thought of these sacred images of his early childhood, when, on his manly young body, were found the pious amulets which had been spared by the hands of his savage murderers. On the walls of the room were hung some photographs of the Prince's boy-friends.

Next to this bed-room was the play-room, filled with toys of all sorts. I recall rocking-horses, trumpets, drums, two miniature cannons brought from China, tin soldiers and china soldiers, and last, but not least, a magic-lantern, which was one of the boy's delights.

The study and work-room contained maps hung on the walls, drawing boards, drawing paper covered with rough sketches or finished work, a partly completed bust of M. Monnier, the Prince's tutor, made by the Prince while he was sitting for Carpeaux's bust.

The Prince Imperial's day was carefully arranged. He rose at seven o'clock, dressed, took his chocolate and then came to the Empress' room,

where he remained for a short time, while they talked over the day's program. Next, the child would go and say good-morning to his father. Then he took a walk in the private garden of the Tuileries, the portion which now lies between the Rue des Tuileries and the main part of the Jardin des Tuileries and which is at present also public. Two full hours of study followed. Lunch occurred at half past eleven. Later, came gymnastics, fencing, riding and a walk with his tutor, who also conducted studies till dinner time. M. Monnier once said to me: "The Prince Imperial worked perseveringly and eagerly. He delighted in study and was fond of inquiry, meditation and discussion. His mind was seriously bent, but the intellectual tension was counterbalanced by the ardor he brought to recreation, games and exercise." Before retiring, he again took some exercise, so that I remarked that his rest was always calm and refreshing. Just before dinner, he saw his father and mother again.

Thursdays and Sundays were the Prince Imperial's holidays, which he spent in vigorous games, in long walks or in exercise on the orangery terrace at Saint Cloud. His boy-companions were generally the young Conneau, who scarcely ever left him, Espinasse, Joachim Murat, my brother and I, the two Corvisarts, Jean de Persigny and sometimes Jean de la Bédoyère and the two de la Poèzes, who came to spend the day with him. The boys studied and played together, and just before afternoon tea, M. Monnier used to give them all a dictation. Often the Prince dined with his little friends in his dining-room on the ground floor of the Saint Cloud castle, when the bill of fare was very simple—a soup, roast

meat with potatoes, roast chicken, spinach or chicory, and stewed fruit or a rice pudding for desert.

When the Prince Imperial was somewhat older, and had a governor and aides-de-camp, he dined on Thursdays and Sundays with his companions in the company of the Emperor and the Empress. After dinner, the young people would play in the Throne Room, which opened from the White Drawing-room, where the court sat. The Emperor used to take much interest in the games of the children. The Empress was always worried at seeing the Prince get so hot and excited, as was always the case on these occasions. But it was very hard to get him to stop and rest. At about half past nine the Prince would retire to his own apartments and go to bed.

When General Frossard was appointed governor of the Prince Imperial, the whole system of his instruction was altered. M. Monnier, his preceptor, was replaced by M. Filon, a repetent, whose duty was more to see that he learned the tasks set by others than to give lessons himself. The Prince followed at home the curriculum of the state schools and his teachers were selected from these schools, several of whom, like M. Lavisse, to-day a member of the French Academy, who taught him history, became well known later. M. Filon, who was in constant contact with the lad, had a great and salutary influence over him. He quickly gained the confidence of the Prince, and being young and of pleasing appearance, was a delightful member of the household. The Prince would sometimes meet with his fellow-students on festive occasions and at annual commencements.

The Prince's natural, generous, and charitable character began to develop at this period and M. Filon encouraged this tendency in his disposition. It was a customary habit to give him little sums of money from time to time, which he put aside for charity. Many instances of his kindness to the poor are given, and I particularly recall this one. I noticed him playing one day with his boy friends in the private garden of the Tuileries, when he saw, through the paling, a one-legged veteran in the street. Immediately he hurried off for his savings, and emptied all he had into the pocket of the old soldier. Again, having heard, while at the court at Compiègne, that there was in the forest a very old woman picking up dead wood for firing, and his store of charity money being exhausted, he passed round a box among the guests at the castle and soon had a neat little sum for the aged wood-gatherer. Every one was, of course, ready to give, and gold pieces found their way into the box. While this collection was going on, the Emperor and the Empress entered the drawing-room. They gently stopped the proceeding, explaining that guests should not be asked to aid the host in his works of charity. The child quickly saw the indelicacy of his action, returned the alms and was fully consoled when his parents gave him a much larger sum for his worthy protégée.

I recall a striking example of the Prince Imperial's courage and presence of mind, even when he was a mere child. It happened, before the war, during one of the sojourns at Biarritz. One October day we embarked on the *Chamois,* intending to go to Fontarabia, and to stop at Saint Jean de Luz on

our way back, whence we were to drive to the Villa Eugénie. The first portion of the program was accomplished in most magnificent weather; but suddenly, just as we were leaving the Spanish coast, the wind changed, the sea became very rough, and the little ship, beaten back by heavy waves, could make but little progress. It was late at night before we sighted Saint Jean de Luz, when it was found impossible to enter the harbor and we were advised to remain on board till morning. But the Empress knew the Emperor would be very anxious about us, and so she insisted that we land that night. Consequently, two open row boats were lowered. The first, in which were some of the suite, reached land without much trouble, notwithstanding the roughness of the water. But the second boat, which carried the Prince, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière and the Empress, struck a rock with such force that the pilot was thrown into the sea. It was feared that the frail boat might sink, so that it was necessary to act promptly; consequently, the admiral, seizing the Prince by the hand, exclaimed: "Now we must jump for the rock!" Of course the Empress was very much frightened lest the child should miss his footing and be crushed between the rock and the boat. But the boy called out bravely: "I'm not afraid, mother; my name is Napoleon!" Both reached the rock safely and greatly relieved the Empress' mind. The sea now growing somewhat calmer, the crew finally succeeded in landing her also. When we at length reached the Villa, we found the whole household wearing an anxious face. In the evening, the Emperor scolded the Empress a little, and the good admiral, whose orders had been disregarded—

otherwise this incident would not have happened—was severely reprimanded.

During the year 1866, malicious rumors were spread through the country concerning the health of the Prince Imperial. Hints were dropped, mysteriously at first and in out of the way places, then in the editors' rooms of the Opposition papers, in certain royalist drawing-rooms, and among the parliamentary groups, to the effect that the Prince Imperial was affected with scrofula, rickets, or some hereditary disease which marked the degeneracy of a dying race. No ironical or cruel word was spared by the enemies of the Empire, when it was known that the Imperial child lay for several months on a bed of suffering. None took the trouble to enquire into the real cause of his illness, and all preferred to scoff at the constitution of the heir to the throne. On the contrary, however, the Prince had an excellent constitution and possessed a thoroughly healthy system, which was, moreover, maintained in good condition by excellent hygienic surroundings, and by all the exercise possible with due regard to his age and to the pursuance of his studies, which were already somewhat arduous.

He was quick, vivacious, and clever at all exercises; a good horseman, bold in obstacle races, and fond of following the hunt at Compiègne. His riding master, M. Bachon, an excellent native of Gascony, succeeded in amusing the child while initiating him into the difficulties of the equestrian art. There was no need to teach him courage, however, for the young Prince was already brave to foolhardiness. He was born with a true military instinct, and had

a real passion for everything that related to the army. He was clever at fencing, and loved gymnastics above everything. A moment of absent-mindedness while on the trapeze was, in fact, the cause of the terrible accident which placed his life in jeopardy, and gave rise to the mischievous insinuations just referred to.

The site where the Prince's gymnasium stood can still be seen in the old park of Saint Cloud, near the Bassin des Trois Bouillons, at the far end of the Allée des Goulottes. This little shaded circus had been specially transformed into a place for recreation. When there was not sufficient time to go to the Trocadéro Garden or the Chinese Kiosque, both of which were in the Saint Cloud park, the Prince played with his little boy friends in this spot. They would hasten to the Allée des Goulottes and amuse themselves with bow and arrow, shooting at artificial pigeons, or exercising on the parallel bars and the other apparatus of the gymnasium. Sometimes the little miniature railway would have their preference.

This railroad, by the way, was laid out in the form of a figure eight. Its diameter was something over six yards and it was furnished with everything that a well-constructed line can have—such as signals and switches, which were most artistically made, and even passenger and goods stations. The train, modeled after the imperial train, was composed of a locomotive and several cars, the latter containing drawing-rooms, a dining-room, and upholstered bedrooms. The locomotive was worked by a very strong spring. The most remarkable thing about the train was that the axles were fitted into sliding journals in such a manner that very short curves could be

made, thus avoiding the necessity of additional wheels like those which were used on the old railway that ran between Sceaux and Paris. It is not a matter of surprise that the mainspring was frequently broken or strained, for the Prince and his companions usually considered that the best method of winding up the machinery was to sit on the locomotive and make it work backwards.

One hot day in July, shortly after luncheon, the Prince was alone at his trapeze while his tutor, M. Monnier, seated some little distance away, was completely absorbed in a book, the child thus being left quite to his own devices. This lack of attention on the part of the tutor was a source of danger to the Prince, who was always over-bold, and the very knowledge that there was a risk anywhere was a sufficient incentive to make him wish to confront it. On this occasion a rather bad fall was the result, though he suffered no serious injury from it.

Here is another example of the rather dare-devil spirit of the boy. One day on returning from a ride, he got down from his horse in the Tuileries courtyard, and then took it into his head, while his tutor was talking with a third person, to climb up to the balcony of the Salle des Maréchaux, clinging to the face of the wall by the help of the projecting stones. M. Monnier, looking up at this moment, realized the danger, spoke gently to the Prince and persuaded him to come down by telling him that the guard was watching him, and that his behavior was not becoming.

But the accident which caused his illness was not due to any lack of care on the part of tutor or servants. The Prince was standing on the trapeze,

swinging quietly, when he saw the Empress, driving in her pony-chaise, coming towards him. "Maman! maman!" he cried, "see how clever I am on the trapeze!" While saying this, he slid his hands down the cords, and holding on by his feet to the two angles of the trapeze, he swung himself forward and back, head downwards. Suddenly, his feet slipped and he fell sideways to the ground. The Empress was, of course, greatly frightened when she did not see him rise, and the attendants, hurrying to him, found he had lost consciousness. What had happened? We asked ourselves with deep anxiety whether there was congestion due to the sudden interruption of digestion, a torn muscle or a broken bone? Apparently, there was nothing serious; for when Dr. Corvisart, whom the Empress herself hastened to fetch, arrived, the Prince had regained consciousness and declared that he had no bones broken and felt no pain whatever. Though outwardly no harm was done, there was evidently some internal injury. But this was discovered only in March when the Prince, unable to hide his sufferings any longer, began to limp. But not wishing to alarm his father and mother, he forced himself to appear brighter than usual, and only half admitted that he was in pain, until at last the effort of walking became too great for him. The Empress was indeed considerably alarmed. She had the child immediately put to bed, and a consultation was held by Drs. Nelaton and Barther, which revealed the nature of the malady. It was found that a deep-seated abscess had formed, and a surgical operation became imperative. At length it was officially announced that the Prince was better, and the work-

men at the Trocadéro—the garden on the high terrace just north of the castle of those days—prepared a novel kind of festival for the anniversary of March 16th, the Prince's birthday. In the meanwhile, it was announced that a children's ball which the Grand Equerry was to give in honor of the Prince had been postponed; so, when it was known that the Emperor and Empress appeared on the 16th in the Trocadéro without the Prince Imperial, public anxiety became general; and, when with the cry of "Vive le Prince Imperial," the workmen filed past, the imperial couple made every effort to hide their uneasiness concerning their son.

The first operation was not entirely successful and the doctors decided to make another effort. The Prince, forgetful of his own pain, and thinking only of the anxious hours his mother had spent lately, begged that she might be kept in ignorance of the surgeons' decision. He refused to be chloroformed, and this boy, who had only just turned twelve, astounded the surgeons by his calm courage.

Rumors unfriendly to the régime were spread among the people, and the Prince's illness was exaggerated at the very time when the danger had begun to abate. But the Empress insisted on the public's being correctly informed, and reassuring notices appeared in the press. The general uneasiness revived, however, when it was admitted that the Prince, though cured, was not considered to be sufficiently strong to accompany his parents on the opening day of the international exhibition, April 1, 1867.

The republicans and the other enemies of the Second Empire made all the political capital they

could out of this incident which would have passed almost unnoticed under ordinary circumstances. But all these unscrupulous agitators knew that Napoleon III without an heir, or with an heir with a sickly constitution, was lessened in the eyes not only of the common people, but in the world of business, where a solid government, especially in France, is so necessary for the progress of trade and industry. So we always watched over the Prince with the greatest solicitude, not only because of our natural love for him, but in the interest of France. If he had lived and come to the throne, I feel sure that the world would have certainly recognized in him a strong and enlightened ruler.

It was decided in the early summer of 1867 that the Prince should be taken to Saint Cloud, where the air was better than at the Tuileries. So he was carried there on a camp-bedstead, accompanied by the Emperor and the Empress. Instead of the apartment on the ground floor which he had always occupied heretofore, he was installed in a suite on the second floor, which was considered more healthy. Nearly every day the Empress drove over from Paris to see him, and she saw that the little invalid should be surrounded with every mark of tenderness. At Saint Cloud he immediately began to make rapid progress in a general building up. There the Prince heard the echoes of the fêtes given in honor of all the foreign sovereigns who visited the Exhibition. It was one of his fondest amusements to witness from afar these festivities, which sometimes took the shape of fireworks. He also long remembered the distinguished personages whom he met at this period. One after another of the crowned

guests of the Emperor stopped at Saint Cloud either on their way to Versailles or when coming back from that town.

In June, 1867, a few days after the attempt made by Berezowski on the life of the King of Prussia and the Emperor Alexander, they came to the palace. The post-chaise stopped before the Pavillon de Valois, where the relay horses were waiting. I well remember, that, on this occasion, the Emperor, the King of Prussia and the Emperor Alexander were on the front seat, and the Empress, a court-lady and Count Bismarck were on the back seat. While the horses were being changed—a very rapid operation in the Emperor's stables—word was sent to General Frossard to bring the Prince Imperial, in order that he might be presented to the royal visitors. In a few moments the boy appeared, and advanced toward the carriage, limping slightly. Helped by General Frossard, he mounted the step, when the Emperor of Russia bent over and, raising the child in his arms, kissed him affectionately on both cheeks. More reserved, King William merely shook hands with him. The Czar then lifted him up a second time, and passed him over the hand bar so that he might kiss the Empress, who was much moved by this touching scene and never forgot it. Thereupon the King of Prussia turned to take another good look at the Prince, and Bismarck also intently scanned the child, while a smile, which he sought to render as gracious as possible, was on his lips. He seemed trying to read the future in store for the Imperial boy. The spontaneous action of the Czar on this occasion, the graceful bearing of the heir to the throne of France, and the German Chan-

cellor's expression are things which the Emperor and the Empress sometimes referred to in after years, and the recollection of the memorable scene was vividly retained by all the members of the Court who witnessed it.

A few days later, General Frossard said to the Empress:

"When the Prince and I were walking back to his apartments after this presentation he remarked to me in a very earnest tone:

" 'Well, when I see these great rulers, I feel that I have much to accomplish in order to fit myself properly to do what they are doing. Do you really think, General, that I can some day be able enough to govern such a grand country as this?'

" 'Why, certainly, and why not?' I inquired.

" 'Because they must know so much.'

" 'But years and your books will make you like them.'

" 'Then, I will pitch into my books with renewed ardor, and let the Bon Dieu look out for the years.'

"And the fact is that the Prince has studied with fresh energy since that interview. We will see now what the Bon Dieu does in the way of years."

The General died before the tragedy cut short the life of his eager pupil.

CHAPTER VI

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S "BAPTISM OF FIRE"

It has often been said by the enemies of the Second Empire that the conflict of 1870 was precipitated by the French government in order to gain new glory for the Imperial family and thus assure the continuation of the reign on the person of the young Prince. Of course there is no truth in this shameful assertion. But what is true is that this unfortunate struggle once begun, it was the wish of the Emperor and the Empress, that the Prince Imperial, mere child though he was, be identified with the war so far as was possible. Steps were immediately taken to carry out this plan.

After the departure for the seat of war in 1870 of the regiments at Saint Cloud, only a squadron of lancers and a battalion of light horse remained behind. A few days before he left to join the army, the Prince Imperial, accompanied by Captain Duperré, his aide-de-camp, visited these men at the barracks. It was about five o'clock and the soldiers had just finished rubbing down their horses. At the Prince's request Sergeant Baillehache conducted him through the men's dormitories and over the stables. The young Prince, who was wearing a top hat and a short black coat with high white collar, was deeply interested in everything he saw, and showed plainly that he was proud of the fact that he was

soon going to the front; so none of the soldiers were surprised to hear him suddenly exclaim, while conversing with the quarter-master: "Did you know that I also am going?" This was said with all the delight of a child at the fulfilment of a long cherished wish.

The light horsemen had been informed of his intended visit and were standing to receive him, each at the foot of his bed in the dormitory, cap in hand, wearing the full-dress tunic with yellow braiding. As he passed into the court yard, which was filled with serried rows of light horse and lancers, he was enthusiastically cheered. The cheers followed him, in fact, all the way up the slope to the castle, and it was with considerable emotion and keen pleasure that he gave the Empress the details of this visit. I remember still how delighted she was with the manly enthusiasm of the boy, though I will confess that she was saddened at the thought of his early departure for the seat of war, where, notwithstanding every precaution, the mother knew he was sure to run great risks.

The Prince Imperial heard many more cheers the day before his departure. A luncheon was offered to the entire garrison of Saint Cloud and to the detachment of the Cent Gardes stationed at Sévres. The tables were spread in the yard of the barracks where all drank the health of the heir to the Imperial throne and the youth of fourteen was loudly acclaimed. Later, as he passed through the ranks, clothed in the uniform of a second lieutenant, his hand resting proudly on the hilt of his sword, and the military medal shining on his breast, many eyes were dimmed with tears. This is one of the most

sadly sweet memories that I cherish—this young lad so full of promise, the loud cheering of the men, hopes of success in every breast, confidence in the future; and then, on the reverse side of the medal, disaster, exile and the tragedy of Zululand.

On the day following this banquet the Emperor and the Prince Imperial left for the army. In the private part of the park, near the railroad from Sèvres to Montretout, one may yet see a mushroom-shaped shelter, roofed with thatch and surrounded by iron candelabra. This was called "the Emperor's station," and from this spot the imperial train was accustomed to set forth when the sovereign left Saint Cloud for a journey.

The palace of Saint Cloud was very animated on the morning of July 28, 1870. Princess Mathilde, Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde, Prince and Princess Murat, Prince and Princess Bonaparte, the high officers who were leaving with the Imperial party, the ministers, ladies and officers of the household, a few intimate friends invited for the farewell —all these were gathered at the castle on this beautiful summer day.

About ten o'clock the carriages entered the gardens situated in front of the private apartments, and shortly afterwards the Emperor, wearing the undress uniform of a general, came forth from the Salon Vernet accompanied by the Empress and the Prince Imperial. Apparently very calm, the Emperor spoke to all present. Much moved but striving not to show her emotion the Empress hung back somewhat, while the Prince Imperial, gracefully wearing the uniform of a second lieutenant of the Guard, went from one person to

another, chatting rather excitedly but thinking in this way to appear at ease. Yet the emotion of that child of fourteen, with his affectionate and tender nature, on the eve of leaving his mother for the first time, was wholly excusable.

At the extremity of the terrace, the Emperor and the Empress got into our carriage, and soon all the other carriages were filled with the officers, ministers, and friends. A few of the invited guests were on foot. Soon all were gathered around the "mushroom." The parting moment at length had come. The Emperor got into the train and the rest of the party began to do likewise. There was a ceaseless succession of brilliant uniforms, for besides the aides-de-camp and orderlies who were to accompany the Emperor, he also had with him Major General Lebœuf, and Generals Douai, Lebrun, de Failly, Bourbaki and Frossard, who were starting to join their various corps. "Why, it is like a regiment leaving!" exclaimed the Emperor to the Empress, endeavoring to force a smile.

A friend has written:

"The Empress, deeply moved, stood on the platform, trying with great effort to hide her emotion and to appear calm in the midst of the anguish she felt as mother and wife. Then, there were her anxieties as regent, on whom was to weigh the heavy burden of a crown which might topple over at the slightest touch and crush her in its fall. Once again she kissed the Emperor and her son. The Prince gave her a last affectionate clinging embrace, and turned to shake hands with those around him, while the Emperor closely scanned those who surrounded him, lest he might have overlooked some one to

whom he had not said farewell. Thus he perceived one of his chamberlains, and exclaimed: 'Ah! du Manoir, I have not said good-by to you.'

"These were the Emperor's last words at Saint Cloud, for the signal for starting had been given and the train, with a loud, shrill whistle, slowly began to move off. 'Always do your duty, Louis,' said the Empress at this moment in a voice choked with emotion; and, at the same moment every one uncovered, while a loud cry of 'Long live the Emperor!' arose. It was the last time that this shout was raised at the palace of Saint Cloud.

"The Emperor, leaning out of the carriage window, threw a farewell kiss to the Empress, who remained motionless, her eyes fixed on the husband whom fate was dragging from her, and on the son leaving her so young, to become the sport of circumstances. The Emperor's sad, kind face was seen until the train reached the gateway where the branch joins the main line. Then he crossed to the other side of the carriage and bowed to the inhabitants of Montretout who had assembled to cheer him and wave their farewell.

"At the last moment, just before the train quite disappeared, a handkerchief was seen fluttering from one of the car windows. It was the Prince Imperial thus sending a last good-by to his mother, and to France! Then the turning of the road hid all from sight and the Empress shook off the stupor which had seized her. Walking towards her carriage, she gave free vent to her emotion and, hiding her face in her handkerchief, sobbed bitterly. And thus ended this sad separation with all its lamentable aftermath."

On August 2, 1870, the Emperor, with his son by his side, was present at the engagement of Sarrebruck. This was the Prince Imperial's "baptism of fire," a fact which was sneeringly criticized by the enemies of the Empire, but which the Emperor hastened to announce to the Empress by telegram. Notwithstanding her very natural anxiety and grief at being separated from her boy, she considered it only right that he should be at the Emperor's side on such an occasion.

After that very insignificant victory came a series of disasters which followed one another in startling and discouraging succession. The feverish anxiety of the first days changed now to dull, aching anguish; there seemed indeed to be no lining to the cloud, and hope appeared but a vain word. On August 14th the Emperor and Prince left Metz, spent the night of the 15th at Gravelotte in a very modest inn, and, at four in the morning, accompanied only by two followers, they got into a post-chaise, escorted by a platoon of the Cent Gardes. The officers of the military household followed in two other carriages.

Just before they left, Marshal Bazaine came to speak with the Emperor. Bazaine's one desire was to get rid of the Emperor, and with this object in view, he delayed the army's march towards Verdun. He naturally felt a great responsibility in having with him the Emperor and Prince Imperial; but if they had remained with him, the probability is that Bazaine's after career would have been very different from what it was, and certainly more honorable to him and less unfortunate to the noble French army under his baneful command.

The post-chaise started toward Verdun, preceded, as has been said, by the Gardes, and followed by two squadrons of lancers. On reaching Doncourt, the latter were replaced by a portion of the African corps of General Margueritte, commanded by Colonel de Galliffet. Several times the Emperor mentioned this satisfaction at seeing the Marquis de Galliffet at the head of the escort, and assured him that, in the midst of his soldiers, he felt no anxiety regarding his son's safety.

And yet there was considerable danger. The enemy was so near at hand that the lancers had, while returning to their camp, a skirmish with a troop of German scouts. A few miles further on, while lunching at Etain, the Emperor and his escort narrowly escaped being taken prisoners. But they finally reached Verdun safely at nine o'clock, where no time was lost, as it was desirable to reach Châlons as quickly as possible in the hope of meeting the fragments of MacMahon's army and the other troops who were to try to relieve Bazaine from his desperate situation. The Emperor and the Prince Imperial took the train, therefore, at eleven o'clock at night and arrived at Châlons at daybreak. The Prince visited the camp, and was enthusiastically greeted everywhere in spite of the confusion in the ranks and the bad news constantly received. This warm welcome at Châlons was one of the last pleasant remembrances he had of those sad days. More than once in after years, he spoke of it with the Emperor and the Empress, when, which rarely happened, they went over again that dark epoch during our English exile.

On August 21st the Emperor reached Courcelles,

near Reims, where he received, on the following day, a visit from M. Rouher and Marshal MacMahon, with whom he discussed various plans in view of future events. A few minutes after the departure of M. Rouher on August 23rd, the detachment of the Cent Gardes was ordered to escort the Prince Imperial to Rethel, where the Prince stopped at the Sub-Prefect's residence. A dinner was given in his honor, at which he "conducted himself in a manner that would have done credit to a full-grown man," said to the Empress, later, one of those present.

The Emperor came on the following day, by way of Béthéniville, and, until August 27th, remained with the Prince Imperial at Tourteron, on the road between Rethel and Sedan. The Emperor was naturally loath to quit his son, but military and dynastic interests both demanded this sacrifice; so it was at Tourteron that the Emperor and Prince Imperial finally separated, Napoleon going to Le Chesne, while the Prince left for Mézières, with Captain Duperré, Comte Clary, Major Lamey, and Viscomte d'Aure, as equerry. A corporal and two men preceded them, while Lieutenant Watrin rode on the right of the carriage.

On Sunday, the 28th, they passed through Sedan, where they witnessed an uncalled for panic, which awakened the growing suspicions of the young Prince that all was not going well. On the road near Vrigne-aux-Bois, they met an ambulance. The Prince requested it to halt, enquired after the wounded and gave the men some money. What he was told by these poor fellows confirmed his suspicions. He felt pretty sure that all was not well; but he said nothing. On Monday, the 29th, they

reached Mézières, where they did not stop but went on the next day through Avesnes and Landrecies, where the Prince was loudly and enthusiastically cheered. These cheers gave the boy fresh hopes; his spirits were kept up by the novelty of the surroundings, and the continual change of place, view and people. "He charmed us all by his good nature and seriousness," said one of his companions to me later; "though he intuitively felt that something was wrong, he discreetly put no awkward questions, which was not the least praiseworthy peculiarity of his conduct under these most trying circumstances."

The whole party suffered the greatest anxiety all the time during this journey, which was of necessity accomplished in a very stealthy and round-about manner. On Sunday came the news of the disaster at Sedan, which, of course, augmented this nervousness and rendered it still harder to keep the truth from the intelligent Prince. As long as possible this last catastrophe was hidden from him, and he flatly refused at first to join in the retreating movement. The secret was still kept, and for two days longer he remained ignorant of the defeat in the Ardennes and the revolution at Paris.

There has been much discussion over the reasons that prompted Captain Duperré to order those in the suite of the Prince to say nothing to him of outside events. Those who were familiar, however, with the chivalrous character of the young heir, readily understood why such a course had been adopted. "He did not merely like danger, he adored it," has very justly been remarked by M. Filon, the former tutor of the Prince Imperial; and everything was to be feared with a youth of his temperament. Con-

sequently, the Emperor and the Empress always approved heartily of the conduct of this worthy officer in this particular. The Prince Imperial himself used to say of him that he never knew a finer specimen of the devoted and thorough military gentleman. "If it had not been for his good sense and clear-sightedness," the Prince once remarked, "we might have never reached England; anyway, I would have been far more depressed than I was if he had not kept from my ears all the exaggerated and often absolutely false rumours which were rained on us from all sides."

The welcome which the Prince received at Maubeuge from Mme. Marchant, widow of the distinguished Senator of the Empire, was most touching. "I felt that I could not do too much for the noble boy," wrote this excellent woman to the Empress at a much later period; "and he was so grateful for my little attention that I was moved to tears. The Prince Imperial had a fine solid character and would have made a model ruler of men."

The Sub-Prefect of Avesnes, M. Richebé, was complimented by Captain Duperré on the enthusiasm manifested by the inhabitants of his town, which plainly showed what a strong hold the Empire had on the people. In fact, this popular interest taken in the Prince was a source of real embarrassment to the escort. Cheered everywhere on his passage, his presence was known to everybody, and it was difficult to see how the young Prince with his little escort would be able to leave France unmolested, if the new Government at Paris or the active German army should decide to stop his flight. The orders which had been received from the Im-

perial authorities read: "Leave immediately for Belgium." They came in the form of a telegram from M. Filon, who was carrying out the instructions of the Regency. It was naturally felt by the friends of the Empire that with the Empress and the Prince Imperial safe, "anything was possible in the chaos which then reigned in France," as a friend remarked.

When it was announced to the Prince Imperial that he must quit French soil, he naturally objected; but when at last he found he must submit, he quietly climbed into the break which was to take him and his officers to Feignies and bade a touching farewell to Watrin. But he said nothing. "The boy's big heart was too full to speak," said one of the escort. The fugitives went by train from Feignies to Mons, where again the Prince Imperial showed signs of rebellion, and it was not without difficulty that his objections were overcome. It should be borne in mind that he knew nothing of what had occurred, and could not understand exactly why he was requested, or rather made, to leave France. In vain he begged the officers to disregard the orders which had now come both from Paris and Sedan; in vain he questioned all around him, trying to obtain some clew; but he finally yielded to Duperré's firm determination to obey instructions.

At Mons they found it impossible to get a carriage when they reached the station. The Prince and his escort had to walk to the Crown Hotel, where, in 1806, Louis Napoleon, his grandfather, had stopped, and where, in 1810, Napoleon and Marie Louise stayed on the way to Laeken. This fact was noted by the Prince in a little diary kept during

his early years. A compact crowd filled the square in front of the hotel and comments of all sorts filled the air. But everything said was of a respectful nature and the people showed much sympathy for the unfortunate boy and his faithful escort.

After a short rest at Mons, preparations were made for continuing the journey. According to further instructions telegraphed by the Emperor, Captain Duperré again gave the signal to depart, and in order to mislead the waiting people who desired to see once again the fugitives, the Prince and his party were driven to the station in the hotel omnibus. "That shows a democratic spirit," remarked one of the bystanders as they drove up to the train. "I like that," said another; "the Bonapartes are not afraid to remind the public now and then of their popular origin." The Prince Imperial, who noted these remarks himself, smiled pleasantly when he heard them. A special train was in readiness for him, and in order to hide their real movements from the crowd, the Prince and his suite got into another train which was standing in the station. They simply passed through this train by the opposite door and entered the special for Verviers. This happened on September 4th, at eight in the evening, and at one o'clock the train stopped at Namur, where further instructions were awaited.

The Emperor, a prisoner and on his way to Cassel, had hoped to meet his son at Verviers, and, for an instant, imagined that the Prince might, for a few days at least, be a temporary prisoner with him. But the instructions received by the Prussian general who accompanied the Emperor destroyed all these pleasant expectations. Therefore, the Em-

peror sadly gave orders to Comte Clary, who had come to meet him, while the Prince Imperial was at Namur, that the latter should go to England, crossing by Ostend and Dover.

Up to this point, as has already been said, the Prince Imperial had been kept in ignorance of the tragedy which had just occurred. But now, with the assistance of Comte de Baillet, Governor of Namur, Captain Duperré and Comte Clary explained to the child all that had taken place—the Emperor a prisoner, the Empire overthrown, his mother on the road to England, the German arms victorious on all sides. The boy heard these dreadful revelations without uttering a word. It has been said that he gave vent to certain expressions of sorrow and regret, but this is untrue. For a long time he remained silent, drawing himself up proudly and stiffening every muscle against the cruel anguish which oppressed him. When the time came to sit down to table, he was pale but calm and barely touched the food which was put before him. On leaving his host, the Governor, the Prince thanked him most warmly and asked how he could show his gratitude. "By two lines of your writing, Highness," said Comte de Baillet. Then the Prince slowly wrote with a firm hand on a sheet of paper these words: "Affectionate and grateful remembrances. Namur, September 5, 1870. Louis Napoleon."

At three o'clock that afternoon a carriage drew up before a small gate leading into the Namur station. The Prince jumped out with a light step and walked rapidly to the station-master's office, where he awaited the departure of the train, talking meanwhile affably with Colonel Goffinet, Military Com-

mander of Namur, and with Colonel Beretzy. One of these gentlemen wrote in a private letter a few days afterwards: "You would never have imagined from his words and manner that this lad had learned for the first time, but an hour or so before, that his parents were prisoners or fugitives like himself and that the throne on which he had expected to sit one day was broken to pieces. The Prince Imperial was a man at fourteen."

When the Prince appeared on the platform, women bowed low and men silently uncovered with a feeling of genuine pity and sympathy for this youth, who, pale and calm, returned their courtesies with a sad smile that spoke volumes. "At the same time there was a certain manly dignity about him," said one of the on-lookers, "that would have attracted attention even if he had not been associated with such a terrible political catastrophe."

At eight that evening the Prince and his friends reached Ostend station, where his approaching arrival had been announced by telegraph. As many people were gathered there out of idle curiosity to see the fallen Prince, he asked to be permitted to leave the station by a little gate which faced the hotel where he was to stop. There was some delay in opening this gate, so the Prince, boy-like, quietly climbed over it, much to the surprised admiration of a few bystanders. At Ostend he spent one night in the Hôtel d'Allemagne, and on the following day a boat from the yacht, *Sea-Bird,* belonging to Count Dumonceau, carried the Prince to the steamer, the *Count of Flanders,* commanded by Lieutenant Gérard. Shutting himself in the cabin occupied by the Belgian king when he makes this crossing,

Prince Louis came on deck only when the boat had left the harbor, the expectant crowd waiting in vain to catch a glance of him. Five hours later the steamer reached Dover. The young Prince got into the special train which was to take him to Hastings, where, on the following day the Empress, who had crossed from Deauville to Ryde on Sir John Burgoyne's yacht, drew her beloved son to her arms, and there, shortly afterwards, they received the news of Napoleon's arrival at Wilhelmshöhe. This meeting, after so many anxious days of separation, was balm to the hearts of both mother and son.

Princess Murat, the Duchesse de Mouchy, the wife of Marshal Canrobert, the Marquis de Lavalette, the Duc de Gramont and other important and faithful members of the household hastened to join them in England, and, at the end of the week, M. Filon was again to be found at his pupil's side, much to the comfort of the Prince Imperial, who was deeply attached to this learned and affable young scholar. A few weeks later M. Filon asked to be admitted into the ranks of the army of the Loire, but Gambetta caused him to be arrested and sent back to England, where he remained with the Prince until the latter's death.

This month's terrible experiences made an indelible impression on the fresh heart of the young Prince. It was the first time that he had been separated from his family and that his quiet and well-ordered home life had been disturbed. It was his initial plunge into the real existence of the real world, a plunge made under most extraordinary circumstances. He had been long studying military science, reading about the great Napoleon's famous

campaigns and, in a word, playing at war. During this fateful month of August, 1870, he had caught glimpses of actual warfare, had heard the firing of death-bearing cannon and had looked into the faces of men wounded on the battle-field. These scenes completed his military education and made a soldier of him. Here was received the initial incentive which carried him to South Africa and to his tragic death. It was also during this campaign of 1870 that he underwent his first great sorrow and underwent it alone, in "the isolation of self"; for rare is the case of a boy of his tender age having to bear up alone against such cruel blows of misfortune as those which assailed him in the first days of September, when he learned of the disasters which had befallen France and the Empire. "In the two short months of August and September, 1870, I developed more mentally than I developed bodily," he once said, "during the whole seven years from fourteen to my majority." And all those who knew the Prince Imperial intimately will agree with this assertion.

In the early seventies the restoration of the Imperial régime seemed imminent to many minds both inside and outside of France. In 1874 the first anniversary of the Emperor's death was widely and feelingly observed, and on March 16th of the same year the constitutional majority—eighteen—of the Prince Imperial was enthusiastically celebrated at Chislehurst. He performed his part in the proceedings with great dignity, manliness and composure. The Empress stood at his side, surrounded by all the dignitaries and ladies of the former court, when

the time came for him to deliver his speech. The young man mastered his emotion and read his declaration in a firm voice. His mother was never more proud of him than at the moment when he concluded. She felt that he had passed through the ordeal successfully, and this mother's judgment, so apt to be too partial, was confirmed immediately by the plaudits of the large concourse of friends and supporters. Barely had the last words been pronounced, when the vast crowd began to press toward the platform on which the Prince stood, and so great was the crush, that it was with considerable difficulty that he got safely back into the house. In fact, it looked for the minute as though the Prince would be borne away on the shoulders of the excited multitude. But finally the people calmed down, and then began the curious and interesting reception of the various delegations. I particularly remember the representatives of the Paris market women, with that characteristic Mme. Lebon at their head. When she reached the Prince, she kissed him on both cheeks, and, somewhat confused, said to him: "Your Majesty may be interested to know that twenty-two years ago—before you were born—I saluted in this same way the Emperor, at the ball given by the market committee." We were much amused at the title which the good woman gave to the Prince. "It showed what she was thinking," remarked the Prince at the dinner which followed. "She was only a little too 'previous,' " added a sanguine but prudent guest.

That a strong current of opinion in favor of the Prince was beginning to show itself cannot be denied. Some of the friends who had come over from

France and now saw him for the first time since he began to pass from boyhood to manhood, expressed surprise that he should remain in a foreign land instead of returning to France with them. The Empress felt, however, that it would be unwise to go to work so rapidly. She urged moderation on those who showed too much ardor. Deeply wounded by all the insults and all the injustices which had been heaped upon the Emperor and herself since the war, it was hard for her to believe that the movement which had commenced in 1872 and which had been momentarily checked by the death of the Emperor and the youth of the Prince Imperial, was now really taking solid form. But gradually she began to realize that the dream was becoming a reality and that the day was drawing near when the Prince Imperial might become "necessary." Eugénie was chiefly brought round to this view by the reiterated statements to this effect which came from the generals, the ecclesiastics and, of course, from the politicians who came over to England in increasing numbers after the brilliant ceremonies of March 16th.

I ought to add right here that there is no truth in the assertion which has been so often made that the Prince Imperial and the Empress were not in accord at this time. The Prince continued his military studies at Woolwich, but on holidays he would receive men of influence in the Bonapartist party, by whom he was kept well informed concerning the whole political situation in France and outside of the country. They were both agreed in regard to his line of conduct. Anybody who is at all acquainted with the home life at Chislehurst knows that they

worked together for the best interests of the régime; but they must not be held responsible for the differences of opinion which unquestionably existed in the party and which both strove to assuage. Some of the more energetic leaders did not approve of the rather temporizing policy of M. Rouher and would have preferred seeing a more aggressive man at the head of the Bonaparte interests. The Duke of Padua was often put forward for this post. So was General Fleury, who had shown so much devotion to the Bonapartes and the cause. There had been a time when these two excellent men were not on friendly terms. But both realized that if the Bonapartes were to succeed, there must be union in rank and file. So they quickly buried their differences in the common interests. The Empress had great confidence in M. Rouher, but this did not prevent her from taking the advice of other friends of the Empire. The Prince Imperial acted in the same catholic fashion, and here again mother and son were of quite one mind. He would study the whole situation thoroughly and then would arrive at a conclusion whose correctness often surprised those who remembered his youth at the time. So it became more and more evident that he was the "reserve" of the conservative party of France, especially since the Comte de Chambord had, the year before, put himself in a position where he could not hope modern France would follow him. His return to France was possible, if the general situation took a favorable turn. Mother and son both felt this and both saw what a new and responsible position was theirs. This alone would have more than sufficed to

cause union between them, if this union had not already existed.

In 1875, after a stay at Arenberg, where the Prince Imperial and the Empress welcomed a few friends from France, they decided to travel in Italy. There was no danger of any political meaning being attached to this journey, particularly as the Prince was to travel incognito under the name of Comte de Pierrefonds. At Bellagio they parted, the Empress going to Milan, while the Prince continued on to Verona. Unrecognized, he visited the battle-field of Solferino and took great interest in this instructive excursion, so fitting for the heir of a military dynasty, and for himself, who was always much attracted by military matters. The Prince Imperial was devoted to such studies, not alone because he considered it a duty, but chiefly because it suited his tastes.

After Solferino, he went to Magenta. But now his incognito no longer shielded him, and it became impossible to escape the sympathetic demonstrations which everywhere greeted the son of him who had been the Liberator of Italy. The Prince's departure from Milan had leaked out, and when he reached Magenta, he found the Municipal Council awaiting him, while the road was lined by crowds of people who greeted him with loud and continuous cheers.

In Milan, numberless marks of sympathy were shown the Empress, but she avoided as far as possible all receptions, though some attentions could not be refused without showing greater indifference than she cared to assume. The population of Milan was thanked for its attentions, and at Florence,

where both wished to stop for some time, the municipal authorities desired to receive them officially at the station, where the neighboring streets were so crowded that it was almost impossible to leave. So dense was the crowd surrounding the entrance that several times the Empress cried out as the carriage passed: "Take care!" Both were deeply moved by these friendly acts. Italy and, above all, the Italian Government had seemed to forget so entirely all the services the Emperor had rendered to the country and to the cause of Italian unity that these manifestations might well occasion some surprise.

During the six weeks spent in the Tuscan capital, there was a perpetual round of receptions, dinners, and even balls given in honor of the Prince. The Empress lived in retirement in a villa situated at the gates of Florence and did not take part in the social events. A few friends from France had joined the party, who generally accompanied the Prince, while others kept the Empress company. Among these were M. Rouher, chief of the Imperial party in France, Prince Joachim Murat, General Espinasse's son, who had been a friend of the Prince Imperial since childhood. Though nothing was done to disturb the international relations of France and Italy, all quietly studied the situation in the former country and examined questions of the future. This was only natural.

The Prince Imperial was not wholly occupied by his social duties, to which, however, he devoted no small part of his time, well understanding their importance to the successor to a throne. He continued his military studies, which were already far ad-

vanced, participated in the artillery maneuvers and took lessons in military art from a very distinguished officer of the Italian army, Major Manzi.

On December 15th, accompanied by M. Rouher and Prince Joachim Murat, the Empress and the Prince left for Rome, where Pope Pius IX awaited the visit of his godson. They were welcomed at the Vatican with all due honors, and the Holy Father showed them marked affection. This visit created considerable comment both in Rome and in France, the extreme parties in both countries speaking out loudly on the subject. Some maintained that the Prince Imperial had requested the assistance of the Holy Father in political matters, while others did not hesitate to assert that Pius IX had been much annoyed by a visit which he did not desire and could not refuse, and had been extremely cold in his manner towards the Empress and her son. There was no truth in either of these statements. The call on the Pope was quite natural. The Empress and the Prince were in Italy, there was no dominant political object in view, and it was simply an act of respect and deference on the part of a Christian and very deeply religious Prince towards the Chief of his Church, a mark of affection on the part of a godson towards his godfather. At least, such was the light in which it was regarded by host and guests.

After the visit to Rome, the Imperial party returned to Florence, where they remained throughout the winter of 1875-1876. Again, they took up the same style of living, half military, half social. The Prince was evidently appreciated in the Florentine society. Besides the Bonaparte Princesses and other connections of the family who paid visits

to him, many influential members of official and aristocratic circles came to pay their respects. But in May the Prince returned to England, while the Empress went to spend some weeks in Spain.

The visit to Italy had more importance than would appear at first blush. It should be remembered that in 1875 an old soldier of the Second Empire, Marshal MacMahon, was President of France, and that in the National Assembly was a strong and compact body of deputies determined to bring back the Empire. New Bonapartist deputies were being continually elected, and the republican party at this moment was very nervous about this tendency of the electorate to choose Bonapartists. This trip to Italy indirectly aided in the political work at home by bringing the Prince Imperial before the public of France and Europe in general.

At Chislehurst, the political visits which had been interrupted by the journey to Italy, now recommenced. The Prince Imperial was again visited by his father's friends, and the friends of his childhood, who came to see him one at a time, whenever they were free, for many of them had entered the military schools. One by one also came the Deputies of the Bonapartist group in the Assembly, who had long conversations with the young Prince. At the same time the latter resumed his military studies, and took part in the sports which are considered necessary to a princely education.

It was at this moment that the Prince Imperial, desirous of exercising the sole right which had been left to him as a citizen, by the decree which exiled him, asked Prince Murat to represent him on the occasion of the annual drawing of lots for conscrip-

tion. He was now approaching twenty-one. The Prince's name was not on the list, however, and in spite of repeated demands it was not inserted soon enough for him to try his chance in 1877. The following year, however, Prince Murat, assisted by M. Rouher, was able to fulfil the mission intrusted to him. When the name of Bonaparte was called, the Prince advanced to the official who was stationed in the old Palace of Industry, where lots were drawn for the first ward of Paris, and drew the number 307. But the law of exile would permit the Prince Imperial to go no further. He could not enter the French army, and so a year later he joined the British forces in South Africa with the tragic result known to the world. The Italian visit led up to this fatal step, for it was in Italy that he conceived the idea of going into active military life, an idea implanted in his young brain by his daily association with some of the eager and ambitious young officers of the King's fine army.

CHAPTER VII

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

At 9 o'clock, on one morning in March, 1879, the Prince Imperial, accompanied by the Empress and a few others, started from Chislehurst on that fatal journey to South Africa. The day before, he wrote as follows to Father Goddard, of the Chislehurst church: "I trust you will not think that the haste of my departure and the many details I must see to are causing me to forget my duties as a Christian. To-morrow I shall go at half past seven to confess and receive holy communion for the last time in Chislehurst chapel, where I hope to be buried, if I die." I copy from the original letter, which I saw and which the Empress once possessed. Of course, the latter felt quite unnerved at his departure. But the Prince appeared calm and energetic. He said good-by to all who had come to see him off and many of whom were in tears. He tried to comfort them. I must confess that the Empress wept most of the way to Southampton and at the dinner, when the generals present drank her health and that of the Prince. When the ship sailed off, I well remember that she nearly fainted in the supporting arms of dear friends. The Prince was much moved, but kept a wonderful control over his feelings.

I have felt that these memoirs would not be complete without some account of the death of the

Prince Imperial. For this reason I have inserted a chapter describing this terrible tragedy.

My father was a General and Ambassador of the Second Empire. From boyhood I had been the playmate of the Prince Imperial and was one of the watchers who kept guard over his coffin the night before the burial at Chislehurst, July 12, 1879.

On May 31, 1879, the first division of the Newdigate column of the English army was camping on the banks of the Blood River, in Cape Colony. The next day the rest of the column entered Zululand and the two divisions started towards Itelezi. The Prince Imperial and Lieutenant Carey started at half past eight, preceding the vanguard. M. Paul Déléage, of the *Figaro,* was with them at this moment but hesitated to follow this reconnoitering party, though Carey told him they were going only a slight way ahead of the main body, "only seven or eight miles, when we shall decide where the camp shall be pitched." At this moment the Prince came up and said to M. Déléage: "Our little excursion will not be very interesting to you, you who have already gone so far into Zululand." The Prince then asked for some paper to write a letter to Europe, saying: "I have just heard that Mr. Forbes, who, if I am not mistaken, is the correspondent of the London *Daily News,* is returning to Landman's Drift this morning. I want to ask him to take a letter to the camp post office, as this will be our last chance to send news to Europe for some days to come." The Prince then went into a tent to write his letter. It was not given to Mr. Forbes, however, though it did get into the post and reach-

ed its destination. It was the last letter the unfortunate Prince ever wrote, and it was addressed to his mother. "I will not cross the frontier," he wrote to the Empress, "without giving you news of me." The letter bore the day of the month, which was seldom the case in the correspondence of the Prince Imperial, and this date was June 1st. The unfortunate young man seemed to feel that this was an important moment in his career, but probably saw in it only the act of crossing into the enemy's country. Or did he have a presentiment of his approaching death, as so often happens in war? The Empress always felt so, though the basis of her opinion was the slim fact of her son's having thus dated his last letter to her, and having said therein one or two somewhat mysterious things, which, if forced somewhat, might give color to this idea of premonition.

At the moment when Lord Chelmsford left the camp, following his army, he asked where his young staff officer, the Prince Imperial, was. An officer replied: "The Prince is a little in advance of the column, with Colonel Harrison." This answer satisfied Lord Chelmsford, who always felt the responsibility that lay upon him in connection with the presence of the Prince Imperial with the British army. In fact, he had received special instructions from the British government concerning the care he was to have of the Prince.

Colonel Harrison, as was the case that day, with all the staff officers of General Newdigate, was especially charged with the supervision of the march of the troops and the progress of the wagon trains; so that he was not obliged to be far absent from

the vanguard, and could, consequently, keep an eye on the Prince. "Nobody imagined that the Prince and Lieutenant Carey would go further than Itelezi," said to me one of those present, "which was to be the camping place that day of the little army." How happened it then that orders were not obeyed and that the catastrophe occurred at a considerable distance in advance of the head of the column? Later, all the officers of the staff were questioned on this point, and the Empress, when she made her sad journey to Zululand, went over the whole route followed that day, but several points in that tragedy have never been sufficiently explained and probably never will be. M. Déléage wrote in the *Figaro* an account of all this, and the gist of it he has repeated to me on more than one occasion. On this point he said to me:

"I was with Colonel Montgomery when he reached the Itelezi hill and looked round for the Prince. I saw Lord Chelmsford and Colonel Harrison, but I did not see the Prince Imperial. I immediately concluded that the Prince and Lieutenant Carey were awaiting us on the spot chosen for the camp. A little further on I met Captain Stanley, correspondent of the London *Standard,* who said to me:

" 'Don't go any further; we are stopping here.'

" 'I don't think that can be so,' I answered, 'for if this were the spot, as I got here first, I should have seen the Prince Imperial and Lieutenant Carey, who came forward to select the spot for the camp.'

" 'Doesn't the Prince wear yellow boots?' asked the Captain.

"'Yes,' I answered.

"'Then he is with the Lancers, for I have just seen with them a young officer that corresponds to your description of the Prince Imperial.'

"From other inquiries which I made during the afternoon, I was satisfied that the Prince was with us, until towards evening, when I had just entered the tent of Lieutenant Trench, another English officer hurried up and, to my astonishment, exclaimed:

"'The Prince Imperial has been killed!'

"'Please repeat that in French,' I said, seizing the officer by the arm.

"He did so, whereupon I hastened to headquarters, where I found Lord Chelmsford standing in front of his tent, and, before I put him the question, I could see by the troubled expression of his face that the news was only too true.

"'I have just learned,' said his Lordship, 'that the Prince's horse returned riderless, following those of the little band who had escaped from the Zulus. There is the tent where you will find Lieutenant Carey, who can give you fuller details.'

"I found Carey dining quietly with Colonel Harrison and another officer. At first, he was unwilling to leave the table, but when I told him that it was not as a journalist that I presented myself, but as a Frenchman anxious to know the truth about a disaster which had befallen one of my countrymen, the lieutenant consented to speak; and this is what he said:

"'After having fixed on the place for that night's camp—the very spot where we now are—the Prince and myself, accompanied by six men and a Kaffir guide, pushed on eleven miles further. Toward two

in the afternoon we stopped in a kraal to sketch the site of the second camp, while the men were engaged in making the coffee. Toward half past three, at the very moment when we were remounting, we were surprised by a band of Kaffirs, whom we had not discovered, owing to the high grass and maize in which they were hidden. We all sprang to our horses. After crossing a deep donga, I turned and looked back, when I saw coming out of another point of the donga the Prince's horse without his rider. The Kaffir and two of our men are also missing, about whom I know as little as about the Prince.'

"I was exasperated almost beyond control by the offhand manner and tone of Lieutenant Carey, and I held back with difficulty the cutting remarks which were on the tip of my tongue.

"What was to be done so late in the day? Could search parties be sent out into an unknown region in the night? Or should they simply wait for the return of the Prince and the missing men, whom all still hoped to see come back alive? The question was carefully examined in all its aspects and the officers then reluctantly came to the conclusion that they must wait till daylight before acting.

" 'But,' objected M. Déléage, 'let me point out that it is a beautiful moonlight night. A trail can be followed. Perhaps the Prince is only a mile or two away—he may be wounded and dying. We might yet save him from mutilation and birds of prey.' " The *Figaro* correspondent added, when he gave me the account: "Cold and matter-of-fact reasons were given why this could not be done, and seeing that it was useless to insist further, I impatiently waited for the morning to break."

It was then decided that all the cavalry, under the orders of General Marshall, should start out at five in the morning. Déléage was, of course, ready at the appointed hour, it having been consented to that he accompany the expedition. While he was taking a cup of tea, he learned that the hour for starting had been adjourned till nine. Amazed and angered, he sought out the correspondent of the *Daily News* and begged him to intervene in favor of the earlier hour. This was done, and the troops finally got under way at seven o'clock. M. Déléage's narration continues as follows:

"I marched with the scouts at the head of the column. One of these was a native of Mauritius, who spoke French perfectly and who, the day before, had been one of the Prince's escort. He told me he saw the Prince try to get on his horse in the donga and related many other sadly interesting incidents of the fatal day. As the horses descended the slope into this donga, they stopped suddenly in front of a naked corpse, which was hideously mutilated. The body was very large and all saw at a glance that it was not that of the Prince. Suddenly a trooper who was following the edge of the ravine cried out that he saw another body. We all pushed forward, and even from a distance, we recognized the slender form of the young Prince. He was lying on his back, with his arms, stiffened by death, slightly crossed over the chest, and his head bent a little to the right. The face bore no signs of pain. The mouth was partly open. The right eye had been carried away by a blow from an assagai, but the left eye was intact and looked forth with a gentle gaze. On his chest were seventeen or

eighteen assagai wounds. The abdomen had been cut open, as is the custom with these savages, but contrary to habit, the bowels had not been removed. Dr. Scott and myself examined the body to see if there were any wounds in the back, our object being to learn whether he had been prevented from mounting his horse. The only wounds in the back were those of the assagai points which had gone clean through the chest. His death—and these are the words which I said to the Empress, when, later, I gave her a description of the whole terrible scene—had been that of a brave man, his face turned towards the enemy. As we raised the Prince's head, our attention was drawn to the little gold chain which he always wore around his neck and to which were fastened several Catholic medals and the seal brought back from Egypt by General Bonaparte. Was it fear of these amulets which prevented the Zulus from carrying them off? Probably. Captain Molyneux picked them carefully up and sent them eventually to the Empress, who also received, later, the Prince's sword, which Lord Chelmsford obtained, after negotiations with the Zulu chiefs.

"In the meanwhile, nearly all the soldiers and officers of the expedition had assembled in the donga and stood with uncovered heads around the body of the first victim of the war. The Prince's eyelids were closed and his body was wrapped in a blanket taken from one of the horses. At a short distance, an ambulance wagon was waiting. The body was carefully fastened to an improvised stretcher formed of lances and borne by officers to the wagon, perhaps a mile away. Three hours later, the sad procession had reached the camp, and the remains

of the dead Prince were laid under a staff tent. At first, it was proposed to bury him at the camp and soldiers stood ready, spade in hand, to dig the grave. But, after further consultation, it was finally decided to send the body to Durban, where a man of war was ready to transfer it to England. A funeral took place at the camp. The ceremony was very simple but very impressive. The body, covered with a tricolor flag, was borne away on a gun-carriage, saluted by the whole British army. This flag was later deposited at Chislehurst."

In just what manner did the Prince Imperial meet his death? This question was asked then, has often been asked since and will probably be asked in the future. But an exact and categorical answer to it cannot be given and perhaps never will be given. Three classes of evidence have been gathered on the subject. In the first place, there were the witnesses of the tragedy who were with the Prince and who spoke immediately thereafter. Then there is the report of the official Committee of Inquiry, and finally the information furnished to the Empress when she visited the Cape in 1880. I have sifted all this testimony and frequently spoken with the Empress on the subject, and this is my conclusion.

A few minutes before leaving Koppei-Allein, Lieutenant Carey and the Prince said they were not going further than Itelezi, which was to be occupied during the day. The officers of the British army, who were especially concerned in the safety of the Prince, all supposed that he was not going so far as the Ityotyosi valley, where the fatality occurred. M. Déléage shared this belief. What happened afterwards? Were the orders given them

changed, or did they themselves, while on the way, decide to modify these orders? How happened it that the Prince was killed eleven miles from the spot where he was supposed to be and where he was sought for? The inquest gave no satisfactory reply to these questions.

When Lieutenant Carey reached England, he said that Colonel Harrison gave him these orders: "To-morrow, the Prince will reconnoiter the road which you have chosen, so as to be sure of the way to the spot for the camp. You will remain at the camp and finish your map." And he replied: "To-morrow, as the column will be on the march, I shall not be able to do much on my map. Will you permit me to accompany the Prince, as I should like to go over the ground again in order to verify certain details about which I am not perfectly sure?" Colonel Harrison, after hesitating slightly, said: "Very well, you may go."

Why should there have been any hesitation about allowing Lieutenant Carey to accompany the Prince on an expedition which was, after all, more particularly entrusted to the lieutenant himself? Why were such vague expressions used in England by Lieutenant Carey to explain what the Prince's purpose was in thus going in advance of the column? From what the lieutenant said to Colonel Harrison, it is plain, it seems to us, that this was to be a reconnoissance of a road which the lieutenant had gone over the day before. Carey continues, still in rather ambiguous terms: "The Prince was carrying out a special mission, entrusted to him alone, and I accompanied him merely to get the benefit of his escort while I was performing a work which was quite per-

sonal to me." The fact is that the "special mission" of the Prince was very simple, provided it were not modified, which was, it seems, mysteriously the case. He was to move at some distance ahead of the main body, designate the spot of the first camping place, and stop there. It was not considered a dangerous mission, as no orders had been given for a special escort. It would look as though the plan were modified by Lieutenant Carey, for this is what he says: "On the previous day, I had been on horseback two miles beyond the kraal which we had in front of us, and when I told Lord Chelmsford of the road I had chosen, he remarked that there was a donga thirty feet wide and asked me how I was going to get the troops over it." Lieutenant Carey wished to look into the matter again; but as it was hard to get staff officers to furnish an escort, he thought it would be easier to obtain what he wanted in the Prince's name; and he felt pretty certain that, once arrived at Itelezi, it would not be difficult to get the Prince to accompany him to Ityotyosi. By hurrying a little, they could get back to the camp before anybody would be aware of their absence. Such was Carey's plan, as he himself states.

The Empress collected all that was written on the subject of her son's death and guarded as treasures all the souvenirs of that terrible tragedy. I am using these materials in this chapter. Thus it is that I learn from a *Daily News* correspondent this description of the volunteers of this expedition. He says on this point: "These volunteers are a strange mixture of Dutchmen, Germans, Frenchmen, African colonists, and English deserters, the flotsam and jetsam of all countries who, after thousands of ad-

ventures, have finally landed in Natal. The insubordinate spirit which prevails among most of these men renders them almost useless and their officers have no authority over them. Such were the men forming the Prince's escort when he set out on the fatal expedition. It is true that Shepstone, head volunteer, had been ordered to send along five Basutos. But he did not obey orders; he sent no one, and the Prince, after waiting some time, started with his six horsemen and Lieutenant Carey, who was taking a Zulu friend with him. It has well been asked how the Prince could command a reconnoitering party, as he had no regular commission and especially as he had no experience in this sort of service. It is true that Lieutenant Carey, with his large knowledge of this kind of work, could be of aid to him, though he does not appear to have been so. It appears also that at the critical moment, none of their guns were charged, though the Martini carbines are very rapidly loaded. General Wood made an estimate and thought that the number of Zulus who attacked the Prince's party must have been about thirty. It has never been considered that this was too large a number to have been held in check by a body of eight Europeans armed with carbines and revolvers and provided with horses."

So the Prince started with six men as escort and a guide in order to enable, it would appear, an officer to rectify topographical notes which had been hastily jotted down the day before. Carey said afterwards that he was not in command of the little expedition, and, consequently, was not responsible for what happened afterwards. But it is plain that

if the Prince consented to go beyond Itelezi, it was solely to please Carey. The Prince's mission did not take him to Ityotyosi; the lieutenant alone was interested in going there. But, in reality, the Prince was commanding only by courtesy. The fact that an English officer of the same rank was present, really made this officer the commander of the mission. Carey even said the next day to Déléage, as they were going to seek the body, who afterwards repeated it to me: "I am sure that if I had said that I was willing to wait for a larger escort, no one would have found fault. But the Prince was anxious to start and I did not wish to impose on him my authority." However that may be, the little mission stopped only about an hour at Itelezi, and then moved on. Who gave the order for them to start forward? Was it the Prince? Or was it both acting in unison? Carey says it was the Prince. Anyway, they soon reached the heights which look down into the valley where runs the river Ityotyosi, and there they stopped, while the Prince began to draw and the lieutenant noted on his map the different halting places. They even examined through their glasses the region round about and saw nothing to awaken suspicion. Then they slowly descended from the hills into the valley and decided to rest their horses on the river bank. Carey admits that no precautions were taken against an attack, for they, of course, never imagined that any Zulus were in the neighborhood. The horses were even unsaddled and left in a kraal, by the order of the Prince, says Carey! The Prince sat down on the ground to rest, Carey used his glasses and the men engaged in making coffee; and all this went on in the enemy's country, with no-

body on the outlook, while round about them were high grasses and hillocks! Later, after the catastrophe, Carey tried to shift from his own shoulders the responsibility of this unmilitary conduct, and said to some newspaper correspondents in England: "I did not select the spot where we halted. I wanted to stop on a height. But the Prince ordered that we rest in a narrow valley. It was not for me to object, especially as he was very fond of commanding and would not have liked it if I had made any contrary suggestions." Two days later, he was worried over this statement and modified it somewhat in conversation with a correspondent of the *London Daily News,* to whom he said: "I wish it to be clearly understood that I do not in any way blame the unfortunate Prince for the choice of the spot where we unsaddled, for which, perhaps, we were all more or less responsible."

But carelessness is not the only charge that lies on Lieutenant Carey in this lamentable affair. He must also exonerate himself from a still heavier one, that of cowardice. The Zulus reached the kraal when the horses had been resaddled and the little troop was preparing to start. Their attack was very sudden. What happened to the Prince at that moment and how was he left behind? There are several versions and Carey's official report. They do not all agree. The lieutenant's first version was that he had seen the Prince fall dead, wounded by a ball that had gone straight through his heart. He explained his own precipitate flight as being due to the fact that he had seen his fellow officer killed. But when he got back to the camp, he was less affirmative on this point. He now said that he sup-

posed that the Prince had been killed in the kraal, but he could not tell exactly how. The following day, when the spot was examined, it became clear that little could have been known of what really happened there, because of the nature of the ground which hid every movement. Astounded by the suddenness of the attack, it is evident that every man was looking out for himself, and the Prince, for the moment, was quite forgotten both by the officer and the men. At the instant of the flight, Carey was quite close to the Prince and dashed off at a gallop, closely followed by four of the men. When the Prince's horse saw the other horses starting, he started, too, as is the habit with colonial horses, accustomed to moving in concert. But the Prince quickly overtook his horse and seizing one of the munition bags managed to hold on for a few seconds, and was in the act of jumping into the saddle when one of the leather thongs holding the bag to the saddle gave way and precipitated the rider to the ground. Left alone he turned and faced the enemy, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. Such is one of the versions.

It was supposed by some that the Prince fell at the first attack, the position of the body and the expression of the face seeming to prove this. Drs. Scott and Robinson of the 17th Lancers thought that the assagai, which struck the right eye and cut into the brain, had been thrown from a distance and must have produced instantaneous death. Of course everybody hoped that this was so. But the narration of the Zulu chiefs and what the Empress learned when she visited the spot do not seem, unfortunately, to carry out this supposition. The re-

port of Captain Molyneux, aide de camp of Lord Chelmsford, who had been charged to find the body of the Prince, also appears to support this version. His observations forced him to the conclusion that the fight had been a desperate one. The damp soil of the donga showed the marks of the Prince's boots, with the soles stained with blood. There were blood-stains also on the stirrup straps, which were also besmeared with mud. To Captain Molyneux, this meant that the Prince had been seriously wounded before death came. He also noted, what has already been said, that the wounds were all received in front, and that the left arm, even after death, was in a warding-off position, the forearm being lacerated with numerous assagai thrusts. The right arm was striped with longitudinal cuts. These facts show that the unfortunate young man used his left arm as a shield, held his sword in the right, and fought with the energy of despair. Captain Molyneux's hypothesis seems to be based on solid fact. Later testimony carries it out. The report drawn up at Woolwich on July 12, 1879, by Drs. Larey and Corvisart, reaches the same conclusion.

I have spoken with some of the volunteers, and the following facts are gathered from what they told me.

Sergeant Willis said to me:

"We descended a hill to a kraal about a hundred yards from the Imbazani river. The kraal contained four or five huts. There was clear ground in front but high grass and standing crops all around the other sides. We were ordered by the Prince to off-saddle and, after knee haltering, turned our horses into the grass, while we lay down outside the huts

and took some coffee. At four, we were ordered to saddle, as our Kaffir said he had seen a Zulu across the river going up the hill opposite. Just as we mounted, a sudden volley was fired. I saw two men fall from their horses, but I cannot say who they were, because I was galloping hard. About fifty yards in front was a deep donga where we caught up to Lieutenant Carey. The Zulus continued firing at us for two hundred yards and yelling all the time. From the shots, I should say we had some fifty of them after us."

Corporal Grubb said to me:

"When we arrived at the kraal, we found dogs there and traces of recent habitation by the Zulus. At the first shot, I saw Rogers fall, and then Letoga rushed by me crying: 'The Prince has been wounded.' I looked back and saw the Prince clutching at his stirrup and caught beneath his horse, which was galloping off. A moment later, the Prince fell and the horse seemed to trample on him. I wanted to fire on the Zulus, but my horse stumbled in the ravine and my gun slipped from my hands. When I got over my first fright, I noticed the Prince's horse at my side. Lieutenant Carey ordered us to catch it."

Trooper Cockrane said to me:

"As I was crossing the donga about fifty yards from the kraal, I saw the Prince on foot, the Zulus pressing near to him and his horse fleeing in an opposite direction. I saw nothing more of the Prince after that. We made no effort to help him, because we were but three and all separated. We galloped about two miles without stopping."

Private Letoga said:

"When we passed near the Prince, who was holding on to the strap of his stirrup and trying to get into the saddle, I said to him: 'Please make haste to mount, sir.' He made no reply. He was not holding the bridle. I saw him fall. His horse trampled on him."

Such were the significant bits of conversation which I had with these men. What they said throws a sad light on this cruel tragedy.

Lieutenant Carey's reprehensible conduct in this sad affair has been explained in an odd fashion by some of his critics. They ask if he was not a traitor, drawing the Prince into an ambush and then cleverly escaping himself. This hypothesis is supported, it is held, by a fragment of a letter from the Prince saying that the foreign contingent of the British army contained some very strange Frenchmen, while it is suggested that the Internationale—the revolutionary working-men's organization—was responsible for this fatal expedition, and that the Prince's death had been decreed by its body of directors. But this assertion cannot be taken seriously, though the fact remains that it has been repeated over and over again. The legend has, however, taken deep root in France, and many of those who have remained faithful to the Imperial family cannot free their minds entirely from it.

When the news of the death of the Prince reached England, there was great commotion in official army circles. A discussion immediately began, which continued for a long time, to decide where the responsibility for the disaster should be placed. The then British Minister of War, the late Lord Stanley of Preston, made a statement in Parliament on the sub-

ject, and on one occasion said much the same thing to the Empress in my presence. The following is my note of the conversation, made at the time:

"Your Majesty will remember that the Prince started for Zululand without a commission or any definite military position, to follow Lord Chelmsford's staff. Chelmsford had received careful instructions concerning him from the Duke of Cambridge, the commander of our army. Chelmsford was expected to have the Prince near him and to keep an eye on him; and so far as we know, that is just what he did do. But, of course, the post of staff officer, especially in such a country as South Africa, is not the safest. I have seen Chelmsford's instructions to Colonel Harrison, and it results from them that Chelmsford, in transferring the Prince to a special staff, had not abandoned the idea of keeping him as his special charge. I know that he was constantly thinking of him. Your Majesty will remember that on the morning of June 1st Chelmsford asked where the Prince was and was satisfied when he learned that Colonel Harrison had him in advance of the main column. But he did not know that the Prince had been chosen to make a reconnoissance. I am told that Lord Chelmsford was charmed by the courage and pleasing personality of the Prince and gradually gave him more liberty than had been the case at first. The Prince even took part in some of General Wood's column movements. Wood is an officer of great energy, though, perhaps, a little rash. On May 20th we had a telegram from Lord Chelmsford on the subject, in which he said that one of these reconnoissances, in which the Prince took part, nearly met with disaster, and then

he adds: 'I will try that such a thing doesn't happen again; I do not want him to be exposed in such a manner.' "

The Empress was much moved when she was shown this telegram. She well knew the character of her son, how he sought every occasion to distinguish himself, and that nothing would hold him back from going where he thought duty called. On the occasion mentioned above, the Prince, indeed, escaped only by a miracle, and it might have been hoped that after such an experience, Lord Chelmsford would, in fact, have kept the young man by his side. Many Bonapartists who did not know the Prince's impetuosity and desire to shine wondered that he remained attached to Wood's column, and great displeasure would have been felt if they had been aware of the fact that Colonel Harrison had intrusted him with a reconnoitering mission in advance of the column. But this was not made public until the telegram was received announcing his death.

Sir Evelyn Wood always remained on the friendliest terms with the Empress. He lived, after his retirement from the army, near Aldershot, and often came over to Farnborough on Sundays to see the Empress. On more than one occasion, the Prince Imperial was the subject of conversation, and I was careful, when I happened to be present, to make notes of what he said. One evening, General Wood said: "The Prince made a deep impression on me. His thoughts and habits were those of a true soldier. He was never weary in his efforts to acquire experience and military knowledge; I remember that he accompanied General Redvers Buller on several pa-

trols during the Zulu war, and on his return from one of these expeditions, I made this remark to him during dinner: 'Well, so you have not been struck by anassagai yet!' 'No,' he replied; 'but though I am in no hurry to be killed, I would prefer to fall under an assagai than from a bullet, for the first form of death would prove that I had met the enemy face to face.' This conversation was a sad coincidence."

Colonel Villiers was designated by the late Queen Victoria to collect from the Zulu chiefs all the details of the Prince Imperial's death. Later, Colonel Villiers was the military attaché at the British embassy at Paris, and on one occasion I heard him tell the story as he learned it from the lips of the savages:

"The Zulus, they told me," the Colonel began, "first rushed after the two fleeing soldiers on the flank, and then three or four others, headed by Labanga, turned on the retreating Prince. They say his horse shied at the very moment when they saw he was going to mount, and that the baggage roll at the back of the saddle gave way as the Prince grasped it and the consequence was that he fell to the ground. At this moment, the Zulus declare, he was only about sixty-five yards from his comrades who were galloping away. Seven savages attacked the Prince. Langalébélé says that when he first caught sight of Labanga, he was rushing on the Prince, who came forward boldly to meet him. Thereupon, Labanga crouched down in the high grass and threw an assagai at his foe, which struck the Prince in the thigh. But he pulled it from the wound and used the weapon to keep his enemies at

bay, which he succeeded in doing for several minutes, I remember the exact words of one of the Zulus. He said: 'He fought like a tiger. He fired his revolver twice but did not hit any of us. Though one of my assagais hit him, it was Labanga who had the right to say that he killed him, for his weapon struck the Prince on the left shoulder and gave him a mortal wound. Then we rushed on him. But up to that time he had defended himself so well that we kept at a distance.' Another of them said to me: 'If we had known that he was called Napoleon, we would have spared him.' "

After making an official report on the subject, Colonel Villiers went in person and gave all the details to the Empress, bringing with him the clothes of the Prince, which he had found in the possession of the Zulus. The garments were torn and pierced with assagai strokes. The Empress bore up well during this narration until Ullmann, the Prince's former valet, recognizing the garments which he had helped the Prince to put on on the morning of June 1st, seized them and began kissing the holes made by the weapons. This touching act so affected the Empress that she could control herself no longer and hastily left the room, bathed in tears.

"When the council of war condemned Lieutenant Carey to death," the Empress once wrote me, "I asked that he be pardoned. He was thus able to obtain the grade of captain and retire on a pension at the age limit. But I am told that he was always more or less shunned by the other officers, who ever held him to have shown cowardice on that fatal occasion. He died at an early age, I am told. 'Was it on ac-

count of remorse or disappointment?' asked one of my friends at the time."

When the death of the Prince Imperial was known, countless telegrams were received at Camden Place from France and all parts of Europe. The sovereigns of Europe did not forget the Empress in her sorrow. She saw no one and was to be called only when the coffin had been placed in the main hall. A body of leading Bonapartists, with Prince Murat at their head, met in the evening on board the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress,* to await the arrival of the *Orontes,* due at daybreak. At half past six the steamer was sighted and by eight o'clock the body was transferred to the *Enchantress.* Cannon boomed and everybody on both ships was weeping. It was an imposing and very sad spectacle. When the *Enchantress* reached Woolwich, sailors carried the body to the foot of the altar. The Prince of Wales and a number of distinguished Frenchmen were there. The body was identified by the American dentist, Dr. Evans, who had filled certain of the Prince's teeth.

Chislehurst was plunged into the deepest grief. The large entrance-hall had been transformed into a mortuary chapel. The ceiling was covered with French flags. The body was watched through the night by the former officers of the household and the friends of the Prince, of whom, perhaps, I may be permitted to say, I was one. I noticed that the Empress remained there in prayer the greater part of the night. At Saint Mary's Church, Chislehurst, the dais was formed of the pall which had been used for Napoleon III's funeral. On the south side of the choir, opposite the chapel where is the granite sarco-

phagus given by Queen Victoria as the temporary tomb of the Emperor, a similar tomb had been arranged for the body of the Prince. Among those at the ceremony were the Queen and several other members of the Royal family, and a large number of distinguished Bonapartists and members of the Bonaparte family. The Woolwich cadets were drawn up in a hollow square in front of Camden House, and before the principal door stood a magnificently decorated gun-carriage on which was placed the coffin. The pall bearers were the English princes, the Prince of Sweden and some notabilities of the Second Empire. The spirit which prevailed in France at this time was shown by the act of Generals Fleury, Castelnau and Pajol, who retired from the army sooner than was necessary in order to be free to attend the funeral. A conspicuous object in the procession was the Prince's war-horse, Stag, led by Gamble, the Emperor's old stableman. Ten thousand Frenchmen were present at Chislehurst that day and probably two hundred thousand Englishmen. The emotion was very deep and later, all the details were given to the prostrated Empress. Queen Victoria made a great exception to her general custom and was present at the ceremony, after which she expressed the desire to be received by the Empress. The request was granted. She found the weeping mother in a darkened room. The Empress tried to rise when the Queen entered, but was too weak to do so and fell back in her chair. Thereupon the Queen slowly advanced, folded her arms about the Empress, and both wept profusely. Neither spoke a word. Princess Mathilde was the only other person admitted to the Empress's presence that

day. The next morning there was a solemn service in the Chislehurst church, when Cardinal Manning pronounced in English a very fine funeral oration. But the coffins of father and son no longer rest there, for the Empress, later, had built at Farnborough a chapel in whose crypt the bodies were finally placed.

M. Franceschini Pietri, who can speak with such authority on the subject which he treats below, contributes the following paragraphs to this chapter:

"The Prince Imperial being dead, it is easy to understand that the Empress did not take much interest in the differences of opinion which immediately began to show themselves in the opposing Bonapartist camps. A clause in the Prince's will read as follows: 'So long as there are Bonapartes, the Imperial cause will have a representative. The duties which our family owes to the country will not end with my death. The task of continuing the work of Napoleon I and Napoleon III falls to the eldest son of Prince Napoleon, and I trust that my mother, aiding him with all her strength, will thus give to those of us who will not be on earth, a last and sublime proof of her affection.' This clause of the will was very embarrassing to the Empress. She did not wish to show a decided preference for either the son or the father. But meetings of the leading deputies of the Bonapartist party, in spite of differences of opinion, finally decided that Prince Napoleon should be regarded as their chief. The Empress rarely took the same view of public questions as did Prince Napoleon and she naturally feared that difficulties and embarrassments would arise from this new arrangement. It was soon seen that she was right, an-

other excellent example of the wonderful perspicacity of this remarkable woman. After his arrest in the beginning of 1883 for his public manifesto against the republic, the Empress drew nearer to the Prince, but finally separated from him and transferred her preferences to Prince Victor, whom she aided in his exile by financial support. But her domestic sorrow more and more separated the Empress from all participation in the political affairs of the Bonapartist party and as the years rolled on she took less and less interest in politics, though her keen intellect and penetrating mind enabled her to see more clearly into public matters than many of the politicians of the day."

The Empress left Chislehurst on March 25, 1860, on her long journey to Zululand. Among those who accompanied her were Sir Evelyn Wood, aide-de-camp of the Queen, and Lady Wood, the Marquis of Bassano, Lieutenant Slade, one of her son's companions at Woolwich, who acted a noble part at Ulundi, Dr. Scott, who was present when the body was recognised and embalmed, and Ullmann, the Prince's faithful valet. At the Waterloo station the Empress found General Clarke, who presented to her a magnificent bouquet of violets from the Prince of Wales, which delicate attention was so characteristic of this future King of England. There, too, was Prince Charles Bonaparte, just arrived from Rome, and who got into the railway carriage and accompanied the Empress to Southampton. The same afternoon, she sailed in the excellent steamer, the *German,* where everything was arranged most com-

fortably, and where many kind attentions were paid. Throughout the voyage, the Empress sat at the captain's table, in the center of the neat dining-room where were some fifty other first-class passengers. The voyage was uneventful, and the quiet ocean and the still skies, especially at night, when Eugénie often walked the decks till late, had a calming effect on her, which prepared her for the painful experiences which were to come.

On April 25th the steamer touched at Port Elizabeth. After having been kindly received by Sir Bartle Frere and offered apartments at the Government House, Cape Town, the Empress pushed on to Pietermaritzburg, Natal, where she disembarked. Before arriving, Eugénie learned that the expedition which had been sent into Zululand to set up a cross on the spot where the Prince fell, had returned safe and sound to the coast. The Empress finally left the ship at Durban, where Sir Garnet Wolseley came to meet her. It was night and there was a splendid moon, and various sad thoughts were awakened in her when she set foot on African soil for the first time, perhaps on the very spot where the Prince Imperial had stepped but a few months before, full of young life and ambition. The Empress was the guest of Captain Baynton, who kept in a tent outside the gardens a visitors' register, for she led a retired life and saw nobody. From Durban they went to Maritzburg, going as far as Botha Hill by the unfinished railway, using a carriage the rest of the way. Having entirely crossed the colony of Natal, in the middle of May, they reached Utrecht, the first town on the frontiers of the Transvaal and Zululand. In this little place, filled with former

Dutch Boers, the English military staff, to which the Prince Imperial belonged, camped for two weeks, so that the Empress found here more than one little souvenir of him. An important ambulance station had been set up in the native laager, and from the men who were wounded in the first part of the campaign, she learned that the Prince had spent many hours in this temporary hospital visiting the sick and saying kind words to them. Eugénie remained several days in this spot where her unfortunate son displayed for the last time his customary tenderness for human suffering. The last drive ended at four in the afternoon on June 1st, at the donga in whose immediate vicinity the son met his death, in the Ityotyosi valley. Sir Evelyn Wood here gave the Empress all the detailed information which he possessed about the dreadful tragedy. She found there the cross so kindly sent by order of the Queen and entrusted to the care of the Zulu chief whose men had killed the Prince. A solemn service was held on the very spot where he fell so bravely. All remained there till night-fall. Eugénie noticed that wreaths of immortelles had been laid at the base of the cross by the Queen and Prince of Wales. She herself placed others on the graves of the two soldiers who had fallen at the same time as the Prince. On my return to Durban, the Empress visited the *Danube,* which was in port, the ship on which the Prince had sailed from Southampton to Natal, and the good Captain Draper gave her many interesting details of that last voyage of her son. Nothing eventful occurred during the return voyage to Eng-

land, which ended this extremely sad but, at the same time, comforting journey.

Shortly after the return from Zululand, the Empress went one day to Netley hospital, near Southampton, where were several patients who had seen her poor son during that fatal campaign. They spoke at much length, and from them she learned many little details and impressions, which have been utilized in trying to give some account of this unhappy chapter in her life. Many words in praise of the Prince fell in simple language from these plain men. What they said was all the more true on this account, and was very dear to the Empress.

CHAPTER VIII

IMPERIAL AND ROYAL VISITS

ALL monarchs make public journeys through their dominions, generally for political reasons of some kind. This was particularly the case during the Second Empire. There was a magic in the name of Napoleon, especially among the French peasantry, which the Emperor was not slow to use in his efforts to consolidate the new government. He also found a real pleasure in close association with the common people, whose condition he was always eager to ameliorate. It may be interesting, therefore, to enter with some detail into the way in which these grand official journeys were organized. These details are here given in connection with a visit which was paid in 1860 to the recently annexed departments of Savoy and Nice, when the Emperor also crossed over to Corsica and even pushed rapidly through Algeria. The whole journey occupied five weeks. It was executed with great pomp under somewhat complicated conditions, and was one of the longest undertaken during the Second Empire.

One of the most important things in connection with these trips was having the court carriages, or others equally fine, ready at every point where a stop was made for any official visits. There were gala coaches and landaus, Imperial post-chaises,

and riding horses for reviews, all of which had to be centered in Algeria in such a way as to be distributed properly through the country so as to be ready for the carrying out of every item of the long and complicated program. This particular journey went off admirably in every respect, especially as regards the means of locomotion. General Fleury, the future grand equerry, managed every detail of the expedition and did it in a way that won the admiration and thanks of all. I should add that the general outlines were the work of the Emperor himself, who entered into these great "official expeditions," as he called them, with a zest that was peculiarly his own. The Emperor always had a great liking for geography, conning maps delighted him more than reading the most fascinating novels. Armed with a large sheet of paper, a lead pencil and a magnifying glass, he would spend hours at a time over big atlases, examining rivers and roads, making little diagrams, noting distances and hours and going into the smallest details with General Fleury, who would join him in the midst of his "time-table labors" as he used to say, laughingly. The General had also his own notes and itineraries all ready. Then the two series were molded into one, on which both worked later to render it as perfect as possible.

But these more purely geographical matters were not the only elements of one of the journeys. Each member of the cabinet sent in a list of suggestions and a series of notes on the requests made in the different departments through which the Emperor was to pass. He was informed of the work for the State going on in this or that place, of the public

improvements desired and of any other fact that could be of interest to him. With all this in hand, General Fleury would then draw up a complete plan of the expedition. When this was finally approved in all its details by the Emperor, General Fleury would communicate with the prefects, arranging with them the length of the sojourns in the different towns, the official visits to be made, the banquets to be attended, the guests to be invited to these banquets, and so on.

During these journeys, General Fleury was charged with the supervision of the receptions of the authorities, official presentations, and the matter of subsistence, which three divisions of the work were, generally, the care of three separate court functionaries. But the concentration of these three under one head gave the unity and perfection of detail which was always so much admired on the occasion of the various journeys and voyages. Furthermore, the General drew up a brief account of everything of historical, economical or industrial interest in each region or place visited.

All this information of every sort was printed and distributed among the persons composing the service of honor, so that every one was acquainted with the smallest details of the journey. Besides these "booklet-program," which have now become very scarce, the General prepared a private note-book for the Emperor and the Empress, which contained confidential notes concerning the military and civil authorities of the places visited, and similar notes concerning the well-known private persons likely to be presented at different points during the tour. These note-books were in manuscript

and were the work of Captain de Verdière, the General's devoted aide de camp, who was an invaluable helper in everything pertaining to these official tours. It is now very difficult to find any of these note-books, which were drawn up with the greatest care and neatness. I have one before me as I write these lines, and I can only admire once more the evidences of remarkable tact and assiduity in their preparation. Some of the suggestions and some of the statements might provoke a smile if seen by others than those for whom they were intended, and if read now at such a long distance from the moment that called them forth. But it should be remembered that they were meant to be a sort of *vade mecum,* thanks to whose valuable little hints and bits of information the Emperor and Empress were able to say the right word in the right place and to the right person. In some instances, the exact sentence which should be used was given. They were told the maiden name of the wife of this or that functionary. They were informed as to the number of children in a family. There was a hint concerning the political ambition of this one and of the political tendencies of that one. This one wished to come over to the Emperor without offending his friends. This other one was desirous of becoming a member of the Legion of Honor, without having to appear to desire it. Another person hoped for some reward because of his devotion to the agricultural interests of the region through which they were passing, while still another trusted he was to receive governmental support at some approaching election. By the aid of these notes,

how many kindly and appropriate remarks were made!

In many other ways, General Fleury displayed his remarkable efficiency in regulating and carrying out these superb official tours of the Second Empire. Let me give one instance of this of quite another kind from those just spoken of. It happened during a visit to Saint Malo in 1858. A wooden building had been thrown up for the ball offered by the municipality in our honor. During the dancing, the General heard a crack or two in the frail structure and soon saw that its strength was over-taxed. But no sudden alarm was to be given or a panic might ensue. So, coming to the Empress, he said very quietly in her ear: "Madame, the ball-room floor is threatening to give way. I beg Your Majesty to withdraw slowly and I will empty the room." So taking the Emperor by the arm, they walked quietly towards the door, bowing to the right and left as they advanced. Eugénie, of course, felt not a little nervous, but the General said afterwards that she did not show it. The Emperor did not know exactly why his consort was leading him away, and the rest of the party expressed openly their regret at this early departure. Most of the company followed to the exit, and when they wished to return to the dancing they found the doors closed, and then learned the grave danger which they had escaped.

We have pleasanter recollections of the Empress' visit to Queen Isabella, who was holding her court at Saint Sebastian in the summer of 1857. Eugénie was at Biarritz. She embarked with her sister, the Duchesse d'Albe, on the steam-boat *Coligny*. They

reached the picturesque old Spanish town just as the sun was setting. It was a beautiful sight. Queen Isabella was in her best mood. She always took a special interest in the Empress on account of her Spanish origin, and they talked long and pleasantly of common friends of Madrid. In the evening the town was illuminated. There were processions and dancing and various popular entertainments. The day closed with a banquet and dancing on the deck of the *Coligny* as they sailed across the calm sea from Saint Sebastian to Biarritz.

On some of these official tours rather amusing incidents occurred. I was told one that happened, I cannot now recollect just where. The Emperor had consented that the train should stop at some little station, which stop was not down on the program. The Empress was not informed of this change in the plan and so was not properly attired to present herself to the shouting crowd. In the meanwhile, the Emperor was doing his best to satisfy their curiosity, shaking hands with the nearest through the car window, and wondering why she did not appear, especially as she was being called for with many a "Long live the Empress!" which shout reached her in her car, where she was sitting quietly hidden behind the curtain. Finally, one of the young girls, all dressed in white, who had come down to the station especially to salute the Empress, was lifted by her mother up into my car, and bravely coming towards her was led up to her by General Fleury. Then, in a timid but clear voice, she exclaimed: "Excuse me, Madame, my name is Eliacin!" Eugénie could not help laughing at the whole amusing scene, kissed the child, accepted the

bouquet which she offered, took off her traveling cloak and joined the Emperor at the window, much to the delight of the cheering people. The Empress long remembered this incident, and on similar journeys, when engaged in bowing to firemen and kissing girls in white, she used sometimes to turn to her faithful friend Fleury and say to him in an undertone: "My name is Eliacin."

But there was a class of these tours which was of a sad character. I refer to those made at a moment of some public calamity. Let me give an example of a tour of this sort. In the spring of 1856, there occurred a most distressing flood in the valley of the Rhone. The poor working-men's houses in the suburbs of Lyons were swamped. The same thing was true at Aix. The Grésivaudan and the whole Camargue country were submerged. Hundreds of houses, undermined by the waters, fell in. Ruin was everywhere and many thousands of lives were in danger. The wild cry of despair reached Saint Cloud and touched the good Emperor's tender heart, tender especially to all the sufferings of the lowly. He immediately decided to hasten to the scene of all this distress; so, accompanied only by his aide-de-camp, General Niel, he visited the flooded parts of Lyons, either on horseback or in boat, and gave out handfuls of gold. If I am not mistaken, he distributed in this way half a million of francs. Leaving Lyons with tears in his eyes, those present told me, the Emperor hurried through the whole valley carrying cheer and aid everywhere. At Valence, the Emperor reached the mayor's house on a porter's back. At Tarascon and Arles, and all along the river's course at Orange

and Avignon, where the raging waters often reached the roofs of farm and dwelling houses, and where buildings were constantly falling and spreading ruin and death on every side, on several occasions the Emperor risked his life "in this land campaign against Neptune," as he said on his return to Saint Cloud, all worn out and looking as though he had gone through a month's sickness. He got back on June 4th, to learn that a similar catastrophe had happened in the west, where the Loire was rising rapidly and threatening Amboise, while owing to the overflowing of the banks of the Cher, Tours, Blois and Orleans were also in danger of being inundated. Scarcely waiting to take breath, the Emperor started out again on another journey of mercy, and carried cheer and relief to the tried populations who cheered him on every side. How he stood these trials, physicially, was always a mystery.

The Emperor's policy to be on good terms with England was brought out strongly in the visit which was paid to London in April, 1855, and especially in the return visit of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, four months later to Paris. A somewhat detailed account of this last visit is given below as it was planned in many particulars by the Emperor and the Empress and did much to lead later to important political moves on the European checkerboard.

In spite of the Crimean war, the preparations for the International Exhibition of 1855 had gone on steadily and in due time it was opened with much pomp and ceremony. People rushed from all parts

of Europe to the new Palace of Industry which had been erected in the center of the Champs Elysées, and which was for many the chief attraction in that part of the city. This famous building, which was intimately associated with so many grand international events, became rather shabby towards the end, but disappeared only a few years ago, after also sheltering for nearly half a century home exhibitions of all kinds, painting and sculpture salons, horse-shows, and so on. Little did those who wandered round the vast edifice on such festive occasions dream that its last use was to be as a momentary sanctuary for the charred and disfigured remains of the victims of the terrible fire of the Bazaar of Charity on May 4, 1897, in which disaster perished some friends very dear to the survivors of the Second Empire.

The Emperor had received from Queen Victoria the promise that she would pay him a visit during the exhibition. Nothing having occurred to prevent it, Her Majesty announced her arrival at Boulogne for August, 1855. Napoleon III went down to Boulogne to meet his royal guest, determined, as usual, to do all in his power to make her sojourn on French soil as memorable an occasion as possible. As soon as the yacht, *Victoria and Albert,* reached the harbour, the impatient Emperor boarded the vessel. As at Windsor, the Queen saluted her "good brother" on both cheeks, and while the customary good wishes and greetings were being exchanged, the yacht reached the profusely decorated quay. The Queen landed, leaning on the arm of her imperial host, who escorted her to the carriage, accompanied by Prince Albert and her two children,

the Prince of Wales and Princess Victoria. The Emperor himself acted as equerry, riding on the right of the carriage, while on the left galloped Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers. A numerous and brilliant staff of officers followed, and the carriages of the suite, surrounded by a sparkling escort of the Cent Gardes, were particularly showy. The whole procession was a very striking one, and a certain one of the survivors of the Grand Army, seeing the grand-daughter of George III pass so triumphantly through the town, could not resist the remark: "Strange it is that we should have fought like dogs to come at last to this! If the old one came back what a rage he would be in to see it." This rather ill-timed comment attracted no attention, however, for the visit of the Queen of England, whose armies in the Crimea were allied to those of France, was a cause of rejoicing to all—to the people in the streets as well as to court circles.

It was said at the time that more than two hundred thousand people were massed along the boulevards and Champs Elysées at two o'clock of the afternoon of August 18th, to witness the triumphal entrance into Paris of the British sovereign, accompanied by all the most notable persons of the Second Empire. The windows were filled with clusters of heads, stands had been erected on every available spot, groups of workmen, market women in their best attire, vendors of coco, hawkers screaming and gesticulating, the inhabitants of various villages led by their mayors, their curates and their firemen, strangers from all parts of the world, formed a restless and impatient crowd,

swaying beneath triumphal arches, Venetian masts, flags and banners, hangings and transparent scrolls, all bearing words of welcome. Those who saw that sight can never forget it, and were proud of the great city and happy at the grand reception which I am sure awaited Victoria and the Emperor, who would be so delighted at the assured popular as well as official success.

But it was almost dark when the cannon at last announced the arrival of the Queen at the Strasbourg station. The people were much disappointed by the delay. When the imperial train stopped, General de Loewenstein stepped forward and offered a bouquet to the Queen in the name of the battalion of the National Guard, then on duty at the station. The military band played "God Save the Queen" as Victoria mounted into the open carriage drawn by four horses with postilions. The Emperor put the young Princess by her mother, while he himself took the opposite seat alongside of Prince Albert. The Prince of Wales was in the second carriage with Prince Napoleon, cousin of the Emperor. Marshal Magnan, Military Governor of Paris, rode on the right of the royal carriage, while on the left was General de Loewenstein, commanding the National Guard. Long afterwards, when King of England, Edward one day remarked that this visit had more to do than anything else in warmly attaching him to France and especially to the French capital, which he always loved so dearly. At this time, the future king was a winning boy of fourteen.

Troops bordered the streets and road all the way from the Paris station to Saint Cloud. The route

lay along the Boulevard de Strasbourg, the Grands Boulevards, the Champs Elysées, the Bois de Boulogne, the village of Boulogne, and then over the Seine bridge to the castle. Brilliant illuminations had been prepared and the procession passed through streets ablaze with thousands of lights, while the Bois "sparkled," as the Emperor said, "like the Gardens of Armida," and was really fairylike in its unwonted splendor. At length, through the shining night appeared the silhouette of Saint Cloud. The effect of this drive was marked on the whole royal and imperial party. The Queen and Prince Consort several times turned to the Emperor to praise the beauty on every side and to express their genuine emotions.

The Imperial Guard were massed in the avenues, the courts and terraces of Saint Cloud. Near the large gateway, in the midst of the soldiers, the children of the schools and orphanages were stationed, the little boys on one side, the little girls, under the eyes of the Sisters of Charity, on the other. This gathering especially delighted the Queen, who much enjoyed the hearty cheers of the children and plainly manifested her satisfaction. Leaning over to the Prince Consort, she said: "Where but in artistic France would one have thought of thus uniting in the same assemblage the sturdy soldier and the gentle child? I am sure this idea emanated from the Empress." And the Emperor, much pleased, nodded his confirmation.

Accompanied by Princess Mathilde and all the ladies of the household, the Empress was awaiting the Queen at the foot of the grand staircase; and after the first greetings had been exchanged, the

Queen, accompanied by the Emperor, Empress, Prince Albert, the young Prince and Princess, mounted the staircase between two motionless rows of the Cent Gardes. "They remind me of my Life Guards," said the Queen, turning to the Emperor. All saw that the royal English children could not take their eyes from the tall, beautifully uniformed soldiers.

The Empress then conducted the Queen to the apartments which had been prepared for her. But the royal guest had not a moment to rest from the fatigues of her journey. She had barely time to dress for the grand dinner which awaited her, and for which the guests and hosts alike had a good appetite, which had been keenly whetted by the long drive.

The apartment occupied by the Queen during her visit to Saint Cloud had been specially decorated for the occasion. The two distinguished French painters, Louis Boulanger and Faustin Besson, had just completed paintings over the doors and windows; during the past month the Emperor himself had superintended the furnishing of the rooms, being desirous that the apartment should remind the Queen, as closely as possible, of her Windsor residence. These rooms, on the first floor of the castle, were, moreover, most delightfully situated; several windows opened on to a balcony, and the eye wandered over the terraces and grassy slopes of the village of Saint Cloud, and beyond, to the green wavy masses of the Bois de Boulogne, and still further on, to Paris, shining white and fairylike in the far distance; while from the other side of the apartment the gaze rested on the lovely gardens bright

with summer flowers, the sparkling fountains and cascades, stately alleys and shady avenues reaching out to the park of Saint Cloud.

The walls of the apartment were hung with most beautiful tapestries and with Lyons silk. Handsome furniture had been chosen; among other things, the Louis XV bureau by Riesener, the celebrated cabinet-maker, which is now at the Louvre, and several pieces which had belonged to Marie Antoinette and which the Empress had brought together for the boudoir which Louis XVI had prepared for his wife when he purchased the castle from the Duc d'Orleans. Pictures from the Louvre—chiefly of the Flemish and Venetian schools—were hung on the walls. Among other pictures was the Holy Family by Murillo, then recently purchased at the Marshal Soult sale.

It was about nine o'clock when the Court gathered in the grand apartments of the castle. After the presentations, the Emperor and Empress passed with their guests into the Salon de Diane where dinner was to be served. The Queen called the attention of the Prince Consort to the beautiful ceiling where Mignard, the talented painter of the seventeenth century, had devoted a half dozen panels to the goddess who had given her name to this splendid dining-hall.

The Queen wore a white, low-necked dress with geranium blossoms pinned here and there all over it and had rings on all her fingers, the most conspicuous among these being a blood-red ruby of enormous size. On her head, placed very far back, was a diamond aigrette; her hair, parted in the middle, was brought down over the ears; her large,

gentle eyes were fine and candid; her complexion good; and her mouth irregular. Her Majesty was small of stature, but well shaped, and looked "every inch a queen." She smiled pleasantly to all present and repeatedly told the Emperor and Empress how charmed she was with the hearty welcome she had received everywhere and all the attentions shown her since her arrival on French soil.

The next day the Queen was so fascinated by the view of the park that she went out at an early hour, when the Emperor joined her, and together they had a long walk under the venerable trees of Saint Cloud. The Emperor was struck, not only by the proverbial affability of Her Majesty, but by her wide knowledge of all the political affairs of Europe, and of the evidently active part which she took in the foreign relations of the English government. When the Emperor joined Eugénie after this *tête-à-tête* with Victoria, he said: "The Queen is a charming woman and an astute statesman, and both to an extreme degree."

It was Sunday. But care had been taken that one of the salons of the palace should be prepared for the celebration of a Church of England service. This attention was fully appreciated by the Queen. "The Empress and the Emperor seem to divine my wish," she remarked.

The Queen having expressed the desire to see what remained of the Castle of Neuilly, where she had been so warmly welcomed by the Orleans family in 1843, was accordingly driven to the spot during the afternoon. It will be remembered that the mansion was pillaged and burnt to the ground by the mob in 1848. The Queen looked for a long time,

with melancholy gaze, and in silence on the once-loved residence of Louis Philippe.

Who could have then predicted that, in a few short years, the palace of Saint Cloud, where she was then an honored guest, would be reduced to a similar condition? No sad forebodings came, to darken the horizon on that radiant August day. Queen, Emperor and Court were all in a sunny mood like the weather itself. In fact, never did Victoria seem so happy, talkative and even witty as during this ten days' sojourn in France. Though the Crimean war was then in full progress, Her Majesty was most optimistic as to the final outcome of the conflict; and this mood was quite justified, for Sebastopol fell a week later. "Victoria was right," said the Emperor, when the good news reached Paris, "but we didn't treat her as a Cassandra." The Empress gives this account:

I recall very vividly every incident of that visit to Neuilly. The Imperial and royal carriage stopped in front of the main entrance of the castle and the Queen stepped down, wearing a large white silk hat with streamers floating behind, and marabou feathers on the top. Her flounced dress was entirely white, and a bright green sunshade and mantle completed her costume. She wore small slippers tied with black ribands crossed over the instep and ankle. A large bag or reticule, made of white material and embroidered with a large gilt poodle, hung from her arm. This was all so different from our Paris fashions of the day that I observed curiously every detail and I see now the complete picture as I write."

It is often said that a sovereign's memory is very

short, but such was not the case with Queen Victoria regarding the Orleans Princes. She did not try to hide from us her feelings of friendship for the fallen family. She not only asked to visit the ruins of Neuilly; but at the Trianon, she especially desired to see the little chapel built in 1838 by Louis Philippe, on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter Marie to the Prince of Würtemberg. The Queen spoke tenderly of "poor Marie" and took pains to explain her feelings to the Emperor, who expressed his entire approval of her kind sentiments and requested her to beg Queen Marie Amélie to pass through France when she went to Spain.

"I feel no animosity towards the Princes of Orleans," remarked the Emperor; and when Queen Victoria praised the correctness of their attitude toward France, he merely answered: "It is to be regretted, however, that their representatives here are in constant communication with my worst enemies."

"But what else can you expect?" replied the Queen. "Is it not natural that those who have been exiled should be constantly tempted to conspire against those who have exiled them? Did you not plot against their government, yourself, when you were in similar circumstances?" she asked in a most gentle tone, that disarmed any resentment, if any had been felt.

The Emperor's only reply was to propose that the Queen should visit the chapel erected on the Route de la Révolte, just outside the walls of Paris, in memory of the Duc d'Orleans, Louis Philippe's promising son, who died on this spot in 1842, from a carriage accident.

By the Queen's desire, General Canrobert, recently returned from the Crimea, was seated next to her at dinner on the second day of her visit. She spoke a long time with the brave soldier who generously put aside his own claims to be commander-in-chief in order that the post might be given to General Pélissier. She questioned him minutely concerning the war, the death of Lord Raglan, the sufferings of the army, and all the details of its organization and movements. General Canrobert was much astonished at her knowledge of all these things, and the conversation, begun at dinner, was continued afterwards, and was only terminated by the opening of the concert given by the prize pupils of the Conservatory. The English sovereigns, especially Prince Albert, were very fond of music and they appeared to take great pleasure in the program that evening. Though the conversation between the different numbers turned chiefly on music and art, international politics were occasionally touched upon, and from that moment the Empress shared the opinion of the Emperor that Queen Victoria was not a cipher in State affairs.

Of course, all went to the International Exhibition. But so dense was the crowd assembled to witness their arrival that for a moment it was feared they might be crushed. The officers on guard had the greatest trouble to part the people so that the Emperor and Prince Albert might pass with the Queen and the Empress on their arms; and finally, they were forced to enter by a side door to avoid the importunate curiosity of a too sympathetic throng. "Popularity has its disadvantages," remarked the Emperor, with a smile. "Yes, but we

sovereigns prefer even excessive attentions to circumspect neglect," answered the Queen quietly. And the Prince Consort added: "If I were a king, I should prefer to be killed by a crowd than by a bullet." The Empress closed the dialogue with: "But I would like to escape both." And an agreeable examination of some of the more notable exhibits followed this rather unpleasant tumult at the gates.

That evening, the actors of the Comédie Française played before the sovereigns in the little theater of Saint Cloud. The piece given was Alexandre Dumas's *Demoiselles de St. Cyr,* which the Queen had seen several times in English in London, and which she desired to see in French in Paris, and given by the talented troupe of the famous State theater. "Nothing can surpass their art, unless it be that of Dumas's," she remarked at the close.

On the following day, the Queen visited Versailles and the Trianon, and in the evening was present at the special gala performance at the Opera, then situated in the Rue le Peletier, where it was burnt in 1873. Mme. Alboni and Mme. Cruvelli sang with great success selections from various pieces, and the evening closed with the ballet de la Fonti.

The aspect of the theater was fairylike. It was brilliantly illuminated and filled with ladies in full dress and blazing jewels, while the gentlemen were all in gorgeous uniforms. The Queen herself wore a magnificent diadem and a necklace of enormous diamonds. When the ballet was over, the curtain rose again for an apotheosis specially devised for the occasion, which represented Windsor Castle.

Delighted with "the kind thoughfulness of her hosts," as Her Majesty expressed it, the Queen quickly turned towards the Empress and thanked her effusively. Eugénie was particularly pleased with this, for it was, in fact, at her suggestion that this interlude was introduced.

The following days were spent by the Queen in visits to the Tuileries, the Louvre and other famous museums and edifices of Paris. The public had not entirely left the Louvre at the hour when the royal party arrived there. The heat was stifling. The Queen, seated in a rolling chair, was wheeled around the galleries, but as soon as the public left the building she rose, and saying to the Empress, "Now I can take off my hat and mantle," suited the action to the words, and, putting her things on the chair as if she had been in a salon, continued her visit on foot.

Later, all drove past the Conciergerie, when the Emperor observed: "That is where I was imprisoned." The Queen gazed intently at the historic jail, but said nothing. There, it will be remembered, Prince Louis Napoleon was confined during his trial in 1840, after the Boulogne affair. Eugénie thought she saw the Queen's lips part twice, as if about to speak; but each time she closed them again with a determined muscular movement. The subject was a delicate one, and the Queen evidently felt that this was a moment when silence is golden. Both the Emperor and the Empress were several times struck, during this memorable visit, by the tact and astuteness of Her Majesty.

The ball at the City Hall took place on the Thursday. Before that festivity, the Queen and Prince

Albert dined at the Tuileries with the Emperor, Princess Mathilde, the chief officers of the crown and General Canrobert. The Prince of Wales and Princess Victoria returned to Saint Cloud, where they dined with the Empress, as she was unable, owing to her then delicate state of health, to attend the ball. During the dinner at the Tuileries, the Queen stated that she had had time, notwithstanding her many engagements, to make several drawings or sketches, one of which represented the Gardes' band at the Trianon, and the other a group of zouaves in the park at Saint Cloud. At a much later period I saw these specimens, with many others, of Victoria's artistic talent, which was not of an ordinary character. In fact, she always regretted, she told the Empress, that she had not found, in her busy life, more leisure for work with pencil and brush.

The ball given at the City Hall was truly magnificent. The Queen appeared in a white lace dress, wearing on her head a heavy diadem in which shone the famous jewel of the English crown, the Koh-i-Noor, while the Emperor wore the celebrated Régent on his sword hilt. Uniforms of all colors, Arab burnous, ladies covered with gems and diamonds—all concurred to make the scene a wonderful and memorable one. The next day the Queen could not find words to tell how much she was impressed by this festivity. "The only shortcoming, but it was a great one," remarked Her Majesty to the Empress, not perfunctorily but with evident sincerity, which was characteristic, "was your absence. My satisfaction would have been complete, if you could have enjoyed the whole beautiful fête."

The grand review on the Champ de Mars had been fixed for the following day, and the Queen expressed her desire to visit the tomb of Napoleon I the same afternoon. It was found necessary, owing to the very hot weather, to put off the review until five o'clock, and, naturally, that seemed to render the Queen's visit to the Invalides on the same day impossible. Therefore, Marshal d'Ornano, who was given temporary command at the Invalides, King Jerome, the great Napoleon's brother, having expressed a wish not to be present on the occasion, was much surprised to receive a message telling him of the arrival of the sovereigns.

Nothing could have been more impressive than that twilight visit to Napoleon's tomb. A violent storm burst over Paris at that moment; claps of thunder shook the windows of the chapel and the noise rumbled through the arches, while repeated flashes of lightning gave an almost super-natural aspect to this impressive scene. Waterloo and Saint Helena rose in every mind, and the presence of the Queen of England before the coffin of one whom her people had imprisoned drew tears to the eyes of all present. The Queen herself, who was much moved, said gently, turning to the Prince of Wales: "Kneel down at Napoleon's tomb." Later she wrote: "I was there, leaning on the arm of Napoleon, before the tomb of the most determined enemy of England, I, the grand-daughter of the king who hated him most bitterly, and there, near me, was his nephew who had become my nearest and dearest ally. It would seem that in the face of this mark of respect paid to a dead enemy, old hatreds and old jealousies should die away, and that God had

placed His seal on the union now so happily established between the two great and powerful nations. May God bless it indeed and prosper it."

The Emperor, in his turn, had sent to the *Moniteur* a note full of similar sentiments, which indicated much clear-sightedness and revealed true feeling; and though I was not an eye-witness of the scene, I know all its details, and can realize fully the genuine emotion shown both by the Emperor and by the Queen.

The Queen visited delightful Saint Germain, and brought away many pleasant recollections of the superb view from the famous terrace, and of the cool drives through the broad alleys and under the stately trees of the magnificent forest.

The day before her departure, a never-to-be-forgotten fête was given in the Galerie des Glaces in the palace of Versailles. At the command of the Emperor, the gallery had been decorated in accordance with the details shown in old engravings, so as to represent a ball as given under Louis XV. The Queen, Prince Albert and their two children were delighted. The Emperor, who was in a very gay mood, had young Princess Victoria dance with him, and the traditional supper, as pictured in a celebrated water-colour by Eugène Lami, to be found in the Louvre collection, was served at small tables in the theater.

Among the foreigners of note who were presented to the Queen during the party was Count Bismarck, then German minister at Frankfort, on a visit to Paris. Who could then have imagined that, fifteen years later, this soldier-diplomat would return to that same gallery in the rôle of the pitiless con-

queror, and that in that very room would be declared the unity of the German Empire!

The last day of the Queen's visit, which was Sunday, and, at the same time, Prince Albert's birthday, was passed in the strictest intimacy at Saint Cloud; and on Monday the royal visitors took leave. The adieux of the Prince of Wales and Princess Victoria to the Empress were especially affecting and tender. They begged her to ask the Queen to leave them a few days longer in Paris. Eugénie promised to transmit their request but without giving them much hope of success, "for," she said to the little Prince, "I am sure the Queen and Prince Albert want to have their children with them at Balmoral." "Oh! no," replied the Prince of Wales, "they don't really need us, they have so many more in England."

The Empress had become much attached to the children, particularly to Princess Victoria, who was very gentle and affectionate. Later, Eugénie often spoke of her winning manners. A picture by Müller representing the arrival of the Queen, Prince Albert and their children, used to hang over the grand staircase at Saint Cloud, where it was placed at the Empress' request. Unfortunately, it was burnt at the destruction of the palace in 1870, in spite of the efforts made, at the command of Prince Frederick, husband of Princess Victoria, to save it.

The Queen and the Empress both felt much real regret when taking leave of one another. Even at this early day, Queen Victoria was very kind in her attentions to Eugénie and during the days of sorrow which followed, Her Majesty never failed to display the true and lasting quality of her sympa-

thy. "It is au revoir," said the Emperor when leaving the Queen at Boulogne. "Indeed, I hope so," answered Victoria, while the Empress at Saint Cloud echoed these last farewells on the shores of the Channel, the closing acts of a memorable royal visit.

CHAPTER IX

GERMAN AND RUSSIAN ROYAL VISITORS

MUCH importance was attached to the visit paid in 1856 by Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who, in 1870, became Kaiser Wilhelm. He was at this time nearly sixty years of age, having been born in 1797, and, as son of King Frederick William III, was the brother and heir of Frederick William IV, whose health was very poor. It will be remembered that he came to the Prussian throne in January, 1861.

Charming both by the distinction of his manners and by his gallantry towards women, the Prince of Prussia deserved to have great success at the Court of the Tuileries. He showed marked respect for the Emperor and was soon on pleasant terms with us all. His deportment partook of the military officer and of the court gentleman, while his kindly appearance, his spirited conversation and his often familiar and joking talk, pleased all whom he met. In a word. the future Emperor of Germany produced a strong impression on all the official world of the Second Empire.

The Prince reached Paris from Osborne, accompanied by General von Schreekenstein, commander-in-chief of the 7th Prussian army corps, and by General von Moltke, who was destined to become famous in later days. He was of course received

with much pomp. The Marquis de Toulongeon, Colonel and orderly officer of the Emperor, and Comte de Riencourt, equerry, went to Calais to meet him. When he reached Paris on December 11th, Prince Napoleon and his suite were at the Northern Railway station to receive him, and four of the finest Court carriages, escorted by a platoon of Gardes, carried him and his party to the Tuileries. At the foot of the great staircase in the palace, the grand Chamberlain and the Grand Master of Ceremonies awaited him. At the top of the staircase stood the Emperor, who welcomed him warmly and conducted him immediately to the White Salon, where, surrounded by her household, the Empress was ready to greet the princely guest. This first moment was seized to impress on this German Prince our desire to do honor to his house and country, and the warmth of his reception was evidently fully appreciated by the Prince, both at that moment and throughout his sojourn in Paris.

Sumptuous apartments had been reserved for the Prince of Prussia in the Pavillon de Marsan at the northwest corner of the Tuileries, which portion was burnt during the Commune but has now been rebuilt. That same evening, with his suite and the members of the legation, he dined at the Imperial table, when the Prince made a most favorable impression on all who met him.

On December 13th a review was passed in the Court of the Tuileries. Nine regiments of the line and three battalions of *Chasseurs à pied* filed by the sovereigns. These troops had all served in the Crimean war, and were commanded by Marshal Magnan. The Emperor had by his side the Prince

of Prussia and they were surrounded by a brilliant staff among whom were Marshals Vaillant, Baraguay d'Hilliers, Pélissier, Canrobert and Bosquet. Accompanied by the ladies and officers of the household, the Empress stood on the balcony of the grand Salle des Maréchaux. After the review, the Emperor, in the presence of the regimental flags, gloriously pierced with shot and soiled by powder, distributed crosses and medals. During the review, the young Prince Imperial, coming out of the Tuileries, passed between the lines of soldiers and was enthusiastically cheered. What memories are awakened by that vision of the young heir standing thus in the presence of one whose visit was then a cause of rejoicing, and who, less than fifteen years later, was to deal such a fatal blow to his friendly hosts!

The future Kaiser's love of things military was noticeable during the ceremony. Recall how he studied every movement of the soldiers, examined the cut of their uniform and the shape of their utensils, put questions to the French officers near him, and in a word, showed that the smallest army details were not beneath his notice. It was said that he even made notes in the evening on what he saw and heard during the day.

The program included a stay of two days at Fontainebleau. The Emperor and the Prince of Prussia arrived there on the 15th and spent the 16th reviewing the dragoons and lancers. The Empress arrived on the following morning and the rest of the day was spent in a stag-hunt, in the forest. But again it was remarked that, though the Prince was a good shot and greatly enjoyed the beautiful woods and the well-organised hunt, it was the sol-

diers, the barracks and the guns which received the most of his attention.

The same evening the Court returned to Paris. On the 17th the Imperial Guard was reviewed in the court of the Tuileries. The Emperor, wearing the grand cordon of the Black Eagle, the highest of the German orders, and surrounded by a brilliant staff, yielded the post of honor on the side nearest the troops to the Prince of Prussia and often spoke to him. In spite of the bitter cold, the Empress again, accompanied by a certain number of the ladies, witnessed the review from the balcony of the Salle des Maréchaux. Among these ladies was the Countess of Hatzfeld, daughter of the Marquis de Castellane and wife of the Prussian minister to Paris. She will be mentioned again further on in this chapter.

That same evening, at the palace of the Prussian Legation, a dinner was given in honor of the Prince, chiefly to military guests, among whom were seven marshals of France and General Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angély, commander of the Garde. The Prince spoke much on military matters with several of these officers, and charmed all his hearers, it was said afterwards by one of those present. At the select ball which was given on the following day in the Salle des Maréchaux, the Prince of Prussia appeared very lively and remained till three in the morning. He gave good evidences of his skill as a dancer, though he was far from perfect in this art.

The Prince visited Saint Cyr, the French military school, on December 19th, where he witnessed several exercises performed by the cadets and went away well satisfied with all he had seen. In conver-

sation later, he praised several features of this famous school and complimented some of the officers on the proficiency of their pupils. Thus ended the military receptions given in honor of the Prince of Prussia, who had not lost his time and had well employed his inspecting faculties.

The fine arts, in which Paris was so rich and Berlin then so poor, also had their part in the program of the festivities attending the Prince's visit. He was present at a representation of the *Corsaire* at the Opera, in which Rosati, the famous Italian ballet dancer, appeared. He went the day before his departure to the Comédie Française with the Emperor and the Empress. On these occasions, he displayed an intelligent appreciation of music and the drama, and did not hesitate to give his views about composers, singers, playwrights, the State theater, and so forth. But it was evident that he was not so much at home on these subjects as on his favorite theme, the army and government.

On the day of his leaving Paris, the Prince once again dined with the court and the members of the German Legation. The greatest cordiality prevailed. The Marquis de Toulongeon and the Comte de Riencourt accompanied the Prince as far as Strasbourg, when he finally turned homewards. They were ordered by the Emperor to treat him with marked attention to the very frontier, and this order was faithfully carried out, as the Prince himself informed us by telegram.

The warmth with which the Prince of Prussia had been received could not escape the notice of Europe. The relations between France and Prussia were as friendly as possible at that date, and the Emperor

was desirous of securing the assistance of that Power in the event of any alterations occurring in the distribution of European territories. Prince William had shown himself to be very charming and evidently felt that there were many reasons why an exchange of friendly attentions should be made. He perceived also that the Countess of Hatzfeld was much appreciated by the Emperor and Empress, and that she strove earnestly to unite the two countries as closely as possible. It is much to be deplored that her diplomatic career was so soon ended by the death of her husband; for had she been Ambassadress of Prussia in 1870, she would surely have played an important part and perhaps might have smoothed over the difficulties which led to the fatal war; for, at that date, all were on the friendliest terms, and the Emperor, too, highly appreciated her kindness and sympathy, which were fully reciprocated.

During the spring of 1857 an event occurred which was justly considered to have considerable significance and which proved indeed the prelude to a definite reconciliation between France and Russia. This was the visit to France of the Grand Duke Constantine Nicolaievitch, brother of Emperor Alexander II, Grand Admiral of Russia, hitherto a most enthusiastic partisan of his father's belligerent policy and during the Crimean war openly opposed to all efforts of conciliation. No wonder, therefore, that his arrival in Paris was looked upon as an occurrence of great importance, which justifies a somewhat detailed account of this much-heralded visit.

The Grand Duke landed at Toulon on April 20th,

and was the honored guest in that military port during several days which were devoted to banquets and festivities of all kinds. He then proceeded to Paris, where he arrived on April 30th and was welcomed by Prince Napoleon, and numerous other high functionaries. Two squadrons of the Regiment of Gardes formed the escort. The procession passed along the boulevards, the Rue de la Paix, the Rue de Rivoli, under the triumphal arch of the Carrousel, and reached the Tuileries palace by a road bordered on either side by Gardes. This display of the finest soldiers of the French army, a very common custom in France under all régimes, was made for several purposes. In the first place, the Grand Duke was pleased with everything military and it was a delicate compliment to him to surround him with this élite. The Emperor desired also to show this representative of Russia, Europe in general and the French people in particular, that, notwithstanding the rather inglorious results of the Crimean war, France still possessed a magnificent army and was still animated by a martial spirit as of old.

When the arrival of the Grand Duke was announced at the Tuileries, the Emperor came to the top of the staircase to receive him, and at once conducted him to the White Salon where the Empress was waiting. That same evening there was a large dinner-party at the Tuileries, and the next day the Grand Duke visited the Louvre. He was particularly interested by the Sovereign's museum containing objects which had belonged to Charlemagne, to the Capetian and Valois kings, the Bourbons and the Napoleons. He stopped long in front of the

gray coat and the little Marengo hat of the first Bonaparte; nor did he fail, later, to visit Napoleon's tomb at the Invalides, as, indeed, was then the custom with all the other royal visitors who came to Paris. In fact, this official worship of the great Napoleon was a credo of the Second Empire practised not only by the French court and government, but by many of the courts and governments, especially the courts, of other European states. So while Napoleon III never wearied of studying the thoughts and actions of Napoleon I, and of continually placing these thoughts and actions before the eyes of the French people, the royalties of Continental Europe who wished to ingratiate themselves with the French court and government considered that one of the best ways to accomplish this end was to show an interest in this same credo. The Emperor, however, was not blind to the occasional insincerity of this foreign incense but accepted it as honest because it exactly squared with his own policy—worship of Bonaparte.

During the inspection of the Marine Museum, which took place after the visit to the Louvre picture galleries, the Grand Duke found a good opportunity to show his considerable naval knowledge, for it must not be forgotten that he was one of the favorite pupils of that famous Russian navigator and explorer, Count Lutke. Nor was the Grand Duke without great merit quite on his own account, for his Fabian policy when he commanded the Russian fleet in the Baltic during 1854-55, prevented the British from gaining any decisive victory.

A grand ball was given by the Minister of the Marine, and the Duke walked round the rooms with

Princess Mathilde on his arm. Next came a select party at the City Hall consisting of a concert and dances followed by a supper in the Throne room. Then there was a dinner at the Invalides with King Jerome, a ball at the Tuileries, gala performances at the Opera, a visit to the fortress of Vincennes, several days spent in attending the events on the newly opened race-course in the Bois de Boulogne —nothing, in short, was spared that might interest and amuse the honored guest. Finally, in this connection, was a grand review on May 6th of the Gardes and the Paris garrison, on the Champ de Mars. This review was notable from the fact that it was the first time all the regiments of the Gardes were united under one command and in the same review. Thus there were the battalion of *Chasseurs à pied,* four regiments of light cavalry, the three regiments of grenadiers, a regiment of zouaves, engineers, Gendarmes, two artillery regiments, equipment wagons, and so forth, the Guides, Cuirassiers, Chasseurs, Lancers and the Dragoons of the Empress. The Emperor rode over the Pont d'Jéna to the Champ de Mars, having at his side the Grand Duke Constantine, Prince Napoleon, and the Duke of Nassau, while behind them rode the Marshals Baraguay d'Hilliers, Pélissier, Canrobert and Bosquet. The standards and flags of the newly formed regiments of the Gardes were handed to their colonels by the Emperor in person. Escorted and surrounded by a platoon of Gardes, the Empress witnessed the review from an open carriage. Later, she watched the troops from the balcony of the Military school as they filed past.

This grand review, which passed off with *éclat,*

made a sensation not only in Paris but throughout Europe and did not a little to increase the military prestige of France; which was the very purpose the Emperor had in view. While honoring the Grand Duke, he was augmenting his own power. This was another credo of the Second Empire.

On May 11th the Emperor, the Prince Imperial and the Empress went to Fontainebleau to spend a few days there in company with the Grand Duke Constantine, the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden and Prince Nicolas of Nassau. Delighted by this unexpected visit, the citizens of Fontainebleau spared no pains to greet us with every mark of enthusiasm. The streets were decorated for our arrival in the afternoon, and brilliantly illuminated in the evening as a sign of general rejoicing. The stag-hunt on the 12th was very magnificent. A great concourse of people gathered at the rendezvous, and the imperial party, speaking as genially as possible with the persons around it, was highly pleased to find it was everywhere greeted with enthusiastic cheers. This kindly reception of the father and mother of the Prince Imperial and the wife of the Emperor bespoke the popularity of the Court, which was another, though perhaps a minor, sign of the increasing solidity of the régime. It, too, made a certain impression, we learned later, on the Grand Duke and the other foreign notabilities then at Fontainebleau.

In the evening there was a torch-light hunt. The gates into the castle grounds were left open, so that the public was able to enter and show its enthusiasm. The following days were spent in long walks and drives through the forest and the neighbour-

hood of Fontainebleau, a grand dinner in the Galerie Henri II and the inauguration of a pretty theater constructed by the architect Lefuel in the right wing of the castle. On that occasion the actors of the Comédie Française played with their usual talent and the Grand Duke could not praise too highly this excellent troupe. On the 14th, the last day of the Grand Duke's stay, there was a large dinner party in the forest, preceded by a long walk. The return to the castle at night was made by torch-light, about nine o'clock, and two hours later the Emperor himself conducted his guest to the station and bade him a cordial farewell.

They always liked to recall that short stay at Fontainebleau, which had occurred this year much earlier in the season than usual. It was this season that the Prince Imperial made his first attempts at walking, in a spot he learned to love so dearly in after years. It was also during this visit that the final reconciliation with Russia was effected after so many years of chivalrous but bloody struggles; for the Emperor made the most of the many occasions afforded him to speak confidentially and at length with the Grand Duke and the diplomats, both French and Russian, who were of the party. The political horizon then appeared clear and cloudless, both at home and abroad, for the Emperor and the Empress both enjoyed great popularity, the latter being particularly well treated at this moment. All these causes united in making this sojourn at Fontainebleau very enjoyable and explain why it was ever remembered with peculiar pleasure.

The visit of King Maximilian II of Bavaria followed immediately upon that of the Grand Duke

Constantine. He had strongly manifested a desire to spend a few days at the Court of Napoleon III and had been encouraged by the Baron de Méneval, French Ambassador in Munich, to undertake a journey which, he knew, could have only pleasant experiences in store for him.

Maximilian II mounted the throne of Bavaria when his father, King Louis, abdicated, in 1848. He was a man of cultured mind, a lover of letters and the sciences and was well versed in philosophical studies. But by far the most interesting fact about him was that, though he had married the daughter of Prince Frederick William of Prussia, he was known to be opposed to the project, then greatly stirring the Teutonic public, which favored the unification of Germany with the King of Prussia as its head. Fortunately for his spirit of independence, he died before this was accomplished and it was left to his son to experience the humiliation of seeing Bavaria sink into the German Empire, which happened in November, 1870.

The King reached Lyons on the evening of May 15, 1857, and was received with much state at the railway station. The troops of the garrison were all gathered at the entrance, while Marshal de Castellane, commander-in-chief, took his place on the right of the carriage to which the King was conducted, and which was drawn by four fine horses. The Emperor sent to Lyons several officers of his household to meet the King, among them being Comte de Tascher de la Pagerie, first Chamberlain, a relative of the Empress, who, as is stated elsewhere in these memoirs, had been educated in Bavaria, where he had many acquaintances. He

was a great favorite with King Maximilian. Thus were the Emperor's attentions, as was his wont, carried into the smallest details.

After a review of the troops on the Place Bellecour, Lyons, the King of Bavaria left for Paris on May 17th, and reached Fontainebleau at six o'clock and the palace a few minutes later. Followed by officers of his household, the Emperor advanced to meet the King as far as the foot of the staircase, while the Empress stood at the head, surrounded by the ladies of her suite. The presentations took place in the Galerie François I, after which the dinner was served in the Galerie Henri II, always so beautiful with its Primaticcio frescoes. The following day the Emperor and King of Bavaria drove through the forest of Fontainebleau in a little carriage which the Emperor was fond of driving himself. Numerous guests from Paris had been invited to be present during the sojourn of King Maximilian at the palace, and their attendance added greatly to the interest of the occasion.

During the Second Empire the Emperor utilized all the fine things of France to augment the *éclat* of the régime. For instance, nobody before him brought to bear in such a thorough manner the wonderful natural attractions of the Fontainebleau forest. This was especially the case during the visit of the King of Bavaria. Thus, the day after his arrival, there was a grand promenade through the forest, the King being accompanied by the Grand Dowager Duchess of Baden, Princess Marie of Baden, the Duchess of Hamilton and all the guests at the palace. In the evening, favored by the splendid weather, a night fête was given which turned

the palace and grounds into fairyland. Colored lights innumerable shone in the English garden and gave the appearance of operatic scenery to the strangely constructed castle. Decorated and illuminated boats floated over the lake, while on the pavilion in the center of the lake the band of the Grenadiers of the Gardes alternated with the orchestra from the Opera. The evening ended with a grand display of fire works, some of which, breaking over the water, falling like showers of stars into its dark depths, or skimming lightly in brilliant rays between the shining boats, produced a most wonderful and original effect. On May 22d the beautiful wild gorge of Apremont was chosen as the grand dining-room in which an open air repast was offered to the King.

In after years, when the Emperor would sometimes talk over with the Empress the bright days of the past, these sojourns at Fontainebleau often rushed back to them in most vivid colors. The historic scenes of which the palace had been the center and the great Bonaparte the principal actor, and the picturesqueness and beauty of this superb forest all helped to make an indelible impression on both of them, which remained with the Emperor to the very day of his death. Recollections of this visit of King Maximilian were an especially bright spot in these souvenirs of Fontainebleau.

The return to Paris took place on May 24th. The King of Bavaria and the French sovereigns were received at the station by Prince Napoleon, who had just returned from a journey to Germany, as will be seen a few pages further on in this chapter. On this occasion again the Prince appeared at his best

and was a real aid to the Emperor. He was diplomatic, measured in his language and made none of those "mistakes" of which so many of the Second Empire statesmen complained.

King Maximilian during his stay in the capital occupied the Pavillon de Marsan. He, of course, found sufficient time, in spite of all the dinners and fêtes, to visit the tomb of Napoleon. Everywhere he was enthusiastically welcomed, and was evidently much pleased at the attentions of which he was the object. He dined at Saint Cloud and delighted the ladies and gentlemen of the court, with all of whom he chatted most graciously, by his genial manners and lively conversation. It was noted that he spoke with equal sureness about matters of art, letters, politics and military affairs. His well-known opposition to Prussian aggrandizement was, of course, not the least of the reasons for his success in French court and political circles.

Maximilian II left Paris on June 8th to return to his states, carrying away with him pleasant impressions of his journey to France, which he often liked to recall. At that time the Imperial government was on the best of terms with the German nations, and the Emperor, who was always much interested in German literature, and had a real affection for Germany itself, where so much of his youth had been spent, awakened in the King a feeling of strong personal affection which endured to the end.

The Emperor was ever anxious to strengthen the friendly ties which already existed between France and the German states so as to make use of these

good relations some day, perhaps. He wished to conciliate Russia, to gain Prussia's firm alliance, and to foster the friendly feelings of the secondary states of Germany, while alienating them as much as possible from Austria, in view of the eventuality of his having to intervene in the relations of that power with Italy. So in 1857 the Emperor officially sent his cousin, Prince Napoleon, to Berlin and to Dresden, choosing the very time when the Grand Duke Constantine and the King of Bavaria were the honored guests of the Tuileries. It will be remembered that the first of these personages was the second son of the Czar Nicolas I and played a prominent part in the Crimean war; and that he married a German princess. So, by showing him attentions, the Emperor was conciliating both Russia and Germany.

Prince Napoleon in France and Prince Napoleon abroad were two very different persons. In France, he was ever a malcontent, an exaggerated liberal, a democrat who delighted in upsetting the plans of the Government; let him but cross the frontiers and he became the Prince, the grand seigneur, the diplomat, the intelligent, wary, cultured gentleman, more capable than any other of seconding his cousin's views and of obtaining for him the friendship of those whom he desired to court. Prince Napoleon has had many detractors and quite as many adulators, but the estimate of neither was exactly correct. He never forgot that he was a Bonapartist, and even if he did, his interlocutors could not, because of the very striking likeness which he bore to the great Napoleon. When advancing years and obesity had markedly changed the appearance

of his younger years, his face still preserved the Napoleonic features.

Prince Napoleon was met at Magdebourg by General von Brand and General von Treskow, who escorted him to Berlin, where he was officially received on May 8th, by Prince George of Prussia, Princes Augustus and William of Würtemberg, Prince William of Baden, the Marquis de Moustier, then French Minister to Prussia, and all the staff of the Legation, who awaited his arrival at the station. So bent was Frederick William IV on showing his good will towards France, that, waiving all the prescriptions of court etiquette, according to which the Prince should have paid him the first visit that evening, the King himself came, shortly after the arrival of his guest, to pay him a surprise-visit, which was immediately returned, when His Majesty presented the Prince to the Queen and the Princesses, and in the evening accompained him to the Opera. The following day he courteously gave the Prince the place of hcnor during the review in Unter den Linden. That same evening there was a grand court banquet at which the healths of the French Prince and that of the Emperor's family were drunk, with appropriate speeches.

Prince Napoleon had much intellectual force. He could speak well and write well. In fact, he was perhaps more clever with his tongue than with his pen; and if the formal toasts at this dinner-table were not orations, in his private conversations with the King, his advisors and the Prussian official world generally, the Prince's well-known gift of speech accomplished wonders. He never believed that silence was golden, especially during this par-

ticular visit to Germany. Prince Napoleon even laid aside, on this occasion, his well-known Voltairian principles, so bent was he on being faithful to the fulfillment of his part as representative of the Emperor, and though he cared little about religious duties, he officially heard mass in the Catholic church, where the Grand Master of Ceremonies awaited him.

During his stay in Germany, the Prince spent several evenings at the Opera, when he astonished some of the German composers, who were invited to meet him, by his large knowledge of German music and German musical writers. He received the *corps diplomatique*, having an intelligent word for the chief of each mission, and warmly welcomed the great savant, Baron von Humboldt, who came to pay his respects to Napoleon's representative, with whom the Prince talked learnedly on scientific problems, listening with evident pleasure to the Baron's accounts of his wide travels. At Potsdam, Prince Napoleon visited the tomb of the Great Frederick, where he learned that the keeper who opened the gates had known the Prussian hero, that it was this same keeper who in 1806 had shown the tomb to Napoleon I, and now, in 1857, conducted thither the nephew of the conqueror of Iéna and the victim of Waterloo. Prince Napoleon often dwelt upon this little coincidence in his German visit and long remembered the name of this humble and aged porter.

Prince Napoleon was present at the military maneuvers presided over by the Prince of Prussia to whom he had brought the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor, and having been everywhere the

object of most marked attentions, he left Berlin on May 14th for the Court of Saxony.

The welcome he received from King John was no less cordial than that of Frederick William IV. He visited many historic battlefields, and met, among other famous men, Count von Beust, then president of the council of Ministers of Saxony, but ten years later Prime Minister of Austria. He also spent an evening with the dowager-queen and the Archduchess Sophia, mother of the present Emperor of Austria. These acquaintances were of value when the Austro-Prussian war occurred in 1866, as they enabled Prince Napoleon to explain many matters to his cousin that the Tuileries otherwise would only have half understood.

On the occasion of the King's birthday, Prince Napoleon proceeded to Pillnitz to offer his congratulations, and was then taken by the Saxon sovereign to Moritzbourg, a hunting box erected in the woods by the Elector Augustus, King of Poland. After a dinner enlivened by the music of hunting horns, the party walked to a glade in the forest where a curious spectacle was witnessed—troops of deer, stags, and does coming in perfect freedom from all their hiding places, to take the food which is distributed to them at certain hours each day. "This was the peaceful and rural note in this royal visit," wrote the Prince, "where politics and military matters pushed all else into the background."

On his return to Paris on May 24th the Prince had much to tell Napoleon III concerning the cordial attentions of which he had been the object, and he had certainly completely fulfilled the wishes of the Emperor in showing himself most friendly

towards the Court of Berlin. Yet the Empress was far from sharing Napoleon's enthusiasm for Germany. Even then, she felt some alarm as she witnessed all these tokens of amity shown the German states. Eugénie was continually asking herself the question: Are our advances sincerely accepted? She doubted it, and I see now that her doubts were well founded.

The Emperor and the Empress left Saint Cloud for the Isle of Wight on August 5, 1857. The following day they were within sight of Osborne. Prince Albert, accompanied by his second son, the Duke of Edinburgh, came on the Queen's yacht to meet them, and they were most cordially welcomed by Queen Victoria. Charmingly hospitable and gracious, she gave them a hearty welcome at Osborne, the enchanted home she and her husband had built on the finest spot to be found in the island, of which she was justly proud.

Immediately after lunch, the Prince Consort had a long conversation with the Emperor. Two days later an important interview took place between the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Emperor, Lord Palmerston, Lord Clarendon, Count Walewski, and Comte de Persigny. On that occasion the Emperor did not insist, as has been sometimes stated, on the adoption of his proposal for the union of the Danubian principalities under the scepter of a foreign prince, but merely asked the British Government to disavow its ambassador at Constantinople and support the demand addressed by France, Prussia and Sardinia to the Sublime Porte for the annulment of the Moldavian elections.

On Friday, the 7th, the two courts were out on the sea for some hours on the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*. The weather was glorious and the Empress, who was always so fond of the water, was delighted; and the rest of the distinguished party also appeared to enjoy themselves greatly. In the evening, there was a grand dinner at the castle. On the Saturday, after a political conference, a small ball was held under a marquise. Sunday was, of course, very quiet. Prince Albert, who was very fond of agriculture, took his guests on a tour of inspection over his farms, giving to them ideas of his own concerning horticulture, and affording all an opportunity to admire his machines and latest improvements in buildings.

On Monday, the 10th, the Emperor and Empress embarked at Osborne to return to Harve. The leave-taking between Queen Victoria and her guests was marked by the greatest cordiality. Before his departure, the Emperor invited the Duke of Cambridge to come and spend a few days with him at the camp at Chalons. The Queen, who was much pleased by this cordial invitation tendered to the commander-in-chief of the British army, said to the Emperor: "We must seize every occasion to show our two peoples that even our armies can march side by side."

Two days after the departure of her guests, Queen Victoria, writing to her uncle, the King of the Belgians, summed up the Osborne interview in the following manner: "The visit was from all points of view satisfactory and agreeable. Politically, it has been a great blessing from God, for the unhappy difficulties in the Principalities have been

smoothed out and regulated in a satisfactory fashion. The whole interview was quiet and agreeable. Dear Osborne lost nothing of its familiar and unpretentious character. The Emperor spoke frankly to Albert, and Albert did likewise with him, which is a great advantage. Lord Palmerston said to me on the last day: 'The Prince can say many things which we cannot say.' "

The Queen went so far as to pay a most flattering compliment to the Empress, which need not be repeated here, though, on account of its political bearing, I may be permitted to make this further extract: "Albert, who rarely cares for ladies or princesses, likes the Empress very much; she is his great ally." This last phrase it quite true. On this and other occasions, Eugénie did all in her power to strengthen the English alliance.

On his return to France, Napoleon wrote on August 15th to his royal hostess: "We left Osborne so deeply touched by the amiable welcome of Your Majesty and the Prince, and so filled with admiration at the spectacle of all the virtues exhibited by the royal family of England, that it is difficult for me to find expressions to define the devoted and tender sentiments which we cherish for Your Majesty. I think when one has passed some days in your intimacy, one must become a better being. Please tell the Prince, who so nobly shares your destiny, that I have for him the highest esteem and the truest friendship, which proves how much I care for him. As for Your Majesty's children, they are all gifted with such excellent and charming qualities that one has but to see them in order to love them;

so it is only natural that we should wish them all the happiness they deserve."

These lines have been printed in another form; but this is the text as it left the Emperor's pen, for he it was who wrote this letter and not the French Minister of Foreign Affairs.

In her reply to the Emperor, the Queen declares with her customary simplicity what affection she has for her "well beloved husband who has no other ambition than to do good and to make himself useful whenever he can." The Queen again complimented Eugénie. The compliment may be given here because it is associated in these womanly words, with that paid the Prince Consort:

"In a position so isolated as that which we occupy, we can have no greater consolation or surer support than the sympathy and advice of him or her who is called to share our destiny in life; and the dear Empress, with her generous instincts, is your guardian angel, as the Prince is my true friend." These were the kindly words which brought to a close this delightful sojourn on English soil.

In August, just two years before, as we have already seen, the English sovereigns officially visited the Emperor and Empress. This, therefore, was the return visit. In the interval, important events had occurred in both countries. In France, an heir to the throne had been born, peace with Russia signed and the young Empire more solidly established in every respect. In England, there was a general weakening of the Palmerston administration. Although a new Parliament was chosen a few months before the Emperor and Empress crossed over to the Isle of Wight, "the dashing Prime Min-

ister," as Napoleon termed him, was doomed to defeat and the fall came a few months after their return to France. But all these events on both sides of the Channel had no weakening influence on the good understanding between Great Britain and France and several of them strengthened it. Indeed, the day was rapidly approaching—it came in January, 1860—when the Emperor and Cobden established free trade in France, so that thenceforth there was a commercial as well as a political union between the two great nations. Referring to this economic revolution, the Emperor exclaimed one day: "Some quidnuncs declare that this is another Waterloo for us; but they will live to see that it is an Austerlitz for both countries." It may be added that it was this exchange of visits in 1855 and 1857 which paved the way to this new economic system.

The first step towards a reconciliation between France and Russia after the Crimean war was taken in 1856 when Napoleon sent a mission of extraordinary brilliancy, headed by Comte de Morny, to represent him at the coronation of the Czar Alexander II. It had now become desirable that an occasion should be found for drawing the two sovereigns into a closer union. A suitable opportunity presented itself in the autumn of 1857 at Stuttgart, where the Emperor Alexander was visiting members of his family, and where Napoleon III had decided to return the visit paid him the preceding year by the King of Würtemberg, shortly after the birth of the Prince Imperial. The interview, which had been talked of for several months,

was at length decided upon for the end of September.

The Emperor Napoleon had just passed several weeks at Chalons, where particularly interesting military maneuvers had taken place on this celebrated drilling ground in the presence of the Duke of Cambridge. In every way the reception offered to the Queen's uncle, commander-in-chief of the English army, had been most cordial; but as the Emperor was now to meet the Czar of Russia on friendly terms, it was more than ever necessary to let it be seen that the English alliance would in no way be endangered by the proposed interview. After events showed that this was true, for, as is more than once pointed out in these memoirs, from the beginning to the end of the Second Empire, one of the cardinal principles of the foreign policy of the Emperor was friendly relations with Great Britain, in which respect he differed radically from his great uncle. In fact, among the few things which Napoleon III criticized in the conduct of the affairs of the First Empire was the failure of Napoleon I to live on amicable terms with the English nation. On this point, the Empress held the same view as her husband and always did what she could to strengthen the bonds between France and "the natural ally of France."

King William of Würtemberg, so cordially received in Paris during the month of April, 1856, was delighted to have an opportunity of doing the honors of his capital on the occasion of Napoleon's visit. Princess Mathilde, grand-daughter of King Frederick of Würtemberg, had gone to Stuttgart the preceding year to offer birthday congratula-

tions to her uncle, King William, and she had been much appreciated and sought after; moreover, Queen Sophie of Holland, daughter of the King of Würtemberg, had always shown a strong friendship for Napoleon III. On the other hand, Alexander II was a very near relation of the royal family; his father, Nicholas II, having been the son of a princess of Würtemberg, a woman of great intellectual power, who had been known at the court of Marie Antoinette as the Comtesse du Nord; while the prince royal of Würtemberg, born of the second marriage of his father, was married to the Grand Duchess Olga. These numerous alliances between the houses of Russia and Würtemberg had been strengthened by frequent friendly meetings and exchanges of amicable sentiments, so that the Emperor Napoleon when at Stuttgart found himself one of a genial family party. Nor is it too much to say that he was loved and honored in that circle where he exercised a good and wise influence.

This meeting of the Emperors was viewed with friendly eyes by the whole of Germany, excepting perhaps the Austrian states, so that the journey from Strasbourg to Stuttgart was one long and enthusiastic ovation. It offered, by the way, a good example of Napoleon's habit, in the early years of his reign, of conducting, so far as possible, the foreign affairs of France by direct intercourse between himself and foreign sovereigns, supported by their ministers of foreign affairs. Napoleon III never liked to delegate diplomatic business. He had traveled widely, had had extensive experience with men of different nations, and he naturally felt that he could handle with success delicate international

matters. The diplomacy of the Second Empire would have fewer mistakes to record if Napoleon could always have pursued this wise plan.

The Emperor started from Chalons, reviewed the cavalry divisions at Lunéville on the Lorraine frontier on September 24th and arrived at Strasbourg at three o'clock on that afternoon, accompanied by Generals Failly and Fleury, his aides de camp, and Prince Joachim Murat, his orderly officer. The reception was magnificent; flowers were strewn before the sovereign, triumphal arches had been erected, and all the houses were hung with garlands and profusely decorated. The Emperor had mounted on leaving the station, and before going to the prefecture where he was to sleep, he reviewed the town division on the Place Kléber.

This popular reception, one of the countless similar ovations which occurred throughout the reign, well illustrates the powerful hold which the Bonaparte family has always had on France, and makes one regret that a turbulent minority could not bring themselves to join with the people and thus bring about a real "era of good feeling," which would have united the whole nation under one head, and prevented the future disasters which fell upon the country.

Frederick William Louis, son-in-law of the Prince of Prussia and Grand Duke of Baden, arrived that evening at Baden. He had been the Emperor's guest in 1855, and, consequently, was desirous of welcoming Napoleon cordially. He wished the Emperor to stop, if only for a few hours, with him at Manheim or at Baden, and in the end obtained Napoleon's consent to lunch with him in the

latter town. Here is another example of the very cordial relations which at this epoch united France and Germany and which would have continued to the end if Napoleon could have had his way.

Leaving Strasbourg, therefore, at eight o'clock, the Emperor crossed Kehl, which was profusely decorated with French and Baden flags, and arrived at ten o'clock at the station of Baden, where he was received by the Grand Duke, Grand Duchess Stephanie and the Prince of Prussia. He lunched with the Grand Duke's family and the future king of Prussia, Kaiser Wilhelm. When leaving the palace, the Grand Duke showed the Emperor a company of the guards who still retained the flag they had carried under the First Empire, when the Baden soldiers were the comrades in arms of the French, another striking example of the friendly relations which then prevailed.

Leaving Baden at half past one, the Emperor was convinced by what he saw and heard, both in the little watering town then so fashionable and along the whole length of the road to Stuttgart, of the great popularity with which his visit was regarded in the German states; for everywhere he was greeted with real enthusiasm.

At Rastatt he was visited by two princes from Baden who came to pay their respects; the Grand Duke and the Prince of Prussia accompanied him to Carlsruhe; while the Grand Duchess Stephanie was still more attentive and did not stop until they reached Bruchsal, the point of junction between the railways of Würtemberg and Baden, where the Emperor found General Baur, King William's envoy, awaiting him.

At Stuttgart the King and Princes of the royal family greeted the Emperor at the station and conducted him to the palace where Alexander II, who had arrived, without the Empress, the day before, and who was staying with his brother-in-law, the Prince Royal, at two kilometers from the town, came to pay him a visit. Having dined with the King and Queen, the Emperor went to spend the rest of the evening with the Prince Royal, where he met the Czar again. The grand avenue leading to the villa was brilliantly lighted. All the ministers, the whole diplomatic corps and the high Court officials were with the Prince Royal to pay their respects to the ruler of France.

The Czar had with him Prince Gortchakoff, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Emperor was accompanied by Count Walewski, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Comte de Rayneval, then ambassador to St. Petersburg, Prince Joachin Murat, and Generals Fleury and de Failly. At eleven o'clock the Emperor returned to Stuttgart with the King and Queen, while the Czar remained with his brother-in-law. This coming and going well illustrates the activity of the crowned heads of those days, when parliaments were secondary.

On the morning of the following day, Napoleon III paid a less formal visit to the Emperor Alexander II. At eleven o'clock the King of Würtemberg came to fetch him and took him round the royal stables, where he kept at his own expense three hundred thoroughbreds. During this visit to the stables, Napoleon confined his conversation to sporting matters, and the King afterwards remarked that "if the Emperor of the French is as

strong in politics as he is in horses, Europe will be surprised one of these days." Indeed, such was the case, for Napoleon's power in the international relations of Europe went on growing firmer and bolder until the Tuileries became the very center the Old World's diplomacy.

During the day, after conferring with Count Walewski, the Emperor paid a visit to the Queen and remained a long while with Queen Sophie of the Netherlands. The latter was a firm partisan of the close alliance with England and determined to do all in her power, while not striving to prevent Napoleon from entering into friendly relations with the Czar, not to let him sacrifice what she called "the reality of the English alliance for the semblance of a Russian agreement."

How often had the Empress spoken of this with the Emperor. Napoleon III had certainly no desire to abandon the prey for its shadow; but it is clear that from the very first meeting with the Czar, he felt strangely attracted by the Russian emperor. He was eager to make him his political friend and wished to gain the Czar's acquiescence in his own plans in view of the possibility of difficulties arising between Austria and Italy.

It has often been asked, especially at the time of the recent alliance of France with Russia, whether it would not have been opportune simply to "overlook" the English alliance, whose principal fruit had been a war chiefly beneficial to England, and to unite closely with Russia. To do so would have been going to work very rapidly, trampling willfully on promises made and putting oneself in a bad position altogether. If the Empress had been present on this

occasion, she would undoubtedly have urged the Emperor to remain faithful to his first alliance. Eugénie was really fond of Queen Victoria, whose affectionate interest had been so precious to her at the beginning of her career as a sovereign. Perhaps, also, she then nourished a little feeling of bitterness against Russia. When that Power sought to draw into closer union with France, was it not in reality for the purpose of obtaining the suppression, in the treaty of Paris, of an article which caused Russia some embarrassment, the one relating to the prohibition of fleets in the Black Sea? Had France given way on that chief point, the result would without doubt have been a very close alliance with Russia, but it would have entailed also a rupture with England who would never have consented—the question of the Bosphorus being all important for her—to ratify such an arrangement.

These and many other considerations, which can only be understood by watching the course of after events, were the object of many discussions not only between the sovereigns and their ministers, during this important visit, but between the aides de camp admitted to the confidence of one or other of the sovereigns, both in the Czar's apartments, in those of Queen Sophie, or in those of Napoleon III.

Alexander II, much pleased by Napoleon's cordiality, determined to send for the Empress, his wife, who was in the neighborhood. The pretext given for her absence had been that Eugénie had not come with her husband. It is difficult to understand the real motive for such hesitation, or such calculation. If it had been desired that Eugénie should come, why had this desire not been made known in proper

time? She would have consented, of course. But the ground was being tried on either side with great care, and neither of the adversaries of yesterday, entering now on a period of mutual coquetting, wanted to make too many advances, or afford too much room for untoward interpretations. Meanwhile, Austria was evidently anxious concerning all these princely doings in which she felt that, without being consulted, much interest was taken in her future by the erstwhile enemies.

The Empress of Russia reached Stuttgart on the 26th, accompanied by Queen Amelia of Greece, daughter of Grand Duke Paul Frederick of Oldenberg and wife of King Otho. This was the signal for a renewal of social festivities. The Emperor immediately went to the Prince Royal's villa in order to pay his respects to the Czarina, leaving for that purpose the castle of Walhelma, in the valley of the Necker, where a most splendid fête had been given that evening in his honor.

Nor was this the end of the social activities. On the occasion of the King's birthday, September 27th, there was a gala reception, after mass, and the Emperor was much cheered on leaving the church. The reception was followed by a popular festival, a kind of agrarian fête, which had been arranged by King William, and the evening ended by a grand dinner and fireworks display.

In the midst of all these parties, politics were not lost sight of. In fact, these balls and feastings were really used to conceal the more serious business which was being transacted late in the night and in the quiet morning hours. The Emperor was a hard worker, whether the work came in the form of

waltzing and conversing in a ball-room, or in the form of complicated political discussion in the cabinet. During this important visit, his time was equally divided between these two occupations.

On this day, the 27th, the Czar and Emperor breakfasted with the Prince Royal, but privately, without the King, the Court, or any of the suite. They spoke together long and freely. It was on that day—the anniversary of Erfurt, when Napoleon and Alexander met in 1808 and offered peace to England—that the chief lines of the friendly agreement which the chancellors of their respective countries had studied and drafted, were decided upon. The sovereigns parted the best of friends. The first steps had been slow and had consisted in ordinary manifestations of courtesy. Attracted though they certainly were, one to the other, the two Emperors were not quick in making friends.

The result of these conversations and meetings at Stuttgart was a friendly agreement between the two sovereigns not to take any important step, without first consulting together, either in regard to the Eastern question or Italy if some day or another a difference should arise between France and Austria. In such a case, Russia promised her sympathetic neutrality and agreed, but without binding herself formally, to concentrate one hundred and fifty thousand men on the frontiers of Galicia should the two above-mentioned powers really come to open hostilities. Was the question of a mutual alliance settled? Perhaps not; but at any rate it was broached.

The sovereigns now exchanged farewells, the Czar leaving the same day, while the Emperor

started on the morrow. The Emperor attenuated the effects of the visit by meeting at Weimar, two days later, the Emperor of Austria. But it was noticed that, in spite of all outward appearances of cordiality, the two sovereigns seemed somewhat embarrassed.

France was destined to reap much real advantage from this Stuttgart interview, when the Syrian troubles broke out, in 1860, and the French and English governments were forced to an armed intervention in order to check at Damascus the massacre of Christians by Mohomedans. Had it not been for the unfortunate events in Poland, when France considered it her duty to intervene in 1863, which naturally displeased Russia, who can say whether the alliance would not have become strong and lasting? But however this may be, this early effort of Napoleon III to bring France and Russia together was based on wise calculations and always had the Empress' warm support, for who could not see that, with England and Russia friends of the Tuileries, the Second Empire stood in an exceedingly strong position?

CHAPTER X

SOME OFFICIAL JOURNEYS

THE year 1858 was a rather stormy period in the history of the Second Empire. Though the country was not disturbed by war during that twelvemonth, it was a year that lay between two wars—that with Russia, from the effects of which France had only just recovered, and that with Austria, for the unity of Italy, which was about to begin. It was during these intervals of comparative calm that the Emperor used to seize the occasion to strengthen himself both at home and abroad. "I always think of your excellent English adage," he casually remarked one evening to the British ambassador during a diplomatic reception at the Tuileries at this epoch, "'make hay when the sun shines.' I should prefer to make it all the time. But the sun will not always shine." Knowing that his influence abroad was based on his popularity at home, he felt that good domestic politics was the basis of good foreign policies. So he always liked to combine them. Thus, when the Emperor was to have a formal meeting with a sovereign, he generally arranged the event so that he, sometimes with the Empress, visited some of the French provinces, either before or after the royal interview. If he thought that the aims he had in mind would be best promoted by coming to the foreign crowned head fresh from the applause

of the French populace, then the Emperor would go to the provinces first. But if, on the other hand, it appeared to him wiser to see the ruler first, then his own subjects were received afterwards. The official visits of the summer of 1858 will illustrate this custom, and are consequently given here in some detail.

Marshal Pélissier, Duke of Malakoff, French ambassador at London, had been informed as early as June 10, 1858, of the intended visit of the Emperor and the Empress to Cherbourg, on August 4th, and it was then arranged that they would be joined, on the 5th, by the Queen of England and the Prince Consort. This meeting was felt to be full of significance, coming as it did so shortly after the Orsini affair and the Colonels' protests, concerning that sad event. It will be remembered that French public opinion and military circles were severe on England, which was undeservedly held responsible for these attempts at political murder. The Duke of Malakoff had shown great cleverness in obtaining from the Queen such a prompt acceptance of the invitation tendered by the Emperor; and his sovereigns thanked him by letter and by word of mouth for his success.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert left Osborne on August 4th, at mid-day, on the royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*. An imposing royal squadron had left the port some hours earlier and was to surround the yacht on its arrival off the harbor of Cherbourg. At five o'clock on the same day the Emperor and the Empress reached Cherbourg. The principal officials of the town were presented by the mayor, and the bishop, surrounded by his clergy, chanted a Te Deum. A great number of the inhabitants of the

town enthusiastically greeted the royal visitors and followed us into the city. "I see that all will go well," remarked the Emperor to the Empress, as they were driving through the streets; "when the municipality, the church, and the people unite in acclaiming us, I always feel that success is to follow us all along the line."

The Queen's arrival was announced about seven o'clock. Shortly afterwards the Emperor and the Empress went out to meet her in a white canoe with a velvet awning, on which was embroidered a golden eagle. Prince Albert awaited them at the foot of the yacht's staircase, at the side of the vessel, the Queen being at the top. The Emperor mounted the steps first, followed by the Empress, "who was wearing a white and mauve silk dress, with a hat trimmed with black and white lace," reports one of the chroniclers of the time. The Queen kissed both of them. "I do not say much, but I feel much," she said very warmly, as she embraced Eugénie. Marshal Pélissier was on the Queen's yacht. "The gallant general knows what we all think of Your Majesties," remarked Victoria as the ambassador advanced. "These ladies and gentlemen share our affection for Your Majesties," the Empress quickly responded, on presenting the suite. A first interview then took place between the Emperor and Queen, the conversation turning immediately to political topics. "I cannot tell Your Majesty," began the Emperor, "how we all regret those hasty Colonels' speeches, how we deplore the clouds which have arisen for a moment, between the two great nations, but which at length are happily clearing away." At a later date the Emperor said to the

Empress: "It was evident that the Queen was favorably inclined towards France; Prince Albert, however, seemed openly hostile; this it was easy to gather by reading between the lines of all he said." The same fact, indeed, is openly stated in the Queen's Diary and in Sir Theodore Martin's book.

On the Thursday, at noon, the Queen and Prince Albert returned the Emperor's visit, driving to the marine prefecture for that purpose. The Emperor has written in a private note: "The conversation of the preceding day was once more resumed at the luncheon, which was somewhat formal. To the Queen's questions the Empress replied by a detailed relation of Orsini's treacherous attempt on my life, dwelling specially on the harm done on that occasion by the press on both sides of the Channel. When will the newspapers leave foreign affairs to the diplomatists?"

One of the members of Eugénie's suite on that occasion gives this unedited account of some of the events of the day: "The reception after luncheon was attended by all the ministers who had come on the journey, as well as the members of the military and civil households on duty, Count Walewski, Countess Walewska, and a very handsome Spanish lady, Mlle. Sophie Valera de la Paniega, who is a cousin of the Empress. The Duke of Malakoff found this lady charming and paid her marked attention. At the end of a few weeks, during which time he sent verses and pretty notes to her, the gallant officer asked for her hand and some weeks later she became Duchess of Malakoff! In the evening, a state banquet was held on board the *Bretagne*. The

Queen, who was very gracious to everybody, was seated between the Emperor and the Duke of Cambridge, while Prince Albert was between the Empress and Comtesse de la Bédoyère. An excellent band played during the dinner. At the end of the repast, the Emperor rose to propose a toast to the Queen and Royal Family. I carefully noted what he said: 'I am happy,' he began with considerable feeling, 'to bear testimony to our friendly sympathy for England and her rulers; to-day's events speak for themselves and prove that hostile passions, aided by some unfortunate incidents, have been unable to weaken the friendship existing between the two nations, or modify the mutual desire to remain at peace. It is my firm belief that if any attempt were made to awaken ill-feeling and the hatred of by-gone days, such efforts would prove unavailing and sink into nothingness in the presence of the public good-sense, as the waves are thrown back by the jetty which now protects the squadrons of two empires from the fury of the sea.' The Emperor's words, which were given in excellent style, produced a good impression, as is usually the case when he speaks.

"Prince Albert rose in his turn and thanked the Emperor for his friendly words. He then spoke of the increasing goodwill between the two nations. 'That friendship,' said the Prince, in closing, 'is the foundation of their mutual prosperity, and Heaven's blessing will not fail them. The Queen proposes the health of the Emperor and Empress.' Victoria led in the applause which greeted the Prince as he sat down. Prince Albert appeared much moved and was evidently in a hurry to finish

his remarks. The Queen was not less moved. The Emperor also showed considerable emotion, which was plainly shared by the Empress. It was an anxious moment, and the Empress appreciated how embarrassed the Prince Consort was. The Queen admitted that her throat was so contracted that she could scarcely swallow her coffee. But the ice was broken and the political results seemed to promise good things.

"There was a grand illumination of the boats in the harbor; it was a fairylike and long-to-be-remembered sight. The sovereigns of France and their guests watched the fire-works from the upper deck of the *Bretagne*. This was followed by part songs rendered from a boat by the Saint Cecil Glee Club of Cherbourg, while the band played on board the *Bretagne*. Then, in the midst of hearty cheers, and passing through the illuminated vessels, the Queen and Prince Consort returned to their yacht. The Emperor and Empress were very proud of the fine way in which the whole ceremony had been conducted by those who had it in charge. And well they may be, for both the Prince and Victoria pronounced it 'perfect,' several times.

"The following morning the Emperor and Empress went to the yacht to bid farewell to their royal guests. The leave-takings were most cordial. The Queen had fully comprehended the sincerity of the welcome extended to her by the French sovereigns. 'The bonds between us are tightened as never before,' she said. 'The cloud created by the Colonels has evidently cleared away,' replied the Emperor. But the shadow caused by the Plombières interview between Cavour and the Emperor still remained."

Prince Albert, however, continued to feel a certain degree of apprehension. A few days later he wrote to the Duchess of Kent: "The Emperor was absent-minded and sad. The Empress appeared unwell. The preparations of the French navy are enormous; ours are pitiful. Our ministers make fine speeches, but do not act; my blood boils when I think of it. There is restlessness and embarrassment. An unknown and darkened horizon—such is the *entente cordiale*. Much anxiety is felt in England concerning the Emperor's plans."

A long time afterwards the Emperor said in a private conversation of which this note was made immediately afterwards: "If the Prince Consort had entered into the Franco-English good understanding with the same frankness and genuineness that Queen Victoria did, the bonds between the two countries would have been stronger. I do not refer to the official bonds between the two courts and the two cabinets. They were always strong. But there was ever a certain hesitancy on the part of the two peoples to follow honestly the lead set by the two governments. The minds of the common people on both sides of the Channel remained almost unchanged. Waterloo and Napoleon, the wars and the victories on land and sea, the polemics of the press —all these things were still remembered and the lower classes did not seem disposed to forget them. Though the more educated strata and the nobility in both countries were broader minded in this respect, still the 'era of good feeling' cannot be said to have dawned on France and England in the fifties."

There were other reasons for the journey to

Cherbourg besides the much desired reconciliation with England. On August 7th the Emperor was to inaugurate the new dock, which had been constructed in the arsenal of that town, and on Sunday, the 8th, he was also to unveil the statue of Napoleon I. Anything connected with his uncle was, of course, always near the heart of Napoleon III. "This event alone," he said to the Empress, as he was leaving Paris, "would have decided me to go to Cherbourg; in honoring the Great Emperor, we are putting a new stone in the foundation of the Second Empire."

The acting private secretary to the Emperor has written out these notes on this part of the journey: "An enormous crowd had rushed to Cherbourg for these ceremonies and the weather was magnificent —'just what I had hoped for,' remarked the Empress. After their farewell to the Queen, the Emperor and Empress lunched on the *Bretagne,* and then visited successively the ships of the squadron which were riding at anchor in the harbor, all beautifully decked out with innumerable flags. The Emperor distributed medals and decorations to the officers and sailors who were presented to him by Admiral Hamelin. 'I trust that greater honors await you in the future,' he said to each recipient, giving special attention to the sailors. 'The humble always have a claim on us for particular attention,' he said privately that evening.

"A state dinner at the maritime prefecture was one of the chief events of the visit. The Emperor was in good spirits and conversed freely with all those near him, saying much about Franco-English relations. 'It is the duty of every Frenchman who

loves his native land to cultivate a good understanding with Great Britain. There are in favor of this thesis strong geographical, political and commercial reasons.' Such were some of his words.

"The inauguration of the new dock constructed in the military port was a grand ceremony. The Emperor and Empress were present in great pomp, passing under a triumphal arch erected exclusively of objects taken from the naval store-houses. They afterwards visited in detail all the work-shops, store-rooms, sheds and the armory, which contained more than fifty thousand weapons artistically arranged so as to represent archways, palm-trees, chandeliers, and various geometrical figures. 'You marine officers seem to be veritable landscape-gardeners,' remarked the Emperor with a smile.

"At high tide, at six in the evening, the Emperor gave the order to cut the last cables which held to the docks the *Ville de Nantes,* a man-of-war of ninety cannons and nine thousand horse-power, and in the presence of over one hundred thousand spectators, who loudly acclaimed the sovereign, the magnificent vessel cut its first path through the water. 'Of course, the main military strength of a nation must be its army,' remarked the Emperor to the commanding admiral, who was standing near by, 'but I have always recognized the fact that the navy is a most valuable support to the other arm of the service. It has always seemed to me that the great Napoleon gave too little attention to the navy. But he was so much absorbed in the army, that he had but little time to think of his sailors and their ships.'

"The next morning, after mass, it being Sunday,

the Emperor and Empress went to the Place Napoléon, where the equestrian statue of the great Emperor was to be unveiled by his nephew. The Emperor responded to the mayor's patriotic remarks by an admirable speech. I noted down these phrases: 'Let us first of all render homage to the memory of Napoleon, who was inspired to create the gigantic works now being terminated. While rendering full justice to the Emperor, we should not forget the persevering efforts of the governments which preceded and which followed him. The first thought of the creation of the port of Cherbourg came, as you know, from him who created all our military ports and strongholds—Louis XIV, seconded by the genius of Vauban; but it should not be forgotten that Louis XVI actively carried on the work which had been begun. The head of my family gave a fresh impulse to these labors, and since his time every government has considered it a duty to follow in his steps.' "

These words uttered by the Emperor in praise of the French kings made a most happy impression. As has been before remarked, Napoleon III rarely failed to seize such occasions for paying deserved homage to the old monarchy. It well exemplifies the lofty generosity of his character. It may be noted that his example in this connection has not been generally followed by the governments that succeeded his. The Republic is not prone to admire anything which was done before its time.

The person who has already been quoted continues his account in these words: "Towards the close of his speech the Emperor grew very pacific. He was much cheered when he said: 'We, as a

nation, should feel no anxiety for the future, on a day when we inaugurate simultaneously the statue of the Great Captain and announce to the world the completion of a grand military port. The more powerful a nation, the greater the respect which it inspires. A government resting on the free will of the masses is a slave to no party. It goes to war only when obliged to do so in order to defend its national honor or the greater interests of peoples.' " At a later period, speaking of this journey and especially of the closing part of this speech, Napoleon III said one day: "That sentence, which passed unperceived at first, was in reality very important. It opened the door to the Italian question."

After these formal inaugurations and the visit of the Queen of England, the Emperor and the Empress made a triumphal trip through Brittany. The journey had a special purpose. They wished to conquer the hearts of the very Catholic and royalist inhabitants of this part of France. The visit was considered very opportune and, as will be seen, met with much success. Eugénie has always held in warm remembrance this trip through Breton territory where she was received most sincerely and heartily: "Well, we have received much homage since we came to the throne," the Emperor said, "but the honesty of this reception has never been equaled. Such applause is balm to a ruler's sorely tried soul."

Further citations are made from the manuscript notes which have already been drawn from: "The sovereigns sailed from Cherbourg to Brest on board the *Bretagne*. The inhabitants of the latter city

were grouped on the little hills from which they could view the sea, and the number was increased by crowds who came in from the neighboring villages and hamlets. In the church of Saint Louis, the Bishop of Quimper said to the Empress: 'Your beloved presence reminds our people of their dear Duchess whose royal spouse was also the father of the people. A respected and eloquent voice has told all France that you are Catholic and pious. Your good deeds repeat this each day.' The Empress was much touched by these words.

"The sovereigns visited the hospital and town and were present at a ball offered by the municipality. They sat on a throne under a red dais, when fifty Breton peasant couples, announced by the hautboy and biniou, a sort of Breton bagpipe, and wearing the ancient costume of Finistère, filed past the throne, preceded by flowing banners. Then they went through the quaint dances of the country, much to the amusement of the Imperial party.

"The following day, the Emperor and Empress visited the frigate *Thetis,* the midshipmen's school; and the *Borda,* the marine cadet-school. 'Boys,' said the Emperor, addressing these two bodies who had been brought together for the occasion, 'never forget that true patriotism thinks of the country first and the rulers afterwards.' In the evening there were brilliant illuminations and festivities, and the Emperor and Empress said they would long remember the enthusiasm of these interesting youths.

"On August 12th the Imperial cavalcade left Brest. The drive from Brest to Quimper was a long and ceaseless ovation. All along the road the Im-

perial carriage was escorted by peasants, who, mounted on their horses and bearing tricolor flags, relayed each other from one village to another. From Landernau to Quimper, no less than twelve triumphal arches were passed under. Around each of these were grouped the inhabitants of the neighborhood, headed by priests in sacredotal vestments, mayors, municipal councilors, and men wearing the medal of Saint Helena. At Quimper the reception was particularly enthusiastic. A country ball was offered that evening, and there was a grand display of fireworks, though, unfortunately, many persons were wounded by the sparks. Dr. Jobert de Lamballe, the Emperor's surgeon, gave his best attention to the patients, and the Marquis de Cadore, of the military household of the Empress, who was much moved by the accident, was sent by her to find out all about the wounded. But the next morning, it was learnt that the wounds were without gravity, whereupon the Emperor and Empress immediately sent gifts to the wounded. A little girl, who had been slightly hurt, received a gift of two hundred francs, which she handed to her mother, keeping only twenty francs for herself. She had the coin pierced and wore it round her neck, in remembrance of the 'good Empress,' as she said. The Empress heard later of this fact and kept this child in view for several years, helping her in many ways."

The Empress wrote at the time as follows in a letter to a friend: "The weather was perfect, and the short trip by sea from Lorient to Port Louis was most pleasant. The stretch of water between the two towns was dotted with brightly decorated

ships, yachts, and sailing boats conveying holiday-makers to Port Louis. In the harbor were several of the fleet's ships. The cannon of Saint Michel's fort saluted our arrival, while picturesque fishing boats, brought into line on either side of our passage, and stretching from the landing stage far out to sea, formed a novel and quaint double hedgeway. The officials of the town and the cadets in uniform came to greet the Emperor; the mayor made the usual speech welcoming us to his town, and the young girls of the place offered me flowers according to time-honored custom. Then, amidst the cheering of the spectators, the Emperor gave me his arm and we passed through the gates of the town, towards the fortress built by Vauban. The view from the forts which defend the citadel is marvelous. On one side lie the harbor and the houses of the town clear-cut against the horizon; in front is the steeple of Ploermeur, its thatched huts dotted on the green valley; beyond can be seen only a vast stretch of blue sea, sparkling and restless, with, far in the distance, the vague outline of Groix island. I am told that each year an imposing ceremony takes place at the entrance to this little bay, when the fishing boats of Port Louis, Lorient, Ploermeur and Groix island gather together, while the clergy, chanting the sailor's hymn of 'Ave Maris Stella' come to the spot in a small chapel-like boat, and, in the name of the God who gives all things, bless the sea so that it will yield fish to the poor fisherman who henceforth will cast his net with greater confidence into the deep waves.

"The Emperor went into one of the bastions to examine the cannon and, after several trials of

them, led me to the rooms which he had occupied for a short while after the Strasbourg affair, when he was on the point of sailing for America. A touching incident occurred on that occasion. The Emperor was greeted by Mme. Porreaux, an old woman, widow of one of the artillerymen. She it was who had taken care of Prince Louis during his stay at Port Louis. 'I recognise you perfectly well,' said the old lady; 'you have not changed at all; you look just as good as you used to; and you were a very kind young man.' She then went into particulars, showing the Emperor the furniture which he had used at Port Louis, the old desk on which he used to write, the china bowl in which his tea was served, the statue of the Virgin of Marseilles and the portrait of Henri IV which had embellished his mantelpiece, together with some coffee cups which still stood there. 'Do you remember,' she said, 'that one day, when I went to that cupboard to fetch some sheets at the top, you gave me your hand to help me down?' 'And I give it you once more to-day, my good woman,' replied the Emperor, shaking hands with her cordially. I was much interested in all this scene and I encouraged Mme. Porreaux to speak of her family and circumstances. She told me she still had two children left, one of whom had been sergeant major at the siege of Constantine and was at present in very straitened circumstances, owing to the heavy expenses caused by a large family. The Emperor hastened to ensure his future well-being, and withdrew amidst a concert of thanks and blessings from all the members of the old woman's family."

The private secretary's notes continue: "On

their return to Lorient, the Emperor and Empress went to the arsenal and visited several vessels which were being constructed or repaired. The workmen greeted the sovereigns enthusiastically, much to their evident satisfaction, for if there is anything that goes right to the heart of Napoleon III, it is approval from the lower classes. I have often noticed this trait in His Majesty's character. At one moment, the cheers were so great that the director of naval constructions was unable to hear the Emperor's questions concerning the ships then being built. He was, in fact, on the point of commanding silence, when the Emperor intervened and exclaimed: 'Don't stop them; I like to hear them, and would much rather repeat all my questions than have them cease cheering.'

"A few hours later, the *Calvados* was launched from the Caudon docks. Before leaving the docks, the Emperor and Empress inspected with great interest the panoplies of instruments and tools which decorated their tent. Stopping in front of a trophy put up by the carpenters and decorated with a beautiful bunch of flowers, the Empress detached a blossom and showing it to the workmen who were surrounding her said: 'I shall keep it as a souvenir.' The words and act were most effective, for the workmen broke forth into deafening cheers and hurrahs.

"August 15th, which is the Feast of the Assumption and the anniversary of the Emperor's birth, was celebrated at the much venerated feet of Saint Anne, patron saint of Brittany; and almost endless ovations took place at Hennebont. On one of the numerous triumphal arches were inscribed the

words which give some idea of the warmth of the reception: 'To His Majesty the Emperor, the Breton's gratitude; to Her Majesty the Empress, personified goodness, God bless the Prince Imperial. All Bretons love him.' At Saint Gilles, Branderion, and Kermingny, everywhere, in fact, along the whole route, were monuments of verdure and flowers. Wild enthusiasm reigned everywhere, right up to Auray itself."

Another longer letter written by the Empress contains these passages: "Auray is a spot rich in memories. A short distance away, the Druids' religion has left its traces in the gigantic stones of Carnac, where the fields are strewn with menhirs and dolmens, in the grottoes of Plouarnel and of Locmariaquer. At the gates of the town, Jean de Montfort and Charles de Blois came to blows in 1364 at a decisive action in which Du Guesclin took part. Charles de Blois lost his life and Montfort remained Duke of Brittany. In a meadow near the town, bearing the lugubrious name of 'Martyrs' Field,' the republican soldiers in 1795 shot the unfortunate prisoners of Quiberon, victims to their monarchial opinions. A monument has been erected there with this inscription on it: 'Hic ceciderunt.' On the martyrs' tomb I read: 'Gallia moerens posuit.' Everywhere in this land, racked and defaced by intestine wars, even stones and bushes, witnesses of such glorious exploits and sad carnage, speak to the travelers' imagination. These souvenirs may be awakened without fear now, for we were greeted everywhere in Brittany with joy unalloyed and touching in its sincerity.

"The town is built on a hill. The Imperial

cortége descended a sinuous street and thus reached the port. On the Blavet bridge, the fishermen had arranged a kind of awning with their nets. Further on, another monument had been erected by the town workmen. From Auray to Saint Anne the road was lined with pilgrims who never stopped cheering us. We were both very much touched by such greetings from these Bretons, who, in spite of their staunchness as Bretons, were careful to let us see that they were also Frenchmen. They are all wearing the tricolour cockade, and the women have bows made of ribands of the national colours. The French flag is flying everywhere. At the doors of their mud huts, covered with thatch, are hung the finest of their ancestral clothes, crosses, rustic images, every treasure they possess; and all this to do honor to their sovereigns. It all touches me deeply. On one of these cottages near Saint Anne might be read this inscription, roughly hewn, but full of high thoughts: 'They spend one instant at Saint Anne, but will live in our hearts for ever.' Further on, we passed beneath a triumphal arch on which were written the following words, reminders of glorious days for France: 'Rome—Crimea,' and a sentence taken from the Book of Saints: 'Fiat manustua super virum dexteræ tuæ.'

"I was much interested in the history of the pilgrimage of Saint Anne and I asked to have the story told me in detail. Here it is. In former times an oratory, dedicated to the mother of the Virgin Mary, had existed at Plumeret in a field called *le Bocenno*. It had never been possible to plow the spot where the oratory formerly stood, the oxen refusing to step on the ground, and the plow-

shares would break if the farmers attempted to force them beyond a certain limit. In the country district this fact was proverbial, and everywhere it was said that 'One must be careful of the Chapel when plowing at Bocenno.' Near the field was a small village called Ker-Anna in remembrance of the oratory. At the beginning of the 17th century a farmer living in the village, a simple and God-fearing man named Nicolazic, had a strange experience. Legend has it that Providence, ever more ready to reveal her mysteries to the humble than to the proud, warned Nicolazic by reiterated visions of Saint Anne, that the woman chosen in this world to be the grandmother of Christ, was to be specially venerated in that neighborhood which had formerly been the site of her generosity. Nicolazic was laughed at, repulsed by the clergy, treated as a mad man, but his faith could not be shaken.

"Wonderful things occurred, it is said, which confirmed the Christian's words. An antique statue was found in the field by two peasants who were led thither by a torch which fell from heaven. At first it was stood up only on the grass; but after an investigation conducted by Sebastien de Rosmadec, Bishop of Vannes, and Dom Jacques Bullion, Bachelor at the Sorbonne, it was decided to erect an altar for it, and on July 4, 1628, the first stone was laid, in the presence of thirty thousand pilgrims. Nicolazic died of joy, after having prayed for some years at the foot of the statue of St. Anne, which was eventually visited on every anniversary by thousands of the faithful. It is said that a peaceful moment preceded the good man's last breath. 'Here is the Blessed Virgin,' said he, 'and Saint Anne,

my good mistress.' He was buried at the very spot where he had found the miraculous statue and there his bones rest to this day.

"Since then the pilgrimages to Saint Anne have become famous. The Sovereign Pontiffs have encouraged it, by granting favors and blessings to those who take part in it, while numerous prayers have been heard, thanks to the intercession of the venerated patron, and Breton piety has made it a custom to pray at her shrine in all the more important circumstances of life. Anne of Austria came here to ask that children might be given to her, and Louis XIII, Louis XIV, Henrietta Maria of England, Maria Leckzinska, Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette all sent gifts in proof of their faith in the power and goodness of this noble saint. We could not fail to bear our testimony by our presence to all the wonderful powers possessed by so blessed a shrine.

"Saint Anne's chapel is situated at the end of a vast courtyard surrounded by buildings which formed the Carmelite convent and which later became a Catholic boys' school. The courtyard is entered by a triple portico surmounted by an exterior altar reached by two large staircases built on the model of the stairway at San Giovanni in Laterano in Rome. It is called the Scala Sancta. Because of the high altar, twenty thousand persons can be present at mass. The number of ex-votoes or tablets on the walls of the chapel is innumerable. A 'Holy Family' was promised by the Emperor, and I will see that it is given.

"Great preparations were naturally made to receive us here with all due solemnity and splendor.

An immense crowd stood around the large enclosure. In the yard itself, thousands of pilgrims were gathered, while at the door of the chapel were stationed the clergy of the diocese preceded by the bishop and surrounded by the pupils of the school mentioned above. All were waiting for our coming. Between the chapel and the altar of the Scala Sancta was a dais of green velvet dotted with golden bees, and all protected by two richly decorated tents. On the front of the chapel, below the statue of Saint Anne, had been placed the Imperial crown and several blue flags. Blue, as you know, is the color of the Prince Imperial and thus it seemed that the Imperial family was being placed under the protection of the patron saint of Brittany.

"Cannon, music, and vociferous cheering greeted our arrival at noon. Then the octogenarian bishop stepped forward and made a touching speech in which he thanked the Emperor for all he had done for France, and for the Church. 'Deign, sire,' he added, 'to look with special favor on the prayers for you made by an old bishop who has not forgotten that it is to Napoleon I that his father owed the joy of returning to his country and of finding a living here.' He ended by calling for a blessing from heaven 'on the Prince Imperial and the sovereigns.' His words were so full of feeling that I was really much moved. Nor was the Emperor less so when, replying to the Bishop, he said, as well as I can recall his words: 'There are days when sovereigns must set an example; there are others when they must follow the example set by others. That is why, in accordance with the ancient custom of the

country, I have desired to come here on my anniversary to pray God for that which is the object of all my efforts and my hopes—the well-being of the nation whom he has sent me to govern. I am happy to be welcomed by so venerable a prelate and I rely on your prayers to draw down upon me a heavenly blessing.' I thought the Emperor's little speech was well turned. Anyway, it was well delivered and very well received, for, in the midst of enthusiastic ovations, the Emperor and myself took our place beneath the dais and crossed the courtyard in procession, followed by the clergy and the members of our household. We were then led to the interior chapel and recited the litany of Saint Anne, while the imposing 'Domine Salvum fac imperatorem nostrum Napoleonem' was chanted by clergy, choir, and people, and repeated by the crowds outside. We were then conducted to our thrones with the same ceremony.

"Mass was said on the altar on the Scala Sancta, while religious airs, rendered by the infantry band, alternated with singing by the pupils of the school. Cannons were fired at the elevation of the Host. At the end of the mass, a voice was heard invoking the protection of Saint Anne on the Emperor, myself and the Prince Imperial. The air chosen was a popular one, and the chorus was taken up by thousands of voices. All hearts were filled with emotion at the spontaneous and hearty rendering of this song by all those present, and no hearts were fuller than our own.

"After the service, sixty thousand medals were brought to the Bishop to be blessed as souvenirs of the Emperor's visit to Saint Anne. The Bishop

then intoned the Te Deum, and once again the procession went round the courtyard, preceded by a magnificent white moiré silk banner embroidered in gold, the image of Saint Anne being on one side and the arms of France on the other. This banner was one of our gifts, the golden niche, in which the statue of Saint Anne was borne, being another. We afterwards visited the school where the pupils recited verses, and bidding good-by to the Bishop, the Emperor expressed a fear lest the fatigues of that day should injure his health, adding: 'The pleasure I have had in seeing you, Monseigneur, would be much spoilt if you should suffer thereby.' "

In another letter written by the Empress, I find these passages: "The welcome given to us at Vannes was very cordial and imposing. The following morning, after the Emperor had distributed decorations in the courtyard of the prefecture, we left Vannes about ten o'clock in the midst of enthusiastic demonstrations. Outside Vannes were crowds of peasants who accompanied us, not merely on horseback, but also in carts, into which were packed as many spectators as possible. It was a strange sight, this long string of horsemen and vehicles struggling one with another, stopping up the way and each one trying to get ahead of his neighbor. Our post-chaise hurried over the road. At Mencon, Grandchamp, and other places, were masses of flowers and flags. At a distance of some twelve miles beyond Vannes, our carriages stopped. We were in front of a triumphal arch surmounted by the Imperial arms and formed of foliage, flowers, flags, agricultural implements, while the base

was surrounded by farmers holding oxen harnessed to the plow. This was the entrance to the chalet erected on Cornhoet plain by Princess Baciocchi, a cousin of the Emperor, and whose hospitality we had accepted for lunch. The peasants had placed the following inscription over the archway, in Breton: 'Dent mad er Korn er Hoet,' which may be translated, 'Welcome to Cornhoet.' Children from the Moustoirac schools strewed flowers in front of us, while two young girls presented us with nosegays. The Princess greeted her guests warmly and we embraced her cordially. We then visited the whole chalet, which is filled with portraits of various members of the Napoleonic family. Luncheon was served in a rustic hall, formed of roughly hewn trees, and carpeted with moss and plants. Besides our two suites, there were present, Marshall Vaillant, Minister of War, Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, and several personalities of the region.

"Out on the road and on the surrounding plain were crowds of peasants with long hair and on horseback, wearing their picturesque costume, consisting of wide-brimmed hats, and white clothes embroidered in red and black. Each village delegation had a flag of its own and was led by its priest and public officials. Some of the peasants, I am told, have come more than twenty leagues to see the Emperor. The official persons and the veterans of Saint Helena and of the Crimea were admitted into the park with the young girls' deputation. An enormous crowd was gathered on the heath. No sovereign has visited Brittany since Henri IV, I am informed, and the enthusiasm and cheering were

positively astounding. Princess Baciocchi had prepared food of all sorts for all these people.

"The chalet of Cornhoet had been brought piecemeal from Paris and put up in a month and a half. It commands the plain and its wild environment is both delightful and imposing. The Princess does much good in the neighborhood. She has bought much land, imported sheep of the best French and Scotch breeds, and has vast portions of the plain converted into pasture land and artificial meadows. She has even gone in for excavations which have led to the discovery of dolmens at Cornhoet similar to those of Carnac and Locmariaquer. She has followed the example set by the Emperor in Sologne and in the plains of Gascony, and her coming to Brittany has been a blessing to the country. This visit to Cornhoet is one of the most curious features of this strange trip, one of the most interesting indeed which I ever undertook, and which I shall remember with deep pleasure for many years to come."

Here is a final extract from this little collection of Eugénie's letters: "A warm welcome awaited us at Pontivy-Napoleonville, where was a curious cavalcade of fifteen hundred Breton cavaliers, almost all clothed in white coats with basques and wearing huge round hats which they waved as they passed in front of the Emperor and me. Their wives, who rode on the same horse with their husbands, were decked out in festive garb, almost all wearing richly embroidered red gowns. In the crowd of horsemen were, I am told, mayors and land-owners all mixed up with the peasants. There was the usual reception at the prefecture, with the

usual speeches, and in the evening, illuminations and fire-works. The national dances, very lively and animated, were given, and all the country steps were gone through with, much to the delight of the spectators, and especially to me.

"The journey was continued through the department of Côtes-du-Nord, passing by Loudeac, where a fine arch had been erected, and where the reception was extremely hearty. From Napoleonville to Loudeac, we were escorted by three hundred and fifty riders from the canton of Goarec, whose places were taken at Loudeac by a similar number of farmers from the canton of Mur, who, in their turn, gave way to an escort of young men from the canton of Corlay, when we reached Pontgamp. At this last-named town, our carriage passed under another triumphal archway, while at Plouguenast, I remarked a beautiful arbor of moss and flowers. I was especially struck by the fine spectacle offered by the little town of Moncontour. It still retains its old walls which withstood the assaults of so many sieges. Its position on the slope of a hill between two charming valleys was not only important from a strategic point of view, but is very picturesque. Crowds gathered on the gothic archway, on the sides of the hills, and even on the granite rocks through which runs a little bubbling stream, 'to cheer and welcome you,' the village priest very neatly remarked as he was presented to us."

Such is a rather detailed account of one of these successful and characteristic official visits, in which was happily combined foreign interests and home affairs. It was learned later that the Queen and

the Prince Consort read with interest in the Paris journals the reports of the journey. "All this proves that the Empire is firmly planted in the hearts of the people," said an ambassador in the presence of the royal family. The Queen bowed assent. When the Emperor was told of this, he remarked: "Well, this confirms a favorite hobby of mine. A monarch is respected abroad in proportion as he is respected at home. An enthusiastic public reception in which the whole population takes part is as good as adding a new man-of-war to the navy. I have been made fun of sometimes for paying so much attention to my popularity among the lower classes. But I do not think this is time or labor lost; and I am now sure Queen Victoria shares my view."

CHAPTER XI

VISITS TO GERMANY AND EGYPT

In 1860 the Empire was at the height of its fame. The visit which the Emperor paid to Baden in the summer of this year was a signal proof of this fact. He met there several sovereigns and German princes—the Kings of Prussia, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Saxony and Hanover; the Dukes of Nassau and of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; the Prince of Hohenzollern, the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess of Baden and his cousin the Grand Duchess Stephanie, born Beauharnais. It was a brilliant gathering. Referring to this event, several years later, the Emperor said one day: "It was an important meeting. I was then looked upon as the arbiter of Europe and the protector of monarchical authority. It is true that clouds were gathering on the Italian horizon, because of the Roman question, but, as regards Germany and Russia, not only was all calm but there was a marked exchange of friendly sentiments."

It has long been the policy of France to be on friendly terms with Spain, for in this way her whole southwest border is safe in case of a European war. Napoleon III always felt that his great uncle had made a grave mistake in his aggressive policy in the Iberian peninsula and one of the most constant efforts of the Second Empire was to improve its

relations with Spain. In fact, the initial cause of the war of 1870 was fear on the part of France lest a German prince be placed on the Spanish throne. In the autumn of 1863, an occasion offered for the French government to show its friendliness to her neighbor, and the occasion was seized. The Imperial family had been spending the summer at Biarritz, and when the Emperor and the young Prince Imperial returned to Paris in October, the Empress embarked on the *Aigle* and landed on the 18th at Valencia. One of the ladies in her suite kept a journal of this visit, from which, I think, the following extracts may be made with propriety.

"The Empress's fellow countrymen and countrywomen are evidently delighted to see her again after an absence of eleven years. They have cheered her enthusiatically all the way from Valencia to Madrid, which we reached at eleven at night. We were met at the station by the King, Don Francisco d'Assis, who was surrounded by all the high functionaries of the court. He and the Empress immediately entered a state coach drawn by eight horses, and the brilliantly lighted royal palace was soon reached. The Empress felt considerable emotion as she once again entered the splendid residence built by Charles III on the height which had been formerly occupied by the Alcazar, and the next day she told me that all the time recollections of her early youth were running in her head: her first appearance at court, where her mother was keeper of the Queen's wardrobe, and her first successes in high Spanish society.

"The palace staircase is magnificent. The steps are made of solid blocks of black and white marble

and on each one stood a magnificent halberdier. On the second landing stood Queen Isabella, waiting to greet the Empress. She kissed her warmly and conducted her to the King's apartments, which had been reserved for her, and a few moments later sent her, by a nobleman, a case containing a key fashioned in gold and silver, and most artistically worked. It was the key of the palace. The Empress was much touched by this delicate act, which was truly Castilian. The next day, the Empress drove about the city with the Queen, King and Princess Anna Murat. That evening there was a grand performance at the Royal Theatre. The large auditorium presented a fairylike aspect, filled with two thousand guests, the ladies sparkling in jewels. The Empress occupied the large box opposite the stage, and was seated between the King and Queen. She was naturally the cynosure of all eyes and was warmly applauded, for many of those present had been her guests at the Tuileries, at Compiègne or at Fontainebleau, and all knew how ardently she was attached to her native land and how often she expressed the hope that Spain might eventually take rank again among the great powers in the European alliance.

"The Empress is, of course, very careful to let it be seen how much she appreciates the warm manner in which she is everywhere received. She was given a fine opportunity to do this when she met the whole diplomatic corps, the other evening, at the French embassy. The French ambassador, M. Adolphe Barrot, brother of Odillon Barrot, the celebrated orator and statesman, and of Ferdinand Barrot, is particularly well remembered by the Empress, for he it was who, when French minister at Brus-

sels, helped to defeat the Orsini outrage, by putting the police on the track of one of the murderer's accomplices. A still better chance was afforded the Empress of letting all Spain see how touched she was, at the splendid ball given in the royal palace and at another ball offered her by the diplomatic corps. The Empress was struck by the magnificence of the first function, and especially noticed the superb candelabra in rock crystal which hung from the ceiling painted by Tiepolo, representing the exaltation of the Spanish monarchy. Pointing up to this masterpiece during the evening's entertainment, the Empress said to the King with great felicity: 'The Venetian artist has there expressed what the Emperor and I both feel so truly.' We also greatly admired the walls covered with crimson velvet, edged with gold, and the Empress's attention was particularly centered on a dozen marble tables, set in front of twelve large mirrors, these tables being loaded with art objects of the highest value.

"The Empress left Madrid on October 21st. The Queen, preceded by the grandees of Spain and followed by the royal family, went to the apartments of the Empress at ten o'clock in the morning, where they found their guest attired for the journey and awaiting them. The same coach and eight, the horses harnessed in red and white, which had brought us from the station, now took us there again. But this time, the Queen accompanied us. Just as the Empress was getting into the train, the Queen handed her a bracelet on which was formed in rubies and diamonds the words: Recuerdo, souvenir."

The sovereigns parted after an affectionate fare-

well. Some years later, they frequently met, for Queen Isabella, after her descent from the throne, resided in Paris till her death in 1904. The ties between her and Eugénie remained unbroken during the exile of them both, and the latter never passed through Paris on her way south, after the fall of the Empire, without paying a visit to the Hôtel de Castille, in the Avenue Kléber, which has now given way to a big modern caravansary.

On October 10, 1846, Queen Isabella of Spain, then but sixteen years old, married her cousin, Don Francisco d'Assis, Duke of Cadiz, and on the same day the Duc de Montpensier, a younger son of Louis Philippe, married the Infanta Louisa, sister of Queen Isabella. These unions disturbed the good relations between France and England, for the latter country saw in them, and especially in that of the son of the French king, the possibility of the crown of Spain and France belonging to the same family. In fact, in 1869, the Duc de Montpensier really did aspire to the vacant throne of Spain. So one of the aims of Napoleon III was to remove all cause of friction between the three sister nations. He began the good work with Spain and France. Hence the importance of the visit of Don Francisco, who arrived at Saint Cloud on August 16, 1864. This visit had been planned long beforehand and the Emperor and the Empress had determined that it should be magnificently carried out, chiefly for the reasons just given.

Don Francisco, who spent the last years of his life almost constantly in Paris, did not at that date know much of the French capital, not having returned there since his childhood, and the Emperor

desired to give him, in the course of a few days, an adequate idea of modern Paris, from the military, artistic, industrial and worldly point of view; to say nothing of a glance at its archeological treasures. Moreover, it was decided that a grand fête should be offered at Versailles to this descendant of Louis XIV, a fête which was to be somewhat similar to that which had been organized in 1855 on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit.

Interviews concerning the arrangement of the program took place several times between M. Drouyn de Lhuys, French Foreign Minister, and M. Isturzz, then Spanish ambassador, who carried his seventy-four years very lightly, and whose proverbial wit did not diminish with his advancing age. Both the Emperor and the Empress always enjoyed his conversation, which sparkled with fine and well-chosen humor, and was replete with anecdote, the result of his long and varied career. He had been Spanish ambassador to England three times in ten years, which led him to remark to the American Minister to France: "You might think our Foreign Minister were a son of General Jackson," a reference, of course, to the custom which President Jackson is said to have introduced into American public life of changing the office-holders with every new administration.

In one of these meetings between the two diplomats to arrange for this visit, M. Drouyn de Lhuys read to Don Xavier the following very much overcrowded program:

"The first day: presentation at Saint Cloud of the different persons of rank; second and third days: visits to the monuments of the capital fol-

lowed by a gala dinner at the Tuileries and a gala representation at the Opera; fourth day: review of the troops on the Champ de Mars, and fête at Versailles. The fifth day——"

Here the Spanish ambassador interrupted the Minister with a smile, saying: "The fifth day, funeral of the ambassador."

Nevertheless, the program was accepted, and on the evening of April 16th the Emperor went to the temporary station in the park of Saint Cloud, to meet Don Francisco.

During the Prince Consort's stay there was a grand gala performance at the Opera. The Emperor, the Empress and the guest of honor occupied a large box in the center of the theater instead of the box to the left which was used on ordinary occasions. The center box used for gala nights was made by the withdrawal of several partitions, thus throwing several boxes into one large one which was suitably decorated for the event. The ordinary Imperial box on the left was occupied on that occasion by a brilliant party from the diplomatic corps.

Unfortunately the Empress was saddened that evening by a painful occurrence. The charming Princess Czartoryska, daughter of Queen Christine and the Duke of Rianzares, was then at death's door. The Empress was very fond of the charming young woman who had been for several years past the victim of a cruel disease. During the day, making the most of the few hours of liberty which she might hope to enjoy while Don Francisco was receiving the members of the Spanish colony at the Embassy, Eugénie paid a short visit to her young friend.

Weak as she was, the Princess still believed in the possibility of recovery, and happy at having the Empress near her for an instant, made her promise to return again within a few days. Deeply moved, she promised to do so, and sorrowfully withdrew. A few days later Eugénie kept the promise but not in the way in which the Princess anticipated; for she was never again to see in full life this delicate Spanish flower which had been transplanted from its sunny climate to the sad though sumptuous palace in the Ile Saint Louis, built by a magistrate in the seventeenth century, decorated by Lepautre, Lebrun and Lesueur, immortalized by Voltaire, which, after many vicissitudes, had become the property of the Princess Czartoryska. This palace, by the way, is still visited by tourists to Paris. On the very morning of the day on which the grand fête at Versailles was to take place, the Empress learned that Princess Ampara Czartoryska had breathed her last. She immediately sent word to her reader, Mademoiselle Bouvet, to come and accompany her and in a post-chaise they left Saint Cloud, rapidly crossed the Bois de Boulogne, and driving the length of the quays reached the Ile Saint Louis.

The somber hotel was closed to all but the near friends. Eugénie hastened to the death-chamber, which was hung with red damask, where Princess Ampara lay like a sleeping child, her head buried in her waving brown hair, no trace of suffering on the pretty youthful face which was now stamped with the supernatural serenity, the mighty calm of death. Weeping, the Empress prayed long in the darkened chamber, lighted only by the candles near the bed; then laying on the coffin the flowers she had brought

she withdrew, deeply moved. Princess Ampara resembled somewhat the Duchesse d'Albe, and the Empress's thoughts flew to that much loved sister whom she had been unable to see during her last moments on earth.

Notwithstanding this sad errand, and the sorrowful thoughts of the drive back to Saint Cloud, barely had the Empress reached the castle, before it became necessary for her to cast grief aside and prepare to start for Versailles, where the admirable and magnificent fête had been so carefully prepared for the Spanish King. This incident well illustrates one of the unpleasant sides of a ruler's existence. He is never his own master; this supreme governor of men, whom the ignorant imagine the happiest of mortals.

The court started from Saint Cloud at three o'clock and drove rapidly to the Trianon, where, by the way, the Empress had for several years past been collecting all articles which had once belonged to Marie Antoinette. She was quite proud to show her future museum to the Spanish sovereign, who greatly encouraged Eugénie in the work.

It may be interesting to describe in some detail one of these out-door festivals which were so famous under the Second Empire.

Before the imperial party arrived, a very considerable number of guests had already filled the park of Versailles. Indeed, they had begun to gather quite early in the morning, for numerous invitations had been sent out to the official and elegant society of Paris. At six o'clock the King, accompanied by the Emperor, the Empress, the Princes of the family, and all the court, were con-

ducted to the principal fountains in the park: the Star, the Colonnade, Apollo, Latone, Neptune, Flora, where Molière's play *La Princesse d'Elide* was given for the first time in the Bosquet de la Reine, so famous by its association with the sad affair of the diamond necklace, that curious episode of the old régime that the Emperor and the Empress more than once tried to fathom.

Having visited the park, the royal party returned to the castle, entering by the marble courtyard and stopping in front of the grand staircase. On each step was stationed one of the Cent Gardes, and the salons and galleries, the railings and banisters, were all covered with flowers and ferns. It seemed indeed as though the home of Louis XIV had awakened to all its splendor and was once again inhabited by a brilliant court, to greet the great king's grand-nephew, who was now the honored guest within its walls.

After an hour spent by the ladies in changing their gowns, the court met again for dinner. This took place in the apartment formerly occupied by the Queen. Immediately afterwards there was a representation in the theater of *Psyche,* a fine ballet with choruses by Corneille and Molière, which had been played in the palace in the time of Louis XIV. A then famous dancer, Mademoiselle Fiocre, very gracefully personified Love in the ballet.

After the ballet came the illuminations, which were magnificent, and greatly enhanced by the beauty of the evening. The wonderful fireworks were considered fairylike not only by the sovereigns and their guests, but also by the large mass of spectators gathered in every part of the grounds. A

more personal detail may be given, perhaps. The Empress was wearing a white tulle gown, trimmed with roses, while from her shoulders fell a long cashmere mantle of red cloth embroidered with gold. When the first rockets went up, she expressed the desire to leave the terrace and, leaning on the King of Spain's arm, they walked about among the crowd, followed only by a lady in waiting and the Duc de Morny. So great was the enthusiasm of the spectators and so eager their desire to give them a warm greeting, that the Empress's mantle was in rags before she could escape. The Emperor was a little nervous for a moment, and when she got back to his side, on the more protected terrace, he remarked: "You must feel like exclaiming: 'Save me from my friends.'" It was an evening truly worthy of the Versailles of Louis XIV and the end was not less brilliant than the beginning. It closed with a supper in the Galerie des Glaces, during which the Opera orchestra was heard, and warmly applauded by everybody. To recall the comment of Don Francisco: "To listen to this music was alone worth the journey from Madrid to Paris."

The Court returned to Saint Cloud at two o'clock in the morning, after a day which has remained legendary in the annals of royal festivities. After the emotions of the morning and the constant ceremonial of that long day, the Empress might justly have claimed the right to be tired. She had the satisfaction, however, of having witnessed the full realization of an idea which originated with her, that of giving to the grand-nephew of Louis XIV a really unique fête, in every respect worthy of the great

"Roi Soleil," the creator of Versailles, and recalling the magnificent splendor of his memorable reign.

King Francisco left France after a stay of eight days at Saint Cloud, delighted with the cordial welcome he had received everywhere. He still remembered it in 1868 when the revolution forced the royal family to leave Spain, for it was to France that the husband of Queen Isabella returned, and there he died some years ago. The Emperor and the Empress met him frequently during the closing years of his life and more than once he spoke of this visit and especially of "that never-to-be-forgotten day at Versailles," as he used to say.

After the departure of King Francisco, wishing to show still greater interest in her native land, the Empress drove to pay a visit to Queen Christine of Spain, widow of Ferdinand VII and mother of Queen Isabella, also of several other notable children, among whom was Princess Ampara above mentioned. Queen Christine, by the way, lived with her husband in the house in the Champs Elysées long known as the Hôtel de la Reine Christine, which was inhabited during about twenty years by the Duchesse d'Uzès, born Mortemart.

Thus ended this memorable visit which did not a little to draw Spain and France more closely together, and thus did Napoleon III ever labor to the best interests of his country; and the Empress took a deep interest in this good work, especially in this instance, for, while loving her adopted land, she never forgot that of her birth.

In the early autumn of 1864 it was announced that Prince Humbert of Savoy was coming to France to accompany the Emperor to the maneuvers at the

camp of Chalons, and it was considered necessary to receive the son of Victor Emmanuel with great ceremony. This visit of the heir apparent belonged to a period of transformation which Italy was perforce traversing. The capital was still at Turin, though, for the better interests of the different provinces, it was considered necessary to remove it to Florence. While recognizing the necessity for this change, it was a matter of deep regret for Victor Emmanuel that he should have to deprive Turin, the cradle of the house of Savoy, of the privileges attached to the capitol of a great state; but there were powerful considerations in favor of the proposed change, considerations of an administrative, strategical and parliamentary order which could not be overlooked. It was easy to guess, however, though Chevalier Nigra, minister of the Italian king and *persona grata* at the French court, was careful not to hint at it, that the secret hope of Italian statesmen was to reach Rome one day; and they considered the move to Florence a long step in that direction. But the hour had not yet struck for this, and but for the French reverses in 1870, the change would certainly not have been accomplished as soon as was the case. Cavour himself was long hostile to a too rapid entrance into Rome, declaring that there should always be left a future goal for the nation to aim at. These matters, though in everybody's mind at the moment of this visit, were not broached, for the Empress, for one, did not like Italian politics, deeply attached as she was to the Holy See and fearing the ambitious aims and projects of Victor Emmanuel. Everybody knew her

views on these points and so these burning questions were avoided.

Prince Humbert was only twenty in 1864 when he came to Paris. He bore very little resemblance to Victor Emmanuel, though he strenuously sought to imitate his manners. He was much more like Princess Clotilde; but in spite of a certain similarity of features, their faces nevertheless offered striking differences, especially in expression. Again, the timidity and gentleness of the brother were replaced in the sister by vivacity, firmness and tenacity of purpose.

For several days Saint Cloud was the theater of grand receptions and festivities in honor of the young Prince, who proved very amiable and gracious. At one of the receptions, it may be noted, the celebrated Comtesse de Castiglione made her appearance. It was one of the last occasions on which this remarkable woman was seen at Court, and the fact still remains vividly fixed in my mind. She was presented to the young Prince, who admitted that he was very curious to meet her, and declared afterwards that she came up to his expectations. This is not always the case, by the way.

After the autumn maneuvers at Chalons, evidently much pleased with the cordial welcome given him by his hosts and their court, the future unfortunate King of Italy returned home. Ever afterwards he had a warm place in his heart for France and the French people, notwithstanding the fact that Italian statesmen, under the influence of Bismarck, strove for many years to separate the two countries. But during the Second Empire, and especially during the earlier period, Napoleon III held them together,

and if they came together once more in the very first years of the present century, this natural and happy result was due in no small measure to the old sentiments of friendliness solidly established by the Emperor, of which this visit was one of the foundation stones.

After the departure of Prince Humbert, the Empress visited the mineral springs of Schwalbach, a small town in the duchy of Nassau, then governed by Duke Adolphus, who was mulcted of his dominion in 1866, because of his support of Austria in Prussia's conflict with that power, but later became Duke of Luxembourg.

At that time she was suffering from nervous spasms, and the consequent inability to take food had reduced her to a state of extreme weakness. The doctors advised her to cross the frontier and seek health at the waters of Schwalbach. But owing to the political difficulties then prevalent, the Empress was most reluctant to follow their advice and only consented to do so on condition that she should be allowed to avoid all pomp and Court ceremonial, and live in Germany in the strictest privacy. The necessary diplomatic negotiations and formalities having been attended to, it was finally agreed that, traveling under the name of Comtesse de Pierrefonds, she would in no way be subjected to the numerous and wearisome duties of a sovereign. If I am not mistaken, this was, by the way, the first time Eugénie used this convenient incognito title, which of course comes from the splendidly restored historic castle of Pierrefonds, near Compiègne.

The Empress left Saint Cloud by the Imperial train, on September 5th at seven o'clock in the even-

ing, and reached the frontier about six the following morning, when the French officials, who had accompanied the train, having to make way for German officials, the latter expressed the desire to "present their respects to the Empress." In spite of the earliness of the hour, the latter considered it necessary to comply with this strange request, and received them. Thereupon, they presented to her a bunch of rare orchids, accompanied by a compliment drawn up in the form of a madrigal, which declared that the "most beautiful flowers of Germany hastened to welcome the most beautiful flower of France." This rather heavy bit of Teutonic flattery is mentioned here as a striking illustration of the friendly feeling for France then existing even in the minor German official world. These well-intentioned individuals carried their chivalrous enthusiasm to the point of decorating with wreaths of flowers the locomotive which was to draw the Imperial train. Though her sleep had been interrupted —albeit in so poetical a manner—the Empress warmly thanked the officials for their courteous reception, and the train was soon rolling along on German soil.

The inhabitants of the country round about knew of Eugénie's coming and her incognito was consequently not much respected. At every station were words of welcome and cheers innumerable uttered by sympathetic crowds, which still further proves what I have always held, that if Bismarck and other high German politicians had not forced Germany into a war with France, the people of the two nations would have lived on in peace.

The train hurried over the gigantic bridge which

spans the Rhine, passed through Mayence with its pink stone houses, and reached Wiesbaden at one o'clock. All along the route the Empress had observed every feature of land and people, for this was her first visit to Germany, since some years, and everything interested her in this country, so different from France in many respects. In fact this journey across the Rhine did much to reawaken her waning love for travel, which grew stronger and stronger with the years.

The Duke of Nassau had sent one of his aides-de-camp to offer his services and to beg that the Empress would continue her journey in the ducal carriages, which were in attendance, and were driven by postilions in orange and blue livery. But as she did not wish to make any changes in the program which had been laid out for her, she sent her thanks to the Duke for his kind attention and mounted, with the suite, into the hired landaus which drove for two hours through a beautiful hilly country. It was pouring with rain when they reached Schwalbach, but the Empress was warmly welcomed by a crowd of spectators and bathers.

She took up her abode in a villa of modest appearance, and adopted the mode of living of all visitors at that watering place. Every one seemed to take interest in her health and she was the object of many kind attentions. The Empress soon perceived a visible change in her appearance, and little by little she gained strength. It was clearly evident that these excellent waters were producing their usual effect.

The party consisted, among others, of the ladies of the Palace, Comtesse de la Bédoyère and Com-

tesse de la Poèze, both daughters of the Marquis de la Rochelambert, formerly French minister in Prussia; they knew German and Germany well, having been partly educated in that country, and were, chiefly for that reason, chosen to go with the Empress on this tour, her own knowledge of that difficult language being very poor, especially at that time. Several high Court male officials were also in her suite.

The following description of the daily life at Schwalbach is taken from letters written from there at the time by a member of the household. This correspondence is here used for the first time:

"German hours and mode of living have been adopted by us all. The Empress drinks the tepid, effervescing waters with great regularity and takes the noted baths, which are certainly doing her much good. The regulation bath and walk are followed by dinner at two o'clock, when the local dishes are partaken of without murmur, even to the *kirschen compote* which accompanies the roast joint. One day, in honor of the French sovereign, pullets from France were sent to the table. The Empress rarely notices what is set before her, and, being absorbed in conversation, she helped herself somewhat absent-mindedly; seeing, however, that the dish went the round of the table without being touched by any of those present, she enquired why no one was eating.

"'Madame,' was the reply, 'it is because of the peculiar odor which emanates from that dish!'

"The Empress started and said, with a smile: 'Ah! and you were going to let me eat it!'

"The experiment with French dishes has not,

therefore, proved a success, and, after this experience, we are determined that chickens and other viands of local breeding only shall be employed.

"In spite of her desire to lead a very simple, healthy life, adhering strictly to the régime of the place, the Empress cannot avoid receiving certain princely visitors. Queen Sophie of the Netherlands, on her way to Evian, has expressed a desire to break her journey for a few hours in order to see the Empress whom she appears to be fond of, and with whom she has kept up a regular correspondence.

"The King of Prussia announced his visit at the same time as the Queen of Holland. A large bunch of roses accompanied the message by which 'the King of Prussia asked to be allowed to pay his respects to the Comtesse de Pierrefonds.' He was then staying at Baden with his daughter, the Grand Duchess Louise. It was impossible for the Empress, in spite of the strict incognito which she is maintaining, to refuse to receive King William. So he came. On this occasion, and in order to show his respect for the Empress's desire for privacy, the King abandoned, for the nonce, his uniform, and put on ordinary civilian clothes, wearing, however—although his visit took place during the daytime—the cordon of the Legion of Honor under his coat. The King's courtesy towards women is well known. With the Empress, whom he admires very much, as could be seen, he adopted a rather paternal tone which was permitted by his greater age. A double motive is attributed to his visit."

An effort was made by the German official world to induce the Empress to waive her objections, and

pay some visits to the surrounding princes. Great importance was given to the smallest movements of sovereigns in that most aristocratic country, and it was not without regret she was informed that the Court of Berlin witnessed her studied avoidance of all compromising intercourse with the different members of the royal family of Prussia during the sojourn across the Rhine. It was doubtless felt that such abstention, though justified by her bad state of health, and the events then occurring in the duchies —Denmark had just been forced by Prussia and Austria to renounce Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg—might pass in the eyes of Europe as a token of unfriendliness. The Prussians desired to obtain the absolute neutrality of France in the conflicts then pending, and it was natural, therefore, that the King should use his influence to obtain Eugénie's consent to make and receive a few important visits.

It will be remembered that at one time it was suggested that France should intervene in favor of Denmark. Reasons of a general character caused this project to be abandoned and France was forced to adopt a diplomatic course, in spite of the fact that all her sympathies were with Denmark, and opposed to the policy by which the three duchies were given to Prussia and Austria, the victorious countries. It is evident that, under such circumstances, the Empress felt no inclination for princely visits which could only be painful for her, and could in no way change the course of events. The King, no doubt, thought that by his courteous efforts he would overcome this reluctance and bring about a meeting at Baden between her and Queen Augusta. He urged this, but the Empress declined very decidedly,

alleging as a sufficient excuse the poor state of her health, and the doctors' orders, which would not allow her to interrupt, even for a day, the course of treatment she was then following. So the King gave the matter up, without showing too plainly the disappointment he undoubtedly felt.

The correspondent, from whom citations have already been given, continues as follows the record of this German sojourn: "The Empress now hopes she has done with visitors. Entirely engrossed by her course of treatment, and anxious to have a complete rest from politics, she takes the baths, drinks the waters, scrupulously walks the prescribed distances, and makes many excursions in the country round about, which she has much enjoyed. Among other places the Empress has visited Schlangenbad, a neighboring spring which is said to have the power of giving the freshness of eternal youth to the skin. According to the legend still prevalent in this region, the water owes its peculiar properties to the eggs which are deposited in its bed by serpents. As is the custom, the Empress and her ladies dipped their hands in the fountain. For a moment, they certainly appeared extraordinarily white, because of the transparent nature of the water; but as soon as they were dry, they regained their former appearance, and our skin appears just as old or young, as the case may be, as it did before! We had a good laugh over this, the Empress joining in heartily.

"The Empress has gone very little to Wiesbaden, because of the great crowd of visitors there, and also, and chiefly, because she does not wish to be brought face to face with princely guests whom it would there be impossible to avoid. She did not

once enter the Kurhaus, but waited in the carriage while Madame de la Bédoyère and Madame de la Poèze, who had expressed the wish to visit the gaming salons, made a tour of inspection. She gave a louis to her lady-in-waiting, in order that she might try her luck. Mlle. Bouvet placed the louis on the roulette table and won thirty-six times her stake. She did not wait long enough to see her luck change, and the three ladies left the gaming rooms all more or less affected by the sights they had witnessed there.

"As was to be expected, the Duke of Nassau has come to visit the Empress. He suggested that she should walk one day to a hunting box, not very far distant, where he was in the habit of going to stalk deer. The Empress was pleased to consent and walked to La Platte, an admirably situated spot from which a magnificent panorama of the neighboring country is to be had. This is not the first time the Empress has visited La Platte. She saw the spot in 1849, during a stay at Ems, and recollects the occasion very clearly. The Duke was, of course, at the hunting box with all his suite to receive her. During her stay he showed her the register of 1849, where the name of Comtesse de Téba was found side by side with that of the Comtesse de Montijo. Luncheon had been prepared in the quaintly furnished dining-room decorated with antlers and various skins. The Empress says she will long retain a vivid recollection of this excursion, of the Duke's courteous welcome, the picturesque furniture, and, above all, the marvelous panorama.

"Often, these summer evenings, the windows all open, one or other of the ladies sits at the piano,

and the sound of the sweet music, floating through the cool air, falls on the ears of the passers-by. The other evening, Comtesse de la Bédoyère, who is a talented musician, was playing airs from *Faust* when a group of Tyroleans, passing through the town, stopped and asked permission to play for us, 'in their turn,' as they said. There were four men and one woman. For an hour and more the Empress and we other ladies were charmed by mountain airs sung by very pretty voices accompanied by the fascinating Tyrolese yodel. When the singing ceased, it was agreed that the musicians should return the following day.

"Next morning, the Comtesse de la Poèze entered Mlle. Bouvet's room in great haste and evidently much upset.

" 'I am afraid,' said she, 'that something dreadful has happened during the night. My maid heard screams coming from the Admiral's room. (The reference is to Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, who is in the Empress's suite.) She thinks that those Italian singers—no doubt they were brigands—have broken into his apartment and murdered him.'

"The maid, whose room was over that occupied by the Admiral, repeated the tale, adding many details. At two in the morning, she said, she heard noises as though some one were struggling, and recognized the Admiral's voice, who was saying: 'God, take thy victims!'—whatever that meant. Very much alarmed, but hesitating to say anything, lest the Empress be disturbed, Madame de la Poèze and Mlle. Bouvet determined to go and knock at the Admiral's door.

"'What is the matter?' inquired a sleepy voice.

"'Are you still alive, Admiral?' asked the ladies through the door.

"'Alive! Why, I am in the best of health.'

"'But have you had no trouble?'

"'None. What nonsense is this? I have slept soundly all through the night. What do you want?'

"Thoroughly satisfied and calmed, the ladies told the Empress of their alarm as soon as she awoke. She thereupon called the maid and questioned her. The woman persisted in her story; declared that it was a deed of the Tyroleans; that the Admiral had most certainly been murdered and that she had very clearly heard the last words he uttered: 'God, take thy victims!'

"At this moment the gallant officer himself appeared on the scene, when the Empress, laughing heartily, asked the Admiral to give an explanation of this extraordinary occurrence. M. Jurien de la Gravière, somewhat disconcerted at first, eventually joined in the general merriment and confessed that he was subject to nightmare and was no doubt dreaming when he cried out in the night. The Empress and her ladies have keenly enjoyed the little incident.

"Two Frenchmen now staying at Schwalbach—M. Frémy, President of the Crédit Foncier Bank, and Vicomte Le Pic, a talented painter and son of one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp—have amused themselves and us by dressing up as Tyroleans and coming, two days later, to sing a plaintive song in which all the events, great and small, which have taken place at Schwalbach during the Empress's

sojourn here, were narrated; and, of course, the Admiral's dream was not omitted!"

Further evidence was given during this visit of the high place then held in European politics by the Second Empire. Notwithstanding the Empress's desire and strenuous efforts to maintain her incognito, it soon became evident that it would be impossible not to receive other princely visitors than those already mentioned. So the Emperor of Russia, then staying at Darmstadt with the Empress Marie Alexandrovna, courteously came to Schwalbach to pay his respects. Next came the Grand Duke of Baden to renew the request of the royal family of Prussia that the Empress should stop at Baden.

In view of the cordial welcome and hospitality given her, it was finally considered impossible for the Empress to persist any longer in the determination to make no official visits during the cure. So, having taken the advice of the Emperor, she consented to spend a few hours at Baden. The Duchess of Hamilton, daughter of Grand Duchess Stephanie and cousin of the Emperor, was staying at her castle in Baden, and it was arranged that the Empress should go there and pay a few visits in the neighborhood.

The journey thither was made as quietly as possible so as not to attract attention in the district where at that moment several princes were staying. The Empress slept at Mannheim in order that her arrival at Baden might happen at a convenient hour. While she was at the Mannheim hotel, a telegram was handed, during the repast, to Comte de Cossé Brissac; who, so as not to betray the incognito, thought better to refuse it. The sequel to this tele-

gram incident is found in the following paragraph.

The party left Mannheim for Baden in traveling costume, when what was their surprise to find the station of Carlsruhe filled with an enormous crowd —officers in uniform and military bands playing *La Reine Hortense,* and other airs. The King of Prussia himself advanced to the carriage door, and presented the Grand Duke of Baden to the Empress. The King, his son-in-law and a few officers then stepped into the train, which continued its route. Much astonished at this unexpected reception, she inquired how it was that she had not been informed beforehand, so that she could have been in better form to receive these honors. The King replied that he had sent a telegram the day before to Comte de Cossé Brissac. The whole thing was now clear, and all had quite a laugh over "our unnecessary unpreparedness," as the King wittily expressed it.

A further surprise was in store at Baden. When the train drew up in the station profusely decorated with flowers and banners, it was found that the Queen of Prussia and the Grand Duchess of Baden were there to meet the Empress. They were attired in gala dresses which contrasted strangely with the simple traveling costume of Eugénie and the ladies of her suite. After cordial greetings, they drove in the Court landaus to the Duchess of Hamilton's palace, where it was arranged that the Empress should attend the grand dinner offered that same evening in her honor by the Grand Duke of Baden, which delayed the departure until the following morning.

Eugénie naturally supposed that she had some hours before her in which to rest after the journey, which had been fatiguing, owing to the heat

which had suddenly returned, and to the unexpected receptions which she had had to undergo. Her boxes had not been opened, and she was in her dressing gown, when lo, and behold! the King of Prussia was announced. It was his official visit, and so it was impossible not to receive him, while it was equally impossible, owing to Court etiquette, to make him wait. So the Empress was forced hastily to put on again her traveling costume, a black silk skirt, and red woolen bodice, over which she threw a sealskin cloak which she had worn that morning and in which she was nearly suffocated during the conversation, which lasted half an hour.

As soon as the Empress had changed her costume, she went to return Queen Augusta's visit. At the palace she found not only the Queen, but the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess of Baden and all the courtiers gathered together. The reception was most courteous, and the Empress was the object of marked attentions, while the Countess of Lynar, a lady who knew her Paris well, and the other ladies of the Court, which, by the way, seemed more than a hundred years behind the rest of the world, were full of gracious attentions for the ladies of our party.

After visiting the points of interest in the town, the Empress returned to change her gown again, and then drove to the summer palace of the Grand Duke in that town, then frequented by the most elegant society of Europe. After a sumptuous repast there was some music and Madame Viardot, whom the Queen of Prussia liked to attract to Baden, sang before the sovereigns. Eugénie especially appreciated this attention, for this celebrated singer was

a great favorite with the Emperor and our whole court.

A kind effort was made to keep her still longer at Baden, but the Empress had to decline, her excuse being that she had already delayed her departure, through that night, and that the Imperial train, which had come to meet her, was waiting. Queen Augusta then invited the Empress to come and drink coffee with her before starting, and this final kind invitation was accepted. Next morning, at eight o'clock precisely, the Empress reached the Queen's apartments, where breakfast was prepared. Every one was in full dress. That morning the Queen wore a blue taffeta dress trimmed with white lace and a blue hat with feathers, which costume was most tasteful and left an impression on all. As this was the only opportunity Eugénie ever had of meeting Queen Augusta, who never came to France, her words, acts, and appearance on this occasion were long fresh in her memory.

The Queen of Prussia was then fifty years of age. She was rather tall, had blue eyes, and features which retained much grace, though she had a rather weary face. Her hair was dressed in wavy bandeaux which had been fashionable some ten or fifteen years before, and which, consequently, gave her a somewhat ancient appearance. She was a very clever woman, spoke French delightfully, was well acquainted with French literature and was somewhat expansive in conversation. She was almost tenderly effusive toward the Empress, whom she then saw for the first time, and her kind words and wishes were fully returned. In a word, Eugénie was peculiarly attracted to the Prussian Queen.

The correspondent who has already been quoted, wrote as follows concerning the Prussian King and Queen:

"It is universally known that the royal couple are not on good terms, and that the Queen is rarely with the King. Notwithstanding the wish of their children and various efforts which have been made to bring them together, they live much estranged one from another. This sojourn at Baden has been one of the rare occasions when they were together. I am told that the Queen has never had any influence with her husband and holds an entirely independent court, which is more intellectual than political."

To the end of her life, and in spite of her infirmities, the Queen of Prussia and Empress of Germany retained a very dignified manner and showed at all times extraordinary energy in sustaining the prerogatives of her rank. She took no active part in the political events of her day, and, though wearing the imperial purple, merely looked on as a spectator. It must not be forgotten, however, that, during the War of 1870, she showed great kindness of heart and, in spite of the very slight influence she had with the military and political party, did all in her power to alleviate the sufferings of the French soldiers. These facts the Empress always kept in memory, so that she has ever had a most tender feeling for the Empress of Germany. But how little did either of them dream, during those days at Baden, when Queen Augusta and her daughter vied with one another in showing the Empress every kindness and attention, of the terrible tragedy which was so shortly to startle Europe.

One final instance of the tender attention of the Queen. It had been decided that the train would start at a quarter to ten, and that the King and all the Court should accompany the Empress to the carriage. This was done; but this was not all. When the latter reached Saint Cloud, she found a telegram awaiting her. It was from the Queen of Prussia inquiring for news of the journey, and in the course of the evening a second telegram arrived, this time from the Grand Duchess of Baden, with similar inquiries and cordial greetings. Appropriate answers were, of course, returned. Again I may state that the Empress never regretted these early cordial relations with the future German Empress, but always felt that if they could have been cultivated, something might have been done to avert the conflict which tore apart the two nations.

The Suez Canal was a peculiarly Napoleonic undertaking. The first Emperor would have begun it if he had not been deterred by a mistake of one of his engineers concerning the level of the Red Sea. Ferdinand de Lesseps, whose energy finally carried the enterprise to success, was a relative of the Empress, and Napoleon III lent all the aid which his high position could give to remove various diplomatic and political difficulties which arose from time to time during the progress of this gigantic work and which more than once threatened its consummation. It was in every way fitting, therefore, when the great task was successfully accomplished, that the French Government should take a leading part in the ceremonies of the inauguration.

On November 16, 1869, the eve of the day set for the opening of the canal, the Imperial yacht, *Aigle,*

escorted by several warships, was majestically advancing towards Port-Said. The Empress was on board and next day she was to preside at the inaugural ceremony. The Emperor had informed the French Parliament that it was his "desire that, by her presence, the Empress should bear witness to the interest felt by France in a work due to the perseverance and genius of a Frenchman." This was the reason why she was given this peculiar and important mission.

The Empress was accompanied on this grand voyage by a numerous and brilliant suite, and was everywhere received and treated as a sovereign not only of France, but of Europe. She always retained the most vivid recollection of this memorable voyage. In 1905 she revisited the spot where she had been so triumphantly welcomed over thirty-five years before; and when, on board the *Macedonia,* the shores of Egypt were first seen silhouetted against the horizon, so strong was the emotion which the Empress felt that for a moment tears came into her eyes, so touching was the vision which had suddenly rushed back on her, by a swift trick of memory, like a radiant transformation scene.

At Constantinople, where the Empress went first to visit the Sultan, suzerain of the Khedive, the reception was extraordinarily magnificent. The Turkish ruler had spared none of the magic power of Oriental pomp to render the receptions more effective, and the impression produced on the imagination of the Ottoman population by the presence among them of a crowned woman, an unheard-of event in the annals of Islam, was said to have surpassed all that can be imagined. When the Empress

was told of this fact, by one of the ministers, she remarked: "I trust I have been worthy of my sex and have been no discredit, in the eyes of these good people, to the crowned heads of the stronger sex." He very politely assured her that she "almost equaled the Sultan!"

On the first approach of the *Aigle,* an entire fleet of ships, decked with flags, came out to meet the Empress. An enormous crowd covered the two shores of the Bosphorus, while the fire of thirty batteries announced our arrival. Finally the *Aigle* dropped anchor in front of the palace of Beyler-bey, when a row-boat, surmounted by a red dais of velvet, embroidered in gold, left the quay and came rapidly forward, and the Empress soon perceived that the Sultan himself had come to fetch her and to escort her with solemn pomp to the palace.

The Turkish sovereign desired to show every sign of courtesy, respect, thought and attention and even wished to kiss the Empress's hand, an unheard-of thing, I am told, on the part of the Commander of the Faithful. But, out of respect for Mussulman customs and feelings, she discreetly declined to allow this mark of homage to be paid to her, and warmly thanked the Sultan for his many kindnesses. She then told him how deeply pleased she was with all the beautiful sights that had met her eyes since her arrival in Turkish waters.

After paying the Sultana Valide a visit which she returned the following day, the Empress witnessed, seated in a vast stand hung with velvet and cloth whose hue was that of the French colors, a review of twenty-two thousand soldiers. Though she had seen many of the finest troops of Christian Europe,

there was a certain originality, wildness and dash about these Turkish soldiers that charmed her and the memory of which always remained with her.

In the evening, the Bosphorus was illuminated, and the palaces, public buildings, kiosks and ships of the imperial marine all shone with multicolored lights. Everything appeared to be aflame, from the Arsenal to Therapia. The beautiful night, and the calm sea under a starlit sky gave the already marvelous scenery an indescribable grandeur and awakened feelings of the most emotional nature. It was one of the Arabian nights brought into a burning and magnificent reality. Delighted with what she beheld, the Empress repeatedly expressed her pleasure and thanks, and, at the same time, her regret that the Emperor and Prince Imperial could not be present at these unforgettable scenes in which France was glorified in the person of her sovereign. From that day on the Empress always enjoyed a visit to the far eastern end of the Mediterranean, and in those waters many of the happiest days of her later life were spent.

All these Turkish festivities paled, however, before those that awaited her in Egypt. The inauguration of the Suez Canal was for France a real triumph in the eyes of the whole civilized world—almost an apotheosis. Surrounded by the Emperor of Austria, the Prince Royal of Prussia, the Prince and Princess of the Netherlands, Emir Abd-el-Kader, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, and a host of other celebrities, the Empress presided that day, in the name of France and in the presence of the nations, at the solemn consecration of the greatest engineering enterprise of the century. France had morally

and pecuniarily supported the project of M. de Lesseps, so we have good ground to be proud. Perhaps it is not too much to say that it was due in part to Eugénie's influence and to her perseverance in aiding M. de Lesseps, whose grand project she admired from the very first, that the canal was finally finished. M. de Lesseps was in the habit of making this statement much stronger.

The great engineer and diplomat has written the following words which I may be allowed to give here, especially as I do not think they have ever been printed before: "The Empress has claimed no part in the work now accomplished; but her presence at the ceremony was so natural that it was the fit consecration of the conduct she had hitherto observed. Every one agreed to show the Empress something more than a respectful homage and deference; there was in it a tribute of gratitude the real significance of which could escape no one's attention. In the midst of a dazzling vision sparkling with shimmering Oriental and African costumes, mingled with Western uniforms, Circassian and Hungarian magnates, mufties in green caftans, and officers of the Indian army, the French sovereign was the cynosure of all eyes. Not one minute did she dream of priding herself unduly on all this homage. She was only desirous that the woman should not efface the sovereign, and wished it to be felt that all this incense and honor was offered to the Empress simply as representing at one and the same time a great country and the triumph of civilization."

Before the blessing of the canal was performed by the Bishop of Alexandria, Mgr. Bauer, the fash-

ionable prelate of the epoch, pronounced an eloquent discourse. To the Empress who found it difficult to hide her emotion, the eloquent priest addressed the following words, which she, of course, felt were much too flattering, but which are given here as a good example of the excessive homage paid her and, through her, to France, on this occasion:

"Those who have coöperated in an intimate manner in this great enterprise, know the part your Majesty has played therein, and know that that part is large. But it is your custom to do the most important things in silence. However, it is necessary that history should register the fact that this tremendous work is to a very great extent yours; and history, in saying this, will speak only the bare truth. But history will add that, in lending your influence to this enterprise, this Canal of the Two Worlds, you have been in closest communion of thought and sympathy with the whole of France, which has ever approved of this grand work, with that generous and noble France which, in every class of society, has been enthusiastic in wishing well for the Suez Canal, and prodigal in lending its millions, its arms, its engineers, its machinery; with that France, I say, which has, so to speak, identified itself with one of its sons so providentially gifted by persuasive and simple eloquence for the accomplishment of this prodigious undertaking."

The following day the flotilla which carried the Princes started, with the *Aigle* at its head, to attempt for the first time the passage henceforth to be opened to the commerce of the entire world. But an unfortunate accident delayed the departure. An Egyptian advice-boat, sent off ahead, got stuck in

the sand and interrupted the navigation. Informed of this fact, the Khedive flew into a terrible passion; but M. de Lesseps, informed of the matter, gave this order, with his customary imperturbable serenity: "We must either get the boat off the sand, which is not impossible, or set fire to it, or blow it up." The first method having fortunately succeeded, there was but a slight delay, and two hours later the line got under way again, the boat firing a signal to this effect.

The Empress knew nothing of this mishap, so that when she heard this round of cannon shots coming from the unlucky boat shunted into one of the canal stations, she imagined that the Viceroy had shown the delicate attention of anchoring one of his gunboats there to do her honor. She so informed M. de Lesseps, who explained the real case, whereupon it is said that she remarked: "Well, you see I am disposed to give the Khedive the benefit of the doubt. We are treated with so many honors that it would not take much to make me believe that the thunder and lightning are a part of the fête."

A few minutes later M. de Lesseps presented to the Empress his young fiancée, Mlle. de Bragand. Notwithstanding the difference in age between this young girl and M. de Lesseps, who was just sixty, Eugénie did not hesitate, after a chat with her, to compliment M. de Lesseps on his choice and inform him that she well understood his determination to wed her. "Now that the canal is finished, you have earned the right to retire to the home-circle." "But some of my quidnunc friends assure me," answered the Count, "that it is easier to dig a canal than to

live happily with a young wife; but I believe I can do both." And he did.

Ismailis, an improvised town set up in the open air and full of people of all countries, seemed like fairyland as the Imperial party approached it. Here dromedaries were mounted in order to review the cavalcade of troops and the Bedouins' fantasia. Some hundreds of horsemen, with their burnoose flying in the wind, handled their vigorous and agile animals with a marvelous dexterity and waved their long carbines in the air, firing as they flew past. Standing up straight in their stirrups, they threw themselves into the course with the swiftness of lightning and executed clever evolutions in the midst of clouds of dust and smoke from their fire-arms. Other Arabs, erect on their fine, richly caparisoned dromedaries, also took part in these fantastic exercises and sent their djerrids flying to a great distance, the javelinlike arm, with its blunt point, rebounding from shields of buffalo skin. The sound of the rifles and the cries of joy from an enthusiastic crowd added to the animation of this picturesque spectacle and all repeatedly expressed their wonder and interest.

Before the ball in the evening there was a visit to the dervishes—howling and whirling dervishes; some, holding between their teeth a burning coal or a red-hot iron, turning on their heels with a startling rapidity, others working themselves up into fearful convulsions or thrusting into their ears, their tongues and other parts of the body, sharp instruments, until they succumbed under the fatigue or the pain; others chewing cactus leaves, or eating live serpents and scorpions. All this was viewed with

more or less revulsion and some, with morbid curiosity. Of most interest to the Empress, were their religious exercises, which appear to consist chiefly in the recital of zikrs. Seated or standing, they form a circle, and then sing or scream out the "illalla," "illalah," until their strength is spent. They accompany this wild song with movements of the body, and throw their heads forwards and backwards, and from right to left. One of them goes into the middle of the circle and dances, with vertiginous rapidity, a sort of two-step valse, ceasing only when he is utterly worn out and groaning with fatigue. He is then immediately replaced by another who does the same thing. These fakir rites are now well known in the West; but at the time of her visit to Egypt this was not the case, and these strange ceremonies made a deep impression on Eugénie that has never worn off.

Bengal lights of many colors played a prominent part at the ball given at the Viceroy's palace, which striking edifice was built, furnished and surrounded with flower-gardens all in less than six months. There was present a great crowd bedecked with orders of all kinds, the rich costumes of the sheiks in great caftans with ornamented belts of gold and precious stones giving a peculiar stamp to the variegated scene which was not soon to be forgotten. The Empress walked several times round the ball-rooms with the sovereigns and princes, and was in no haste to depart; for never before had she seen such a curious sight and seldom since; and when, at one o'clock, a fairylike supper was served, she warmly congratulated the Khedive on the artistic success of the really superb fête.

Next day there was a visit to Suez. At this point, M. Riou, the draftsman of the Paris *Illustration,* who had made the drawings of the different parts of the canal, offered the Empress an album filled with excellent water-color pictures. She carefully preserved this rare volume, as it brought back to her so vividly this memorable voyage; but unfortunately it was destroyed in the Tuileries fire in 1871.

On Saturday, the 20th, the boats of the different sovereigns and princes arrived at Suez. Cannon were fired to salute their appearance, and the scene again became truly wonderful. All the ships were drawn up in a line of battle while the magnificent harbor, admirably lighted, was framed at the far end by high mountains elegantly silhouetted against the sky. The Red Sea was calm, and myriads of little fish swam between the various craft. The Empress spent a long time drinking in this beautiful scene from the deck of her yacht. "Your majesty is evidently charmed by this view," remarked the Khedive. "I am, indeed," she replied. "M. de Lesseps says this alone was worth making the canal for," added Ismail. "I fully share his opinion," Eugénie answered full of enthusiasm.

Another ball was to be given at Cairo in honor of the foreign sovereigns, but the Empress could not be present on that occasion. After visiting Sakkarah, the Serapeum and the granitic curiosities there, she decided to make a trip up the Nile, which had always been one of her fondest dreams, and whence, on November 27, she wrote to Napoleon a letter which has never been given exactly and which may be found interesting:

MY VERY DEAR LOUIS:

I write this on my way to Assouan on the Nile. To say we feel cool would not be absolutely true, but the heat is quite bearable, for there is some breeze, though in the sun it is a different matter. I have news of you and of Louis every day by telegram. This is marvelous and very precious to me, and I am always held to the friendly shore by that wire which unites me to all I love.

I am delighted with our charming voyage. I would like to describe it to you, but many others more clever and better with their pens than I am, have undertaken that task; so it seems I had best wrap myself up in mute admiration.

The letter then touches on current French politics which were very stormy at this moment, and continues:

I was much tormented by yesterday's events and to know that you are in Paris without me; but all has passed off well as I learn by your wire. When one sees other peoples, one appreciates better the injustice of our own. I think, nevertheless, one should not be disheartened, but walk forward in the way you have opened up; faith in the concessions which have been granted is, as we think and say, a good thing; I therefore hope that your speech before the Chambers will be couched in that sense; the greater the need of strength in the future, the more necessary it is to show the country that one has ideas and not mere devices. I am very far off and very ignorant of things since my departure to speak thus, but I am firmly convinced that continuity of ideas is true force; I do not like sudden jumps and am convinced that one cannot bring about two *coups d'état* in the same reign. I am talking at random, for I am preaching to one who knows more on this subject than I do. But I must say something if only to prove what you well know—that my heart is near you both, and if in days of calm my vagabond spirit loves to roam in space, it is near you two that I like to be on days of anxiety and worry.

Far from men and things one breathes a serenity which is beneficial to body and spirit; and by an effort of the imagination I fancy that all is well with you because I know nothing about what is going on. Amuse yourself. I think distractions are indispensable, for one must build up one's moral fabric just as one

builds up an enfeebled constitution. Certainly thinking about one thing ends by wearing out the best organized brain. I have experienced this, and I now dismiss from memory all that which in the past has tarnished the fine colors of my day-dreams. My own life is finished; but I live again in my son and I hold those as real joys which pass through his heart to mine.

Meanwhile, I enjoy my trip, the sunsets, and this wild yet cultivated nature on a space fifty yards wide along the banks, behind which is the desert with its sand hills, and the whole lighted up by an ardent sun.

Good-by, and always believe in the affection of your very devoted

EUGÉNIE.

Soon after penning this letter, the Empress returned to France, where she found that the small black clouds, which had grown during her absence, were about to burst and one of the heaviest political storms that Europe has known was on the point of breaking over Germany and her adopted country. The high respect shown for France by all the official world during this eastern tour strengthened the Empress in her efforts to do all in her power to avert the catastrophe; and when, in after years, she looked back on this period, Eugénie always felt that the conflict of 1870 should never have occurred and could never have occurred if the passion to "unify Germany" had not became a "fixed idea" in the brain of a little group of high-handed statesmen on the other side of the Rhine. "The peace of the East" would have continued to prevail in the West if it had not been for these Teutonic perturbators.

CHAPTER XII

COURT LIFE DURING THE SECOND EMPIRE

Since the end of the Restoration in 1830 down to the advent of the Second Empire in 1852, that is, for a period of over twenty years, there may be said to have been in France no such thing as Court Life in the full meaning of the term. Louis Philippe prided himself on being the Citizen King and great simplicity reigned at the Tuileries. But the Emperor Napoleon knew how the French character liked court ceremonies and how advantageous it would be to the Paris trades people if fashion and wealth were given an opportunity to assert themselves. So one of his first acts on becoming Emperor was to give as rich a stamp as possible to the Court life of the new government, and in these efforts the Empress did all in her power to second him.

In 1869, only a few months before the opening of the Suez Canal, in the execution of which work the personal intervention of the Emperor, as we saw in the last chapter, had had such great weight, there was no favor which the Emperor was not ready to grant to the Khedive Ismail and his son Hussein Pacha, who was then studying in France. In the summer of that year, the latter came to spend a month at Saint Cloud, accompanied by his governor, Major de Castex, who later became General de Castex. The attentions paid this young man will give a

fair idea of a certain amiable side of court life under the Second Empire.

At first, the entire change of life and habits somewhat disconcerted the Egyptian prince; but the cordial welcome he received from the Emperor and the Empress, and also from the Prince Imperial, whose games he shared at the Tuileries, speedily put him at his ease and made him feel quite at home in the court circle. Of middle height, olive complexion, with fine black eyes and a good figure, speaking French very correctly, affable when not overcome by shyness, Prince Hussein was charming at the age of sixteen or seventeen. Since then, he has become a man of intellectual parts whom all the capitals of Europe have learned to appreciate; and now hardly a year passes that he does not spend some months in Germany, but especially in England and in France, where he has numerous friends, and where he commands respect and admiration of all intelligent circles.

From the moment the young Prince set foot in Saint Cloud, in that summer, of some forty years ago, every effort was made to interest him in things that would improve his heart and mind. The conversation constantly turned on Egypt, and he was constantly consulted as to the program of the voyage which the Empress was about to undertake. He fully appreciated the compliment, was most charming and "pleased every one infinitely by his good manners and graciousness," as the Emperor said to his father. He saw the Prince Imperial, who was then thirteen, several times each day, and the two boys became fast friends. They rode together under the vigilant eye of M. Bachon, the Prince's riding mas-

ter; they walked together or amused themselves at the gymnasium in the private park or at games in the Trocadéro garden, accompanied by the faithful Conneau, and, on certain days, they enjoyed the society of some of the Prince Imperial's other companions—the young Duc de Huescar, son of the Duc d'Albe, Jules Espinasse, son of the General, and the sons of Baron Corvisart, my brother and me. It was always, by the way, one of Eugénie's principal worries to find suitable playmates for her son.

After the birth of the Prince Imperial, until the end of the Second Empire, care for his health, anxiety when he was absent from the palace or from Paris and a general regard for his interests and welfare largely modified in fact the spirit of Court life, especially as concerned the Emperor and the Empress. They could never forget for a moment how precious was the life of this child both to them and to the régime which they had reëstablished with so much effort and sacrifice. Let me give one example of this excessive care which they had to exercise over everything that concerned the Prince Imperial. And how well I remember the incident!

In 1865, Mlle. Robin, a charming young girl, was taken with a rash just before one of the Tuileries balls. She pleaded with her mother to let her attend notwithstanding this sign of danger of some sort. She was a fine dancer, and the Prince Imperial was very attentive to her that evening. When she returned home after a pretty vigorous evening of waltzing, she was taken ill and the physicians soon saw that she had the measles. The disease struck in and in forty-eight hours the poor child was dead.

We were all much afflicted at the news; but that was not the end of our sorrows.

Measles was epidemic at that moment at Paris and was very virulent. New and dangerous cases were constantly reported. The Prince Imperial was soon down with it, and the doctors of the Court all said he had caught it from the unfortunate Mlle. Robin. When he was supposed to have recovered, it was considered desirable, in order to help disperse the fears then rife in Paris, both concerning the epidemic in general and the attack which the Prince had just undergone, that he should appear in public. So on March 16th, which was his birthday, he was permitted to drive out. The Empress felt very uneasy about this, but she did not like to interfere, especially as the Emperor was disposed to twit her a bit about her "apron-string" treatment of their dear boy. But they soon saw that he had gone out too soon after his convalescence. Although the day was fine, it was very cold for the season and the Prince was not benefited by the outing. Quite the contrary. On his return to the palace, he had a chill and was many days in recovering. In fact, he did not shake off the result of this illness for many months afterwards; and during this time, his condition made many modifications in the whole social and public life of the Court.

But to return to our Egyptian friends, at the beginning of July, 1869, the Khedive Ismail himself came to officially invite the Empress to the festivities of the opening of the Canal. The fête given in his honor was very magnificent. For the first and last time the gardens were illuminated with electric lights, by means of two batteries placed in the win-

dows of the upper floors of the castle. Splendid fireworks were set off and the park was thrown open in order that the public might better enjoy the sight. The Prince Imperial and his companions were allowed to sit up beyond the usual hour and several of the boys still remember vividly the scene which they admired from the iron horse-shoe balcony of the castle. Before the fireworks were set off, a troupe of excellent actors gave, in the Salon de Mars, Gondinet's play *La cravate blanche.* The play had very nearly to be abandoned because of the inquisitiveness of the public, which had taken advantage in great numbers of the Emperor's permission to enter the park and gardens, and now seemed bent on penetrating into the palace itself. So it was found necessary to clear the terrace immediately surrounding the castle and thus prevent the crowd from getting in at the windows. By this means no disorder spoiled the end of the fête.

Great preparations had been made for the ball which was to follow the illuminations and fire-works. An amusing detail may be given which shows that the court etiquette of the Second Empire was not unbending. When it was learned that the Khedive Ismail did not possess the shadow of a pair of knee-breeches in his wardrobe, the other gentlemen were ordered to wear frock-coats and trousers, and the Egyptian Prince was not aware of the momentary confusion which he had occasioned.

This ball, given in the Galérie d'Apollo and the neighboring salons, was one of the finest fêtes of the Empire. The official world, elegant society, distinguished foreigners, and numerous officers were invited and their various costumes and uniforms

produced a striking effect. The warm weather made it possible for the guests to stroll in the park under the fine old trees, which added immensely to the charm of the evening's entertainment.

A remarkable example of "Court flattery" which, naturally, the Empress always discouraged, occurred at this ball, and as it was worthy of a Versailles courtier of the olden time, it may be mentioned here. The very young daughter of a well-known deputy of Bourgogne was presented to the Empress. Perceiving that the girl was somewhat abashed the latter said kindly to her: "Do not be afraid, Mademoiselle. Have you any favor (*grace,* in French) to ask of me?"

"Ah, Madam," replied the pretty and precocious child, "when one has had the joy of looking upon you, the only grace one can wish for is yours."

Those who heard the compliment were rather astonished and surprised. It was repeated throughout the palace and had quite a success, but was evidently too pretty not to have been prepared beforehand.

This, by the way, was the last fête given at Saint Cloud. The unfortunate war of 1870 was at hand, the castle with all its art treasures and historic souvenirs was burnt during the catastrophe, and sad to relate, to-day only a grassy sward marks the spot where the famous palace once stood in all its beauty.

The Queen-Mother Isabella, and the Prince of the Asturias, who became later King of Spain, came to dine at the palace on two occasions at about this period. The Queen, already afflicted by excessive obesity, was affable as usual, smiling amiably on every hand, and saying a kind word to every one.

I particularly remember this visit because a dance was got up in the Salon de Mars, to the sound of a mechanical piano, a contrivance then attracting considerable attention, but which I abominated and which I heard for the first time on this occasion. The Prince Imperial and his boy friends were responsible for its presence at the castle. They used to say, that they wished to see "how it worked."

The monotony of the evenings at Saint Cloud were thus often broken into by a little gaiety. Every one danced at these small "hops," officers from the garrison and members of princely households mingling together. The Prince Imperial and his companions also had their little hops, and it was not rare for the Emperor to demand the Boulangère, a dance whose chief figure resembles the grand chain of the Lancers, and if he felt in the mood, he would even set the example himself and take part in the general merriment.

The other evening spent by Queen Isabella at the palace was devoted to a ride in jaunting cars through the Bois de Boulogne. The day had been very oppressive and the sovereigns and their guests went out to seek a little fresh air. Leaving our carriages when they reached the meadows which border the Seine, on the west side of the Bois, the royal party greatly enjoyed the promenade. The three little princes who were of the party—the Prince Imperial, the future Alfonso XII, and Hussein Pacha —accompanied by their friends, began to play like schoolboys on a holiday. Who could then have guessed what the future had in store for two of them?

Many anecdotes might be related concerning the

court of the Second Empire at Saint Cloud. The following, which is not generally known, may be given here:

When the Emperor was fresh from the historical researches connected with his *Life of Julius Cæsar*, his mind was naturally stored with the facts, dates and names relating to Roman history. So he took a malicious pleasure in seizing the occasion of the gathering of the household at meal-time to suddenly startle this or that guest by asking puzzling questions about ancient history. Consequently, everybody was on tenter hooks when the conversation turned towards these early times, and every face would look down on the plates so as to avoid meeting the Emperor's glance and so escape the humiliation of being laughed at by those present, for some absurd reply, that perhaps a schoolboy would not be guilty of. "Nothing makes one so happy as the failure of others," was the remark which the quizzing host made, on one of these occasions, when each of us seemed to enjoy the discomfiture of his or her neighbor.

The automatic movement of the heads, all bending down at the same moment, had something very funny in it, and amused the Emperor as though he had been a child. It was good to hear his open and catching laughter when he had asked a very complicated question and the person addressed, after blushing or stammering, remained speechless. This catechizing was indulged in even on the days when the ministers met in council, and the discreet but real enjoyment which the Emperor felt when an "Excellency" "flunked" was especially amusing. It is needless to add that the Emperor never showed a

lack of tact in this connection and was careful in the choice of his innocent victims. Thus he never questioned Prince Hussein, who might have replied by asking a fact in the history of some of the Rameses, nor the Prince's governor, being careful not to diminish the prestige of the tutor in the eyes of the young Egyptian.

Another anecdote concerns General de Galliffet, then a colonel returning from Africa, where he held a command. One morning he arrived at Saint Cloud, at half past eleven, and waited in the salon preceding the dining-room, where every one welcomed him, for he was known to be *persona grata* at court. Some surprise was felt, however, that he should present himself at such an hour without invitation. The chamberlain on duty even ventured to inform him that the breakfast hour was near and that the Emperor and the Empress might appear at any moment. But Colonel de Galliffet showed no signs of uneasiness and awaited events. Hearing at this instant some steps in the private apartments, he hid behind a screen, when suddenly the Emperor, the Empress and the Prince Imperial entered. While they were engaged in returning the salutations of those present, Galliffet, leaving his hiding place, on a sudden stood before them, bowing low with all the grace he could master. "Ah, there is Galliffet!" both sovereigns exclaimed at the same time. "Where do you come from?" added the Emperor, smiling. The self-possessed officer made a suitable reply, with the spoilt child's certitude of receiving a kind welcome, whereupon the Emperor remarked: "You are, of course, breakfasting with us," and in went "the unbidden guest" just as if he had received an invita-

tion in due form. He was especially gay and talkative that morning and, as usual, was the soul of the table, which led the Emperor to whisper in his ear at the end of the repast: "Well, Colonel, unless some of my invited guests are a little more witty and loquacious, I am going to try how it goes to invite nobody."

The short war period of 1870 was sad at Saint Cloud. After the departure of the Emperor and Prince Imperial all became calm and quiet. Now, as "Empress-Regent" Eugénie remained at the castle, in the company of her nieces, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, the Emperor's aide-de-camp, and the members of the household, following closely home and foreign events and impatiently awaiting news from the army.

Admiral Jurien never left the Empress during those long days of trial and anxiety. Settled at Saint Cloud with his whole family, he was always at hand, and ready at the first call to fly to her side. Thus, on the evening of August 7th, when he learned that bad news from the front had reached the castle, and entered her apartments, he found the Empress with tears in her eyes and speechless, holding a telegram which Comte de Cossé Brissac, the chamberlain, had just deciphered. The fatal message bore the announcement of the disasters at Forbach and Woerth. "The army is disbanded," wrote the Emperor; "we must now raise our courage to the height of our misfortunes." Crushed by the terrible news, Admiral Jurien said not a word. Then M. de Brissac brought the second part of the telegram attenuating in a certain degree the commencement: "All may yet be repaired." A feeling of relief took possession of

those present on reading these words, and I remember that Eugénie exclaimed: "Thank God, we have yet some ground for hope."

The Empress immediately gave orders for the return to Paris. State papers, and all private articles of value were gathered together and the Court hastily settled at the Tuileries. The pictures and works of art which decorated the palace at Saint Cloud were transferred to the Louvre and the National Repository. Thanks to this wise measure, many precious canvases and artistic pieces of furniture were saved from the flames which destroyed the royal residence so soon afterwards. Among these were many objects of much price which once belonged to Marie Antoinette and which had been carefully collected. The Empress felt from the start that if matters turned badly on the frontier, the very existence of the régime was endangered, and so, with this always in mind during this crisis, the result was that many things of every kind that might otherwise have been lost to France were preserved, and the wreck of the private fortune, papers, and other matters of the Imperial family was far less than would otherwise have been the case.

But to return to a happier phase of court life under the Second Empire and to another center of its existence, Fontainebleau, where, at the close of May, 1858, the Emperor and the Empress stayed for a time. It was a delightful rest after the January tragedy—the Orsini plot—and the complications with England which had arisen from the "Colonels' Address" one of the unfortunate results of this terrible attempt on the Emperor's life.

The town of Fontainebleau welcomed the imperial couple with even more warmth than usual. At four in the evening the Emperor, the Prince Imperial and the Empress, entered the well decorated streets, accompanied by Queen Sophie of the Netherlands, the Prince Royal of Würtemberg, Prince Napoleon, Princess Mathilde, Prince Alexander of the Netherlands, Prince Nicolas of Nassau, Prince Joachim Murat, Comtesse de Montijo, the English Ambassador and Lady Cowley, the Ministers of the Netherlands and of Würtemberg, and many other notabilities. It was a remarkable cavalcade in every respect and caused much favorable comment at the time. "A régime that can bring together such a brilliant throng," remarked a Senator, "has the country and Europe behind it," a statement which was unquestionably true at this moment.

On the following day, a country dance was given in one of the prettiest spots of the forest—young men and women dancing the Boulangère on a smooth green sward, strewn with spring flowers, to the music of the forest guides; the next morning there was a stag hunt, and in the evening a torch-light procession in the Oval Court-yard, to which the public were admitted by the Porte Dorée, the fine gateway decorated with sculptures and frescoes through which Charles Quint passed when he came to visit Francis I, and which the Emperor always pointed out to his guests as one of the most interesting objects of the castle. At this fête the Emperor appeared on the balcony, with Queen Sophie on his arm, and was much acclaimed by the crowd.

The Queen of the Netherlands and the Prince of Würtemberg soon left Fontainebleau, but the Court

remained there three weeks longer. Distinguished guests belonging to the diplomatic corps and society, various members of the cabinet with their wives, and some of the members of the household came in turn to the castle, and though life was rather peaceful at Fontainebleau and all were particularly bent that year in enjoying rest from the trials and emotions of the winter—still there were a goodly number of distractions and amusements of different kinds as always characterized the Court life of the Second Empire. "One of the first duties of a sovereign," the Emperor used to say, "is to amuse his subjects of all ranks in the social scale. He has no more right to have a dull Court than he has to have a weak army or a poor navy."

At Fontainebleau long drives, and from time to time a hunt, were the chief distractions. Another favorite pastime of the sovereigns and their guests was paying impromptu visits to the artistic celebrities who were then found in such large numbers in and around the Fontainebleau forest. Thus one day Napoleon, with the Empress by his side, and driving a light carriage he liked to handle himself, stopped before the house of the painter Decamps. The artist had been informed only a few minutes previously of their coming and had hastily brought out the few canvases his studio then contained. The Emperor took great interest in them and the sovereigns both warmly congratulated the talented painter on his beautiful work. Another day, the Empress visited the children's home kept by nuns, and, after witnessing the games and exercises of the inmates, distributed cakes and sweets among the young people, much to their pleasure. Another time, the

Choral Society of Fontainebleau, composed of workmen, sang a cantata entitled the *Imperial Hunt*. The Emperor and the rest listened to the simple song, which was given in the English garden, congratulated the singers and had champagne served to them. When the wine was poured, the Emperor raised his glass saying: "Gentlemen, let us drink to political and musical harmony," and the workmen replied with loud cheering. Another afternoon, the Empress and her ladies took Rosa Bonheur by surprise, found her in her masculine attire, and praised her fine animal pictures. All these visits entertained the guests of the castle and rendered the Court very popular in the neighborhood. "When the Emperor comes," said one of the mayors, "we, here in Fontainebleau, imagine that the Age of Louis XIV has returned."

Before leaving Fontainebleau this year, the Emperor reviewed, as usual, the garrison troops, and decorated a few of the officers with the cross of the Legion of Honor. The town was again in gala dress on the day of our departure and then everything became calm once more in the quiet old place. "We will now go to sleep till next summer," remarked this same good old mayor, as he bade the Empress farewell.

Fontainebleau was much entertained during the year 1861 by the arrival of the Persian and Siamese ambassadors. At that date Sultans and Shahs never came in person to European countries and about all that was known concerning them was what was found in the *Arabian Nights*. So when it was announced that a Persian ambassador was coming to France, both the Emperor and the Empress thought

that the occasion should not be lost to impress on this Oriental the grandeur of western civilization. The political effect of such an act could not be bad. The Emperor even suggested that the Empress also should be present at the official reception of the embassy. Up to that time, she had never participated in ceremonies of this kind. This was a new departure which interested her very much. It was decided that she should be in full Court dress, that she should be surrounded by all the ladies of the palace and that she should be decked out in the finest jewels. All this was done and a grand ceremony, which much impressed the embassy and which added much *éclat* to that season's festivities at Fontainebleau, was the result.

Shortly after the departure of the Persian ambassador, a Siamese embassy was announced to be on its way to Fontainebleau. It was decided that Napoleon should receive this mission in the fine gallery of Henri II. Here was to be a fresh sensation, for which the Persian ceremony had whetted the Court appetite; and when this curious body of envoys reached the palace, they created a veritable wonder. Here was a group of individuals clothed in long silken robes and who looked as though they were carved out of a block of chocolate. They had informed the Court officials that they were bringing rich gifts from the King of Siam to the Emperor and that these gifts must be presented by them on their hands and knees. The Emperor at first requested that the kneeling formality be dispensed with, but when told that this would cause offence to the Siamese, he permitted them to have their own way.

As at the reception of the Persian embassy, the Empress was again present, surrounded by the Court ladies. The latter were informed by the Court officials, who knew the Siamese ways, to be very careful not to laugh at what they were to see. But this hint was unnecessary, for, as one of the ladies said truly after the ceremony, "when I saw those poor human beings creeping along the floor like grovelling beasts the sensation was so painful, that I am sure nobody present felt like laughing."

The unfortunate ambassador bore on his head a large golden cup containing rich presents. In order to advance, he would push himself forwards by the points of his elbows, somewhat aided by his knees. His progress was both slow and painful, and when he finally reached the throne, he was panting laboriously and was evidently suffering from the effects of these difficult physical efforts. When the Emperor saw this, he could stand it no longer, so quitting the throne and descending the steps, he aided the weary ambassador to rise, took from him the gifts and thanked him warmly. This put an end to a ceremony that was as painful as it was original. That evening, the Emperor remarked in a small circle of friends: "There would be fewer courtiers here in France if that were the way in which they had to approach the throne. Perhaps that is why the king has introduced the custom in Siam!"

The court's three favorite residences, besides the Tuileries, were Saint Cloud, Fontainebleau and Compiègne. Of these charming spots, the first was the most convenient, being so near the capital, and its close association with the first Napoleon and the

glories of the First Empire always made it especially dear to Napoleon III. "I almost feel sometimes, as I walk these leafy alleys," the latter once said, "that I am in direct communion with the great Emperor. Anyway, I always receive inspiration here and return to the Tuileries with a stronger will, a braver heart and a clearer conscience." Fontainebleau was connected with too many sad events in Napoleonic history ever to be a perfectly restful place for the contemplative spirit of the Emperor, though the Empress was much attached to the grand forest and the many beautiful drives and walks of Denecourt. The Second Empire made quite its own the rather neglected castle and superb forest of Compiègne. Some of the most famous social and artistic events of the reign center there and a few souvenirs of Compiègne may be introduced in these pages.

Amusing incidents are not infrequent in Court life, and the following is an instance of one of these. The guests of the palaces of Compiègne and Fontainebleau were often seen strolling round the kennels. On one occasion, at Compiègne, the Empress was accompanied by several other ladies, amongst whom was the Princess Metternich, the charming wife of the Austrian Ambassador, when she went to visit the hunting dogs. The Prince de la Moskowa was acting the part of host and presented his visitors with the traditional whips. It was with evident satisfaction that he called on them to admire the beauty and strength of his dogs: when, suddenly, one of Eugénie's companions exclaimed:

"Your fine dogs must have fleas, which they will surely pass on to us."

"No, Madame," replied the famous master of the hounds; "my dogs are washed and brushed down every day; you need not be alarmed, for they have no fleas."

They then questioned the Prince regarding the hygiene of the dogs, their breed, their swiftness of foot, and other details. While this conversation was going on, Mme. de Metternich was roguishly employed in hunting for a flea on one of the dogs' heads; and having found one, or pretending to have done so, she shyly slipped it into the collar of Prince de la Moskowa who, during the remainder of our visit, and much to our amusement, did not cease to worry about the tiresome insect, which in all probability existed only in his imagination.

It was the custom at Compiègne for each lady to choose the gentleman who was to escort her to the dining-room and sit by her side at table. This rule gave rise on one occasion to an amusing adventure of which Sainte-Beuve was the hero.

A very intelligent and distinguished young lady, Mlle. de Heeckeren, wishing to have the opportunity of enjoying the conversation of the famous critic who happened to be staying at Compiègne at the same time as herself, said to him one day, using the formula then in vogue at the castle: "Monsieur Sainte-Beuve, will you take me out to dinner to-morrow?"

The author misunderstood her, or rather did not understand the request at all. He was not sufficiently conceited to imagine that the young woman had taken a fancy to him, and supposed the strange proposal was due to a mere woman's caprice. He was quick to realize all the unpleasant consequences

which might arise from such a proceeding, the remarks which might be made and the difficulty of finding in Compiègne an inn sufficiently remote to ensure the absolute privacy which would be needed. In this dilemma, he finally decided to confide in Princess Mathilde and ask her advice. The Princess laughed very heartily and explained to him the nature of the service the young lady had requested —that she simply wished to be escorted out to the dining-room of the castle.

"Well," said the witty critic, joining in the laugh; "I thought I knew French, but I see I am unacquainted with the Compiègne dialect."

The evenings in Compiègne were usually spent in chatting and dancing. The Emperor and the Empress were always very careful to speak to all the guests irrespective of their rank, occupation, or age. Eugénie was particularly careful to be attentive to the young, to those of both sexes, just entering society, and who can add such life and charm to Court circles. It was difficult to carry out this plan at the crowded Tuileries, during the busy Paris season. But in the quieter life of Compiègne such was not the case, and the Empress always made the most of this opportunity to draw nearer to the Court these future leaders of society. The Emperor applauded and aided, in so far as possible, her efforts, which, I may say, were crowned with success, because of the gentle nature of the young people and because of the naturalness of the plan.

Sometimes, instead of dancing to the music of the mechanical piano, whose handle was turned by self-sacrificing guests—a good instance of the simple life which prevailed at Compiègne—the Empress

would propose intellectual games of various kinds. She was especially fond of what are called "Little Papers," and "Questions and Answers." Clever writers like Octave Feuillet, Sainte-Beuve, Mérimée and Arsène Houssaye were pressed into these games and added greatly to the interest. One of the Court gives the following account:

"I recall that one evening, when we were weary of the more customary games, some one proposed that a dictation be given, and care was taken to include in the phrases given out very hard words and all the little intricacies of French grammar and composition. The number of mistakes was enormous and perhaps not the least curious feature of the trial was that Prince Metternich came off victor with fewer faults than anybody else. I do not now remember whether any of the writers just mentioned were present that evening and took part in the dictation. Probably not, however, though if my memory is not at fault, it was Sainte-Beuve who drew up the text of the dictation, read it out to the 'pupils' and then counted up the mistakes of each one. As one of his favorite theses was that foreigners often know French better than natives, this may account in part for the fine manner in which the Austrian diplomat passed through the ordeal.

The afternoon or morning at Compiègne was sometimes given up to a hunt or to a drive through the beautiful forest to the famous castle of Pierrefonds, which the Emperor was having restored, chiefly with funds from his private purse, and where the Empress was bringing together a rather important collection of armor. After this hunt or drive, there was generally a gathering at the tea hour in

the main salon, when some of the most delightful conversation I ever listened to—and I have heard much fine conversation since those far-off days—was indulged in. But brilliancy and instruction, scintillation and wit could only be expected from a gathering which was made up of such men as Augier and Arsène Houssaye, with Alfred de Vigny and Ponsard in reserve, perhaps; where Victor Duruy, Labiche and Paul Féval vied with one another to be interesting; where the learning and wit of Edmond About, Pasteur, J. B. Dumas and Leverrier shone brightly; while such geniuses in different fields of culture as Gounod, Meyerbeer, Hébert, Gerôme, Ambroise Thomas and a score of other similar celebrities, filled the drawing-rooms with their music or their brilliant comments on all the fine arts. All these and many more remarkable men and women passed through the salons of that old Compiègne palace, which was so musty and dead when the Second Empire was established. They chatted and discussed the various topics of the day. I can never forget those hours and the magnificent intellectual tournaments which then took place.

The palace of Compiègne had no theater previous to 1832, though the original plans of the architect Gabriel contemplated such a room. But Louis XV had never carried out this part of the plan. When Princess Louise, oldest daughter of Louis Philippe, was married to Leopold I, King of the Belgians, Compiègne was selected as the spot where the ceremony should take place, and a theater was improvised on a tennis-court situated at the northern extremity of the palace. It is a long, square-shaped room with many side seats. It was not much used

under Louis Philippe, but during the Second Empire, on the contrary, plays were given there nearly every year from 1852 to 1859, totalling nearly fifty representations, in which were seen the troupes of the leading theaters of Paris, and especially that of the French Theater. The invitations were for eight o'clock, and the play commenced a half hour later, as soon as the Emperor and the Empress had taken their seats in two arm-chairs placed in the front of the Imperial box. This box stretched the whole width of the room and was preceded by a first balcony to which were exclusively admitted ladies in low-necked dresses. The guests and officers of the household invited to the Imperial box numbered some seventy or more. The first boxes above the balcony and Imperial box were filled with guests from the town and neighborhood. The second row of boxes was occupied chiefly by the serving people of the castle. The pit was reserved for officers of all grades up to, and including that of, captain. The space back of the pit up to the Imperial box was given up to judges, members of the departmental legislatures and officers above the rank of captain.

When the Emperor and the Empress entered the theater, everybody rose and remained standing until they were seated. Then the play began. During the intermissions, ices, punch, syrups, were offered to the guests by footmen in full livery, and at one of these intermissions, the Emperor and the Empress would retire to the little salon opening out from the Imperial box, where they would receive and congratulate the leading actors and actresses of the evening. The play ended about half past eleven, when they would bow and withdraw. A fine supper was offered

to the troupe of actors who took a train about two o'clock in the morning for Paris, an hour or two away. Besides being paid, all the members of the troupe were invited to dine at the palace, those in the Legion of Honor being admitted to the Emperor's table, and the others to the table of the commander of the palace. The rate of the actors' fees was based on the highest sum they could make at Paris. The success of the plays at Compiègne depended on many circumstances. It sometimes happened that actors got an attack of stage fright when brought face to face with this special audience and did very poorly. Again, there was some coldness in the audience, as the spectators waited for us to lead in the applause. Of course, there was no claque.

We had also amateur theatricals at Compiègne, the actors being the guests at the palace. These plays were not given in the theater just described, but in a large room of the palace, where a temporary stage was put up. The costumes were borrowed from the State wardrobe. The stage manager of these private theatricals was M. Violet-le-Duc, the famous architect who restored Pierrefonds and other celebrated ruins of France, whose society I always greatly enjoyed. I am sorry to say that in later life he seemed to forget his old benefactors, in which respect, however, he was only human, for I have often remarked that those in high places are far more apt to turn their backs on friends who have fallen from power, than are those of the more humble walks in life. How many of the faithful domestics of the Imperial residences remained

ardent supporters of the Empire to the very end of their modest existence!

On one or two occasions, the Empress took part herself in these private theatricals. I well remember her acting in Octave Feuillet's *Portraits of the Marchioness* when she played with Comte d'Andlau. Another souvenir of these histrionic matters deserves to be recorded here. I recollect that at one of the last Monday evening receptions of 1865, the Empress was chatting with Princess Metternich, when the former said to her: "You should ask Massa to write a play for Compiègne, in which you would have the principal part." Eugénie knew how much this fascinating woman loved the amateur stage, and she was not surprised, therefore, to find that the Princess immediately seized upon the suggestion with enthusiasm, and a few days later, while the iron was still hot, she succeeded in getting the Marquis de Massa to set to work on a piece that went off with flying colors and in which the Princess covered herself with glory. I remember, that the young Prince Imperial had a few verses to recite at one point in the play. He got them off with considerable merit, but was quite confused by the bursts of applause, which, fortunately for the success of his part, did not occur until he had quite finished all he had to say. I was told at the time that when he left the stage and got behind the scenes, he exclaimed in a tone of voice and in a manner that showed he could not understand what the tremendous marks of approval meant: "Did that noise mean that they had had enough of me?" This modest question provoked a laugh among some of the courtier-actors and actresses, which only confused the boy-prince still

more. It showed, however, an innate trait of his beautiful character,—he never considered what he said or did to have any special merit. He was so when a mere child, as a growing lad and as a young man. If he could have succeeded in escaping the terrible attacks of those pitiless savages, he would never have felt that he had been a hero, though, as events showed, he died one.

There is a rather amusing anecdote connected with this play of Massa's which deserves to be related, I think, and of which the Emperor is the hero. During the intermission, the Emperor went behind the scenes and in the green room met Generals Mellinet and de Galliffet so excellently disguised that he took them for real troopers. He asked Massa who those soldiers were, and got the reply: "Your Majesty, they are supernumeraries,—one from the 99th regiment at Compiègne, and the other from the Invalides." Thereupon, the Emperor, with his customary kindness toward inferiors, went over to the two men to say a few words to them. The supposed infantry man who had his back turned to the Emperor and saw in a mirror what was happening, turned quickly on his sovereign, and as if he mistook him for some private from his own regiment, exclaimed roughly: "What do you want?" Then, pretending to have just at that moment discovered his mistake, he added in a most humble tone: "Pray excuse me, sire!" It was now the Emperor's turn to be astonished, when he recognised Galliffet, and left him, much amused to speak to the supposed "Invalide," whom he quickly saw was no other than Mellinet. Then, turning to Massa, the Emperor said: "Mr. Stage-Manager, I want to congratulate

you on your choice of supernumeraries, and I feel very proud that you should have taken the very men whom I had selected as the best for officerships in the army. I see now that I made no mistake!" In fact, the Emperor was so much pleased with this play of Massa's that he sent him a copy of *Julius Cæsar,* with this inscription on the fly-leaf: "From the commentator of Cæsar, to Cæsar's commentator. Napoleon."

There were also charades at the castle, the chief authors of these being Ponsard and Albéric Second. The ladies of court appeared in magnificent costumes. In several charades the Prince Imperial took part with some of his young friends. Two of these charades were particularly liked,—one, written by Ponsard, and entitled *Harmony,* in which the Prince figured as Cupid, and another, *Fourbu,* by Albéric Second, in which the Prince also appeared along with his boy-companions and in which they declare to the public that they are all "fourbus," that is tired out, after a long ride to hounds. The good Bachon, the Prince's equerry, was much distressed by this charade, for he could not admit that his pupil, who was already a very fair horseman, could ever be "fourbu" after a ride to hounds! "But this was only an imaginary hunt," said somebody to console him. "Yes, but there are those in the Paris press who will say that it was a real hunt," replied the excellent man, who had a perfect horror of the journalists of the Second Empire.

A minor part was given to the Prince Imperial in still another charade, one written in verse for the Emperor's birthday. Madame Conneau had taken upon herself to teach the child his lines and he was

never tired of repeating them. It was arranged between Madame Conneau, who was in the charade, and the Prince, that when his turn came she would press his hand twice so that he would make no mistake. At the right place, this prearranged sign was given, but the Prince said nothing. It was repeated three times, but the Prince was absolutely silent, and the curtain had to go down without his having spoken. The Prince was so ashamed of the blunder that he asked to be given another trial, and the curtain went up again. But when the place was reached where he should speak, he quite forgot his lines, and called out with some irritation and with considerable justice, some of us thought: "Is there no prompter?" The managers of these charade parties took the hint, and from that time on, a prompter was always at hand, much to the comfort of the adult actors. I may add that this breakdown did not discourage the acting proclivities of the Prince Imperial, for here as in everything else that he undertook, he tried again and again, and in the end became a very creditable amateur actor.

This taste for charades and tableaux, which was so marked during the Second Empire and which was given full vent to at Fontainebleau as well as at Compiègne, caused some unjust criticism at the time; and since, several critics have made statements which were as scandalous as untrue. What the Empress thought of these strictures and what was the effect they had on her is well told in a letter written about that time to a friend which has since been shown to me. I cannot do better than transcribe it here. It runs as follows:

"In July, 1860, I could not hide a certain feeling

of sadness on this account. I had just returned from Fontainebleau, where I had been suffering from a slight chest attack. I am apt to be very lenient towards malevolence which has not hatred as its motive. When by chance I meet on the journey through life people who look for evil where it does not exist, and who tear their neighbors to pieces without object or cause, this makes me very sad, and I say to myself: 'How bad a person must be who tries to break the hearts of those who hold out their hands to him; for not only are the blows felt, but mistrust takes the place of every other sentiment and even our friendships are undermined.' This is why I was so sad during the last days at Fontainebleau. That innocent charade, unmasked in the newspapers with details which must come from one of those present; to see oneself handed over to the malicious publicity of political parties and public curiosity, and this by a friend, or, at any rate, by a guest,—this is a thing I cannot get used to. I would sum up my feelings in these words: My enemies will always find me ready to face them; but can I say as much for my friends? Add to this the very natural anxiety which I felt concerning my sister's health, which thanks to God is better, and you will understand why I gave way to melancholy, against which, however, I always strive to have the upper hand in so far as possible."

Though the Emperor never cared very much for sports of any kind, he fully recognized the importance of encouraging hunting at the Imperial Court, and, while the Empress, too, was not an adept in this sort of distraction, she shared his views on the subject, so that both lent their warmest support to mak-

ing this feature of court life worthy of the régime. I do not think I exaggerate when I state that the Imperial hunts of the Second Empire were never surpassed in France under the monarchy and were not inferior in good style to those of any other European court. More than once I heard this said by the royal guests, and the same thing was repeated, with less probability of being done out of compliment, by our own ambassadors and military attachés, who, having taken part in the hunts of the various European courts, were in a good position to speak with authority.

The Imperial hunting equipage generally remained nine months at Fontainebleau and three months at Compiègne, with occasional meets in the forests of Saint Germain, Rambouillet, Ourscamp, a few miles from Compiègne, Villefernoy and Marly. The Fontainebleau meets were not so well attended as those of Compiègne, because of the season of the year when they were held,—the first two thirds of the year. The Compiègne season was the autumn.

On meet days, the huntsmen of various grades started out early in the morning in undress uniform, and their three-cornered hats, to look over the ground and let loose the animals. This done, they stationed woodsmen to guard the enclosures and then returned to the meeting-place, wither had preceded them the wagons bringing food and luggage of all kinds. After a hasty breakfast, the huntsmen attired themselves in full uniform and reported to the master of the hounds, who had arrived in the meanwhile with the pack. The dogs were in charge of the footmen of the hounds and were coupled according to age and experience. All was ready now

for the reception of the Imperial household and the guests.

A meet at the King's Well, in the forest of Compiègne, was a picturesque and grand sight. At this open point, which is in the center of the forest, ended eight magnificent alleys, which were pierced through a plantation of superb oak trees during the reign of Francis I. In one of these alleys used to be drawn up the carriages of those invited to the hunt. In the open were the saddle-horses of the Emperor, the Prince Imperial and the Empress, along with those of the officers of the household, guests, huntsmen, and grooms. After these came the hunting equipage,—the dogs with their footmen, the officers of the hunt and the grand master of the hunt, who had just received the report. The sovereigns generally arrived at the meet at noon in drags and were received by the various officials with uncovered heads. After saying a word or two to the principal persons of the group, the Emperor and the Empress would mount, and a moment afterwards the order was given to begin. Thereupon, the whole cavalcade started forth, the huntsman at the head. Directly after them, rode the sovereigns, guests, the households and the officers of the garrison where the hunt was given. Guests who were not in the habit of riding horseback drove in drags or seated in large pleasure vans harnessed like coaches. The cavalcade made a most striking impression, especially on one occasion when, I remember, we had as principal guests, a large body of Algerian chiefs who rode beautiful Arab horses, and of course rode them superbly. I think the Emperor was more interested in watching these splendid horsemen than in follow-

ing the incidents of the hunt. At least, I know the Empress was. After dinner that evening, at the palace, they complimented the Algerians on their fine equestrianism. We were all pleased, and I must say that I was deeply touched, by their characteristic response, so modest and so simple: "There is nothing equal to the Arab steed!" They gave all the credit to their horses!

At all the open spaces in the forest were stationed, during a hunt, forest guards, in full uniform, which consisted of French-cut green coats, green knickerbockers, high yellow gaiters, pointed hats and a hunting knife. The Emperor, attired in hunting costume, would gallop through the grand alleys and follow the hunt in this wise, avoiding the more complicated course through the trees and underbrush, which, however, is not very thick in our state forest preserves. The sovereigns were accompanied by their households, and often by Prince Napoleon who, notwithstanding a tendency to obesity, seemed to enjoy the chase. Prince Murat, with his sister Princess Anna Murat (the Duchesse de Mouchy) were often among the principal guests. Prominent, too, were the "Buttons," that is, those who were authorized to attend the hunt in a specially decorated uniform. This distinction was conferred by an official letter from the grand master of the hunt, and with this letter was sent a box containing the number of buttons necessary for the decoration of a hunting costume, and an extra one for the hat. Hence the expression "to have the buttons," and the familiar name "the buttons," applied to all those who wore the imperial hunting costume. This honor was, of course, much sought after, and in this connection,

the English game of "Button, button, who's got the button?" used to be played sometimes at Compiègne in an ironical spirit. The aides-de-camp and equerries had the right to wear the buttons and it was also conferred on any officer of the military and civil households who requested it. The Duc de Bassano, the Duc de Cambacérès, and several chamberlains who, for one reason or another, generally followed the hunt in drags, also had the honor of wearing this uniform. It was also conferred on some of the ministers and on two or three members of the diplomatic corps. Among the latter, I especially recall the British ambassador, Lord Cowley, and the Austrian ambassador, Prince Metternich, both of whom looked very well in this showy attire. Among the ladies who assumed the costume, none appeared to greater advantage than that exceedingly fascinating woman, the late Comtesse de Boulaincourt, daughter of one of our great favorites, the Marshal de Castellane. The fact that she was an excellent horsewoman and scarcely ever missed a hunt made the conferring of the honor all the more appropriate. A conspicuous figure at the hunts was the painter Jardin, who mingled business with pleasure in a most charming fashion, for it was while following the hounds that he got the ideas for those fine pictures of our imperial hunts which made him famous during the Second Empire. These canvases are very interesting to-day, as they have preserved for future generations many typical scenes in French social life that would otherwise have perished.

The uniform referred to a paragraph or two above, was composed of a French-cut green coat, with wide collar and trimming in crimson velvet and

hunting braids of gold and silver. The braided waistcoat was crimson velvet also, and the knickerbockers were of white kid, while the three-cornered hat, popularly called "lampion," was set off with black feathers. The necktie and gloves were white. The sovereigns' costumes were somewhat similar. The Emperor wore white feathers in his hat and the star of the Legion of Honor on his breast. The Empress was attired in a habit whose bodice was of green cloth, the collar and trimmings of crimson velvet, with braid on the collar, and the pockets adorned with Brandebourg trimming. Her skirt was of green cloth without braid, and her three-cornered hat was ornamented with white feathers. All these pretty and varied costumes, with the gorgeous uniforms of some of the officers, formed an ensemble which produced a most striking effect, and once seen was not soon forgotten. The memory of these beautiful scenes sometimes rushes back on me at the most unexpected moments, and one of the most vivid recollections I have of those past days is a superb hunt at Fontainebleau, where nature with leaf and odor added its charm to the general scheme. The Empress had many curious recollections of the Compiègne hunts. Here is one, for example, which I know not just why, always clung to her mind. One morning, a deer was driven into the Saint Louis pond in a picturesque part of the forest and the day's sport was considered at an end. At this very moment, greatly to the surprise of everybody, another deer, pursued by the hounds of M. de Lubersac and M. de Chenelles, took refuge in this same pond and was there dispatched. The sovereigns felici-

tated the hunters on their skill and they were invited to join the Imperial party.

Every precaution was taken at these meets to prevent accidents, which were so liable to occur in such a large concourse of men and beasts. But during the whole empire, we had to deplore very few serious casualties, thanks to a careful choice of horses and servitors, and to the excellent general arrangements for these hunts. But it was of course inevitable that mishaps should occur sometimes. One of these unfortunate incidents has remained indelibly imprinted on my memory. It occurred at a farm where there was a crush of huntsmen and huntswomen, when the deer turned suddenly on the dogs which caused great confusion, in the midst of which M. Achille Fould, minister of finance, was hurt; M. Delarue, chief guard, was thrown and his horse killed, while the horse of Mme. Thayer took fright, plunged into Princess Mathilde's carriage in such a way as to severely wound Mme. Thayer's foot, so that the unfortunate lady had to be carried back to Paris by special train.

On another occasion, the Emperor's life was in danger. He used sometimes himself to put an end to the suffering of the deer that had been brought to bay. He was a good shot, but often got too near the animal, which once rushed at him. He escaped by quickly bending down low and the infuriated beast sprang over the Emperor's body. The Empress witnessed this scene and naturally had a great fright. I also recall how in the Fontainebleau forest Baron Lambert's left arm was pierced clean through by the antler of a wounded deer that charged on the unfortunate hunter. Doctor Aubin de Fougerais,

who was present at every meet, a very fine rider and very fond of horses, broke his leg at a Compiègne hunt and ever afterwards was forced, to his infinite regret, to follow the hounds in a carriage. I might enumerate several other accidents of this kind, but as I have already said, these were very rare considering the frequency of the hunts and the large field.

Contemporaries have left many writings concerning the hunts; but these accounts are not always to be depended upon. This remark is especially true of a spiteful book signed "Sylvanecte" and written by a woman who certainly was not acquainted with the society which she attempted to describe. Its title was *La Cour à Compiègne* and the author was said to be the daughter of one of the forest general guards. I have become hardened to unjust criticism, but this volume contains falsehoods to which the reply can be only a shrug of the shoulders. Perhaps the best and most truthful picture of hunting at Compiègne is given in a little-known book with the somewhat strange title of *Confidences d'un Valet de Chambre* which was printed anonymously.

The division of the spoils took place in the evening. At Fontainebleau, the ceremony occurred in the Oval Courtyard and at Compiègne, in the Court of Honor. It was conducted with great style, according to the old traditions of royal hunts. The Emperor and the Empress went, after dinner, to the large vestibule in the center of the palace and took her stand on the balcony of the middle window, while the guests appeared at the other windows to witness the torch-light procession and the other sights. On either side of the courtyard stood the

footmen in full dress, their hair powdered and partly hidden under feathered hats, holding lighted torches in their hands. Behind them, forming a living background, were massed the inhabitants of the town, who greatly enjoyed these ceremonies.

The dogs now entered upon the scene. The portions of the deer's body, the quarry, which were to be given to them were hidden under the animal's skin, while the huntsman displayed to the eager hounds the head of the animal. Then the horns sounded and their notes were mingled with the yelping of the impatient dogs. Twice the whip fell and the animals rushed to the prostrate body of the dead deer. Then the whip was raised and the growling dogs were forced to draw back. But at length the hallali, or whoop, sounded and the huntsmen pulled off the skin, when the dogs with a furious barking flung themselves upon the feast of meat, fighting and biting in an inextricable heap. The huntsmen and footmen stood by, whip in hand, in order to prevent the fighting from becoming too serious, while the horns, at the far end of the court, sounded the stirring airs of the chase. The whole scene was most moving, picturesque and not soon to be forgotten. I never hear these horns now, at some dog-show or over the fields from some distant hunt, that I am not carried immediately back to those closing hours of these fine imperial hunts forty years or more ago."

CHAPTER XIII

COURT ENTERTAINMENTS

Though the more frivolous side of life may have monopolized most of the time and attention of the Court, especially at Saint Cloud, Fontainebleau and above all at Compiègne, still serious things were not wholly neglected. Politics occupied much attention, particularly that of the Emperor and the ministers; nor were the demands of religion overlooked. The church was never forgotten in the midst of the festivities of Court life, and the Emperor, and the Prince Imperial as he grew older, earnestly seconded Eugénie's acts in this direction. Though Napoleon III may have been more or less Voltairian at moments and in the company of men, still, as a monarch of an officially Catholic nation, he recognized thoroughly the necessity of performing, at least publicly, all that the rules and ceremonies of Rome demanded.

Mass was said at noon every Sunday in the chapel at the Tuileries, both sovereigns being present at the service in state, accompanied by their suites, the gentlemen in uniform, the ladies in walking costumes. On ordinary Sundays, the Court occupied the gallery opposite the altar. On certain special occasions, and during Lent, for example, the Emperor, the Empress, and Court were in the lower part of the chapel on red velvet seats with devotional

chairs before them. The clergy were in the habit of going to the door to receive "the sovereigns" and the usher announced their arrival by exclaiming in a loud voice: "The Emperor."

The Emperor was always very strict in his demeanor during the service, being careful to kneel at those parts of the ceremony where the women kneel, but where the men usually remain standing. The sermon generally lasted about half an hour, and the pulpit was frequently filled by celebrated orators, among whom Abbé Bauer, a brilliant convert to Catholicism who preached several courses of Lenten sermons, was particularly liked by the Emperor and the Empress. His easy flow of language and his earnest manner were much appreciated at Court. At the end of the more strictly religious part of the service, excellent music was often executed with the aid of several harps.

After Mass, the Emperor and the Empress usually stopped a few moments in the gallery attached to the chapel, when the former would converse with some of the officers who were waiting there, and the latter would give brief audiences in the blue salon just off the chapel. But both of them were adverse to this custom, as they never liked to mingle religious observances with mundane affairs. So only the most intimate friends had audiences at the chapel.

Another phase of the daily life at the Tuileries, but very different from the one just touched upon, may be mentioned here—that pertaining to the management and general condition of the Imperial stables; for the character of this side of a Court often gives a fair idea of the prevailing spirit.

Horses and carriages count for much in a well-organized monarchy.

The Empress used the same carriages as the Emperor, berlins, barouches and wurts. In the latter years of the Empire, Eugénie had what she called her "wall-carriage" because she could shut herself up in it as if surrounded by a wall. It was a deep blue landau, without any arms emblazoned on the panels, and was drawn by two fine horses. The men on the box wore mastic-colored coats, and top-boots. It was in this vehicle that the Empress used to make her incognito visits to hospitals, charitable institutions and exhibitions of all kinds.

Eugénie had also a chaise which she drove when she was at Saint Cloud or other summer and autumn residences. This carriage was drawn either by two English ponies, Dove and Vingt Mars, which had been purchased for ten thousand francs in London, or by two little thoroughbred mares, Isaure and Hélène.

The riding stables were under the supervision of Baron de Pierres, the equerry, who was a first-rate horseman. He had kept race-horses, rode very well, was eminently clever in the management of large stables, and, withal was very amiable, much liked and highly esteemed by everybody. During the first years of the Empire, he was the Empress' only equerry and came to report each day at noon, at the same time as the grand mistress, the lady in waiting, the grand master, the reader, the private secretary and the librarian. If the Empress remained at the palace or went out unescorted, he was free till next day; but if she drove in the barouche, he escorted her, riding at the right of the carriage. In the eve-

ning he came to dine at the imperial table. He wore the same costume as the Emperor's equerries so far as embroidery was concerned, but his coat was pale blue.

Baron de Pierres had property in the west of France and was very popular in those parts, where he was constantly elected deputy during the last half of the Second Empire. Being unable, in consequence, to perform his Court duties with the same degree of assiduity as in the early days of the Empire, he asked to have an assistant equerry; so the Marquis de la Grange then passed from the Emperor's service to that of the Empress, and Baron de Pierres became first equerry.

When the Empress rode, she was always accompanied by Baron de Pierres and his wife, who was one of her ladies in waiting, and rode remarkably well. Eugénie greatly enjoyed horseback riding, especially when in the country, when she generally sought out sequestered lanes where the rules of etiquette could be wholly forgotten and the beauties of nature fully appreciated.

Her chief huntsman was M. Guyot, honorable and excellent man, and a very good rider, who had been in Louis Philippe's stables, and who remained in the service until 1870. He wore the same costume as the outriders of the Emperor, and only followed the Empress at reviews and hunts, accompanied by two grooms of the suite.

Eugénie's stables contained a score of horses,—among which were Phœbus, Chevreuil, an excellent hunter, and Langewicz and Elastic, which were her favorites. Several horses were reserved for the ladies of the palace,—Baroness de Pierres, Com-

tesse de la Bédoyère, Mme. de Lourmel and Comtesse de Rayneval,—or for the ladies invited to Fontainebleau and Compiègne. The horses ridden by the equerries, huntsmen and followers generally were all thoroughbred or very nearly so. In a word, great attention was paid by both the Emperor and the Empress to everything pertaining to the stables, and it was generally admitted, I believe, that the carriages and horses of the Second Empire surpassed everything that had been seen in France since the days of the old régime and the First Empire, for neither during the Bourbon Restoration nor the Orleans Monarchy had much attention been paid by the Chief of State to this part of the royal establishment.

The Emperor and the Empress always gave their personal attention to the balls both at the Tuileries and at the chief ministerial palaces. They so acted both for social and political reasons. Much can be done in France through the medium of a polite and artistic State ball. The Emperor once remarked with a smile: "Somebody has said: 'Let me write the songs of a nation and the rest will take care of itself.' I would add: "Let me conduct the dancing in Paris and I will be willing to leave the songs to the poetasters of Montmartre." It may be interesting, therefore, to touch here upon some of these festivities.

The ball given at the Foreign Affairs Office in 1857 created a great sensation. Stories recall vividly some of the details. Count Walewski, minister of Foreign Affairs, I am told, was costumed as a statesman of the old régime, wearing a black velvet coat decorated with jet, and a blue cordon. Coun-

tess Walewska, his wife, appeared as Diana the Huntress, clothed in a tiger skin with a diamond crescent on her head, a bow in her hand, and, on her shoulder, a quiver filled with golden arrows. A great number of pretty women, most of them belonging to the official world, were present, attired in rich and varied costumes.

Thus, Princess Czartoryska, daughter of Queen Christine and the Duke of Rianzarès, was dressed as a bourgeoise of the time of Louis XVI, wearing a Necker hat. Mme. Serrano, wife of the Spanish ambassador, was in a costume of the middle ages, while Princess Mathilde wore a blue lampas dress. Princess Joachim Murat represented a marchioness of the old régime. Lady Cowley was a Queen Anne, and Baroness von Seebach, wife of the Minister of Saxony and daughter of Chancellor Nesselrode, was dressed as a Russian boyard lady of the days of the Czar Peter. She wore a dress made of cloth of gold, splendid furs and many precious stones. Mlle. Magnan was in a hunting costume of the time of Louis XV; my mother, Mme. Fleury, simulated a lady of the court of Marie Antoinette; Mme. Taigny was an elegant pearl-gray bat, while Princess Callimachi, wife of the Ottoman ambassador, was a Marie de Medicis.

Comtesse de Brigode, who became later Baronesse de Poilly, the daughter of the Marquis de Hallay-Coetquen, was one of the most remarked among the ladies at this ball. She appeared in the costume of an Indian amazon. Her long hair fell from under a panther's head and covered a red morocco bodice worn over gauze skirts embroidered with leaves and flowers fringed with birds' feathers. Another lady

attracted much attention, the then fashionable beauty, Comtesse de Castiglione, who was dressed as Queen of Hearts, a costume which she considered symbolical of the innumerable men whom she had captivated.

Many of the men wore dominoes; some, however, were costumed. M. de Vatimesnil appeared as Charles IX, in a velvet and gold coat; Count Olympe Aguado looked striking and important as Wallachian; Viscomte de Bresson wore a Spanish costume; Comte Armand was a musketeer of the time of Louis XV; and Baron de Chassiron was attired as a Valois courtier.

Another remarkable figure at this ball was a rag picker, who was, however, very elegant in his white satin vest, knickerbockers, and pink stockings. On his back he carried a gilt basket filled with gardenias and camelias, in his right hand a silver hook and in the left hand a lighted lantern. This was Diogenes' lantern. The rag picker noticed a blue domino walking slowly about the room, whom he recognized as the Emperor. Approaching him he said: "I was seeking an honest man; I have found him;" and immediately blew out the lantern. This witty flatterer was a young diplomatist, Comte Amelot de Chaillou, who later had a brilliant career.

It was known that the Empress was at the ball, but nobody could discover how she was disguised. Some of the guests thought that two dominoes seated in a salon near the ball-room were Eugénie and Comtesse Gustave de Montabello, one of her ladies. But this was a mistake. However, Baron de St. Amand, who was costumed as one of Marie Antoinette's pages, offered his services to the supposed

Empress and went in search of all the persons whom she desired to talk to, among these being various diplomatists, General Kheredine, then the envoy of the Bey of Tunis, and General Canrobert. Towards the end of the evening, however, these two dominoes suddenly disappeared. But at supper, a Bohemian, whose face was half hidden by a mask, was found to be the Empress when she cast off her domino.

There were four official masked balls in Paris in 1859—at the Tuileries, at the State Minister's, at the Foreign Affairs, and at the palace of the President of the Legislative Body. All these functions were brilliant and created much comment of various kinds at the time. The invited guests were selected with great care, the Emperor and the Empress with all the Court attended. They made it a point to aid in so far as possible to make these affairs a great success.

A word about the ball of the Foreign Affairs. Nobody at the time ever understood why the Empress preferred the gatherings there to those held elsewhere outside of the Tuileries. The reason was very simple. When masked balls were given at the Foreign Office, the minister's cabinet was adorned with silk materials and transformed into a boudoir, and here it was that she put on her domino. This was a great convenience. The rule was to wear either a complete costume, a Venetian mantle, or a domino and mask.

Much was said then, and, especially has been said since against these balls, which, however, only followed the best traditions of the old monarchy. It was asserted that many deplorable intrigues were the result of this adoption of the mask and of the

familiar use in conversation of the second person singular, which was permitted to persons thus disguised. There has been much exaggeration in all this. Intrigues were the exception and a great many more persons went with uncovered faces than with masked faces. These balls were simply a species of innocent amusement much enjoyed at that time. The most reserved women and the most absorbed officials sometimes felt the need of some distraction, and an agreeable pastime was found in these costumed and masked balls. It has not been possible, under the Third Republic, to reconstitute successfully these ancient customs, especially as the mask has fallen almost universally into disuse. So the public has been easily led to criticize what was done and what was the general fashion of those past days. But most people did not at that date indulge in much criticism of what they knew was an old tradition. But even then, everybody did not follow the prevailing custom. Thus, though the Emperor and the Empress were masked and wore dominoes at the first three balls mentioned above, at the Tuileries ball they were unmasked.

At M. and Mme. Achille Fould's ball—that is, at the State Minister's function—also just mentioned, one or two interesting incidents occurred. Thus, passing through interior corridors from the Tuileries to the portion of the Louvre where was the official residence of the Minister, two dominoes got into the ball room by a private entrance. It was thought at the time that they were the Emperor and the Empress and I may say now that the surmise was correct. They remained an hour, then went away as they had come, having satisfied them-

selves that everything was being properly conducted at this large gathering. Napoleon III liked to inspect things with his own eye. "I seem to see what others never see," he used to say. There was much comment at the time as to why they came and went so hastily and privately. Many wrong reasons were given. I here give the right one.

A sensational entry at this ball was that of two masked women wearing allegorical costumes which represented Peace and War. Peace, all in white, crowned with olive branches and bearing in her hand a green twig, presented this symbolical emblem to Princess Mathilde, with some appropriate remark. The Princess replied: "I accept it as a presage, but I can promise nothing." War spoke to a general who had distinguished himself in the Crimea: "Will you take my lance?" she asked. "It is my trade to fight," answered the general; "and one swallow does not make a spring."

International affairs were indeed then in an unsettled state. The Austrian Emperor had visited Italy at the end of 1856, but the people had not forgotten how they had been treated in the recent past, and he was received with considerable coldness. Sardinia had frequently complained of Austrian policy in Italy, while Austria, on her side, was much ruffled by the attacks made upon her by the Sardinian press. Growing coolness was also shown between Austria and France on this same subject, which reached a climax when Napoleon said to the Austrian ambassadors at the levee held on January 1, 1859: "I regret that French relations with your government are not so good as they were; but I beg you to inform your Emperor, that my personal feel-

ings for him have not changed." In the meanwhile preparations for war were carried on with the greatest activity by Austria, France and Sardinia, and though England sent Lord Cowley to Vienna to try and prevent an outbreak, his mission was not successful. In spite of the balls and other Court festivities which were purposely multiplied at Paris during these uncertain years, military matters came more and more to the fore, and greatly marred all social efforts, which made for peace and goodwill.

The Princess Metternich and Arsènene Houssaye introduced into Paris society of the sixties the custom of giving redoubts or ridottos, entertainments in which dancing and music were mingled, a species of evening party which rapidly became popular and was much enjoyed by the fashionable world. They began at a masked ball in Eugénie's honor. The Emperor attended wearing a Venetian cloak, while the Empress was disguised as Juno, if I record it rightly. The ball-room had been set up in the garden of the embassy, its walls covered with light blue satin and decorated with large mirrors. Just before the Empress arrived, a somewhat comical incident occurred. Comte de Fleurieu, who represented a cocoa-seller, so common in the streets of Paris, had the little barrel slung over his shoulder filled with champagne, which he intended to give out to the thirsty during the ball. But, unbeknown to him, some practical joker unscrewed the tap, and all the precious liquid ran out on the floor. This caused for a moment considerable confusion and even indignation in some minds—not without reason, it seems to me—but others laughed at the "mishap." The floor

was quite dry before the Empress arrived and she heard of the matter only the next day.

Perhaps the finest ridotto of the régime was the one given at the Austrian embassy during the season of 1869, when the hostess in a black domino and Comtesse Edmond de Pourtalès, in a fine Oriental costume, were the *boutes-en-train* of the evening, spreading gaiety everywhere, throughout the elegant and spacious ball room. It was in this same year that M. Houssaye began his celebrated ridottos of the Avenue Friedland, where he mingled so successfully society and the chief actors and actresses of the leading theaters of Paris.

The diplomatic corps was, taken as a whole, a very remarkable body under the second empire. As the Emperor was always the soul of the régime, the diplomats, whether ambassadors or simple ministers, were really accredited to the sovereign. The cabinet ministers were considered of little importance, at least till near the close of the régime, by these foreign representatives. They preferred to speak direct with the ruler of France and to receive inspiration immediately from him. Their reports to their own governments in so far as they have been made public, show how close was the union between the Emperor and the diplomatic corps. For this same reason the Empress was enabled to exert considerable influence abroad, and to make felt foreign influences at home, for it was naturally very easy for her to get the Emperor's ear and to learn from him what he was thinking and what he wished to do or to have done. I should add, however, that she permitted herself to be used very seldom in this way by members of the diplomatic corps, and only when

she perceived that she could be of aid to the government in its policies; and still less often did Eugénie utilize the power which came from her intercourse with the Emperor. I may say, nevertheless, that on more than one occasion, the Empress was thus able to be of benefit to France and when this was possible, she did not let the occasion slip unutilized.

Prince and Princess Metternich were perhaps the most talked-of members of the diplomatic corps of the Second Empire. The Prince was an important personality, owing much of this importance to the fact that he was a special friend of the Emperor Francis Joseph and the son of the celebrated chancellor. He was a handsome man, with courteous and attractive manners, very well adapted to restore kindly relations between two nations which had just been warring together; for Prince Metternich came to Paris immediately after the campaign of 1859. Napoleon requested that he be given the mission to Paris, as he had formerly known the Prince and had met him again at Villafranca. He was well acquainted with Paris society and rapidly gained a firm position at the Tuileries, where he soon became a very good friend of the Empress. He showed himself to be a most assiduous diplomat and though apt to be, perhaps, all things to all men, was *persona grata* everywhere. That he had too strong an influence over the Emperor at the moment of the fall of the Archduke Maximilian and very nearly succeeded in getting him into a compromising position in this connection, there can now be no doubt. In 1866, he naturally strove to secure the intervention of the Emperor in favor of Austria, but his council was not listened to. In 1870, he did valuable service

in letting France clearly see just how far went the possibilities of aid from his country. But it was his wife perhaps that made Prince Metternich one of the most famous men in Paris. Owing to her intelligence, her fine presence, her originality and the tact she displayed in securing and keeping the first place in Paris society, Princess Metternich was the most-talked-of woman of the Tuileries court and led the female contingent of the diplomatic corps. Her features were rather broad and irregular, and her shoulders lacked plumpness, but a natural elegance hid these physical defects, and her quick mind and clever talk did the rest, making her a woman of remarkable ability. She was bold in gesture, picturesque in imagination and often rather startling in speech. She was fond of singing catchy little songs, taking many of them from the repertory of Thérésa, the famous concert-hall singer of the period. This gave rise to the report, which was quite false, however, that she and the singer were close friends. She made real hits with these songs, which were sometimes given in a fashion that Thérésa would have been proud of. In some quarters, this conduct was rather severely criticized, as were also the princess's often eccentric fashion in dress and a certain carelessness in manner. She was a constant guest at Compiègne, as both the Emperor and the Empress were very much attached to her and her husband. She enjoyed organizing charades and tableaux as has already been seen and showed much talent in the distribution of the parts and in preparing the costumes. She was full of suggestions and was not prone to brook contradic-

tion. I know of one of these tiffs, which created a considerable tempest in a teapot.

A little play called *The Country Lunch* was being rehearsed under the stage direction, as usual, of Princess Metternich. Among the actresses was the Duchesse de Persigny, who also had a mind of her own. It soon became evident that the Duchess was pleased neither with her part nor her costume, and wished to improve her rather mean appearance by showing off her beautiful fair hair.

"Who ever heard," said Princess Metternich, "of a lady's waiting maid wearing her hair loose over her shoulders at a country picnic?"

"They do as they like," replied the Duchess, "and then, we are playing to get some fun out of it, and it would please me to show off my hair."

"Then, don't appear in this tableau," answered the Princess sharply. She was beginning to lose her temper, and finally came to the Empress with her tale of woe. But Eugénie always detested petty quarrels and tittle-tattle and so tried to keep out of this trifling squabble, though, on account of the high quality of the persons concerned, she had to say something. So the Empress remarked to the Princess:

"I should advise you to let the Duchess have her own way, especially as what she proposes doing may have a good effect. And you should remember and so be a little indulgent, that her mother was a little queer." She referred to Princesse de la Moskowa, who was a daughter of Laffitte. Immediately, Princess Metternich made this odd response:

"Well, if the Duchess's mother is a wee bit daft,

my father was in the same state, and so I do not at all intend to yield."

It is generally known that the father of Princess Metternich, Count Sandor, was indeed famous for his eccentricities. He was an ardent equestrian and many stories were told of his feats of horsemanship. He had been frequently thrown, and it was said that his brain was affected thereby, so that one day he drove his drag and steeds into the Danube and broke his back in the fall.

Princess Metternich acted very well herself and obtained a marked success at Compiègne one season by producing scenes from Cæsar's *Commentaries*. She kept up her interest in histrionics and after the Prince retired from the French mission, under Thiers's administration, plays for charity were often given at the Metternich house in Vienna.

She liked to recite, too, and was very successful in several of Nadaud's simple and touching poems. Nor was her taste for music and song confined to the trifles of Thérésa. She was fond of solid music and did much to prepare the way for the final introduction of Wagner into Paris. When *Tannhäuser* was first given at the Paris Opera, it was vigorously hissed. On this occasion, however, the Princess was seen standing in her box and breaking a beautiful fan to pieces by the ardor of her applause. The piece was not given again till after the fall of the Empire, when it aroused a storm of popular opposition. Frenchmen who have since become Wagnerian to excess, were then on both occasions, violently opposed to this music. Princess Metternich used to say, referring to that famous night: "Well, I did what I could to save Wagner's honor."

During these years, the Austrian embassy at Paris was a most active center both in social and in political matters. Though Austria had just been beaten by France, as I have already said, the Princess and her husband showed such tact and social activity, that they soon drew to their circle all that was best at the capital. Dinners, balls, plays and receptions followed one another in quick succession. The dinners were justly celebrated; they were excessively elegant, and the guests were invited with the greatest care. The Emperor and the Empress often accepted invitations to the Embassy, and did all they could to add to the gayety of this delightful center.

In the baseless attacks sometimes made on the morals and manners of the Court of the Second Empire, Princess Metternich always comes in for more than her share of the blame. This is due not only to her ways and words which gave some ground for criticism, but to her prominence. Slanderers always single out the leaders for their cruel attacks, and hence it is that the Emperor and the Empress have been the victims of these same low critics. When it became the fashion to talk against the Court and cast contempt on all the ladies who composed it, numerous were the calumnies that were invented. Details were given which had never existed and gross exaggeration was the rule. This disagreeable subject is touched upon more than once, I fear, in this chapter. But it made such a sorrowful impression on the Empress, that I find myself recurring to it in spite of myself. But the world has since become more just, and it is now beginning to be admitted that nothing very extraordinary took place at the Tuileries and at Compiègne.

A good friend of the Metternichs was the Italian ambassador Chevalier, and later Count Nigra. He did not belong to a great family, but owed his advancement to his marked ability and the support which this ability won from Cavour. He was very amiable in ladies' society, a good talker and always courteous in manner. He had an enviable position at the Tuileries. He had a good voice and one of the pleasantest recollections of Fontainebleau is a boat party on the lake, where Count Nigra hummed, *mezzo voce,* pretty Italian canzonets. His rather feline grace and Piedmontese stutter had a certain attraction about them, which partly explain his unquestioned success at court. But at first sight, I do not think it can be said that the count was distinguished looking or seductive. He was always very friendly to the Empress. He knew her views concerning the religious question in Italy and did all he could to combat discreetly her influence in this direction. At the moment of the outbreak of the war in 1870, he of course could not be expected to do very much to bring Italy to the French side, for France could not accept the conditions which he offered, that is, to abandon the Pope and suffer Victor Emmanuel to carry out the nation's wish and secure Rome as the capital. He shilly-shallied, declaring his devotion to France but doing so in such a way as not to compromise his government. I know he was pained at the fall of the Empire and at the misfortunes of the Emperor, for whom he had a very warm feeling; but like all good Italians, he felt a sense of relief and deliverance. Personally, the Empress could never forget how Count Nigra and Prince Metternich risked their lives, perhaps,

in aiding her escape from Paris at the moment of the revolution of September 4th, as described in the second volume of these memoirs.

At the side of Count Nigra at Paris was a semi-official diplomat, Count Vimercati, who was on friendly terms with Prince Napoleon and who frequented the salon of Princess Mathilde. He used to be intrusted with confidential messages between the cabinets of the Tuileries and of Turin. He was amiable but prolix, and united to a great affectation of frankness a shrewdness that largely counterbalanced his frankness. He it was who, on the eve of the war, brought word direct from the king, thus emphasizing the earlier reply of Nigra, that Italy could only support France "a few months later." A few months later! This was not the answer when Italy looked to France to aid her in her efforts to shake off the Austrian yoke!

In the Russian embassy, perhaps a word should be said about Princess Lise Troubetjkoi, who was the sister of the wife of the Russian military attaché, Count Paul Schouwaloff, who later became a very important personage in Russia and was sent as ambassador to Germany. Countess Schouwaloff, whose maiden name was Princess Belosselsky, was a gentle, kindly lady in somewhat delicate health, who won many friends both in Imperial and in Faubourg Saint Germain circles by her perfect manners and affability. But her sister, Princess Troubetjkoi, who dabbled in politics and sought both under the Empire and afterwards to play a part, was rather distrusted. Her salon had a certain reputation, however, especially at the time when M. Thiers ruled France. She had a large acquaintance

in all countries and carried on a large correspondence with persons of position. Wishing to appear even better informed than she really was, she always seemed to have in her pocket a more or less important letter, which was drawn forth at the right time. Thus, if the name of Prince Gortchakoff were mentioned, she was apt to say: "Why, I had a letter from him this morning," and an envelope was immediately produced, but I cannot say whether there was anything inside it! Practical jokers knowing her weakness, were ever ready to send her letters for this famous pocket.

Throughout nearly the whole Empire, the British ambassador was Lord Cowley, who was an old friend of the Emperor. He and Lady Cowley were very intimate at both the Tuileries and at Compiègne. They remained good friends after Napoleon's fall, and Lord and Lady Cowley often visited the Emperor and Empress in England. Their attentions deeply touched both of the sovereigns.

Lord Lyons, who followed them towards the end of the empire, came to Paris from Washington, where he had managed British affairs with tact during the stormy and delicate period of the American Civil War. The Emperor, who had never forgotten his early days in the United States, used now and then to question the British ambassador concerning the growth of the Great Republic, and going off on to political affairs, would ask to be told the American side of the Mexican Expedition imbroglio. Lord Lyons on one occasion gave him a very graphic description of Mr. Seward, the American Secretary of State, who conducted so ably the foreign affairs of the Union during this critical crisis and whom

our Foreign Office, at the time of this Mexican affair, found no ordinary antagonist, ably seconded as he was at Paris by that charming personality, John Bigelow, who, with General Dix, the accomplished gentleman who succeeded him, were the two American Ministers of the Second Empire whose marked individuality has left an impression on all.

The Empress was particularly interested in the Danish minister, Count von Moltke-Hoitfeld, for two reasons. In the first place, he was married to a charming woman, the daughter of Baron von Zeebach, minister of Saxony in Paris. She was very elegant and much sought after by the society circles of the day. Her second interest in this brilliant family arose from the fact that one of their nephews married Miss Bonaparte-Patterson, daughter of Colonel Bonaparte, grandson of King Jerome. Colonel Bonaparte, though an American citizen, served gallantly in the French army and was on the friendliest terms with the Emperor and the Empress. He often visited the latter at Chislehurst.

Count von Goltz, Prussian minister, who was quite in his place in Paris, succeeded Count von Hatzfeld mentioned elsewhere in these memoirs. Count von Goltz was an excellent conversationalist and was very much liked by ladies. The Empress especially enjoyed his interesting society. It has often been said that if he had not been forced by bad health to abandon his post some eighteen months before the Hohenzollern affair, he could have prevented the war. Perhaps this is too much to say, but I know that he very clearly saw the storm coming as early as 1868. He did not hesitate to point out the baleful influence of Bismarck, hoped to check its evil in-

fluence and loved to dream of an alliance between the two nations. How often in after years the Emperor and the Empress would talk of this noble man and praise him for his high-minded efforts for peace and good-will!

I may close this imperfect account of some of the members of the corps who made the most lasting impression by a few words concerning an ambassadress *in partibus,* that distinguished foreigner, Dorothea von Benckendorff, Princesse de Lieven, Guizot's *Egeria.* She gathered about her all the important men of the day. The Empress was once taken to her salon by Comte de Morny, about the time the former was to wed the Emperor. "You must have her on your side," said the count; "she can influence all the European courts in our favor." Eugénie made a note about her after the first visit and described her as "a tall old woman, thin, dried-up and stern looking." She was then sixty-seven and had lost her captivating grace of former days. She welcomed Eugénie most warmly and made quite a fuss over her, for the approaching marriage had recently been made public. I do not think the Empress ever saw again this really remarkable woman.

CHAPTER XIV

THE OFFICIAL HOUSEHOLD

MANY of the facts and impressions contained in these volumes are based on manuscript notes made at the time of the occurrences described. This is especially true of all that concerned the Empress's personal household and the persons who composed it, most of whom were true to her during the days of prosperity and few of whom forgot her when the time of trial came. In the following pages I shall mention several of these friends and aids, and if some names are overlooked, it will be as a general rule by mistake. I will also enter somewhat into detail concerning the service of the palace and court, because, as it is now so many years that France has been living under republican institutions, I am told that a description of these habits and customs of the past will be read with special interest by new generations. This explains why I give place here to some facts which might otherwise seem rather trivial.

The greater part of the services appertaining to Eugénie's household were not combined with but annexed to those appertaining to the Emperor's household. Though the two households were distinct in so far as concerned the persons who composed them, the Grand Master and the Grand Mistress of Eugénie's household performed in reality

only the service of honor attached to their positions and the duty of being present at audiences and presentations. Everything else, such as invitations to dinners, concerts, balls, were made out in the offices of the Emperor's household and signed by his officials. There was at least one exception to this rule —the Empress's Monday evening dances were managed by her own grand master and first chamberlain. But this Grand Master had nothing to do with her correspondence, the distribution of money to charities, and such things, which duties were performed by the private secretary. Nor did her grand mistress occupy herself with the Empress's wardrobe, which was left in the hands of Mme. Pollet, under direct orders. The ladies of the palace, who were on duty, two by two, had nothing to do with the more domestic affairs of the household. Theirs was entirely a service of honor. A covered carriage, and later a coupé, used to go and fetch them from their homes about one o'clock each day. When they arrived at the Tuileries or Saint Cloud, as the case might be, they generally found already there, in the so-called Duty Salon, the lady reader, the lady of honor and the chamberlain. It was the audience hour. The lady visitors were introduced by the lady of the palace then on duty, the gentlemen by the chamberlain. But it was not the Empress's habit to give many audiences. The few ladies who were received into the intimate circle came more usually about six o'clock, before the dinner hour. Towards the end of the Empire, the more frequent of these visitors were the Empress's niece, the Duchesse de Mouchy, born Princess Anna Murat, whom she was very fond of, and Mme. Delessert and her daughter,

the Comtesse de Nadaillac, who were friends even before the advent of the Empire, when Eugénie was a child. They were rather outside of the court circle on account of the political opinions of their own circle, and generally saw the Empress in private. The Princesses of the Bonaparte family were always welcomed whenever they came, as were also the daughters of the Duchesse d'Albe. They often stayed at the castle, whether the court was at Paris or elsewhere.

When the Empress went out for a drive, the court regulations were as follows: She found the ladies of the household congregated in the salon assigned to the Emperor's chamberlain. The lady in waiting on "grand duty" took her place in the carriage, along with the chamberlain, while the lady on "second duty" drove in the next carriage. If the Empress was going out with the Emperor, the aide-de-camp of the Emperor and the second orderly officer sat with them and the two ladies got in the second carriage. Sometimes the Empress went out late, when the ladies waited in the service salon reading or embroidering. At other times she would not go out at all, when the ladies in waiting would be permitted to withdraw and be driven to their respective homes, whence they were fetched back again for dinner to the Tuileries. After dinner and at the end of the evening, they were once more driven home. The charity visits were generally made in the morning, when the Empress was accompanied only by a lady in waiting.

The ladies of the household always appeared in low-necked dresses in the evening, as the Empress did herself, and on ordinary occasions they wore but

few jewels. On the left of their bodices, the ladies pinned the badge of their office, which consisted of Eugénie's initial in diamonds on blue enamel, with the Imperial crown above the letter. The grand mistress and first lady in waiting also wore on their bodice attached to the same riband, a double-faced jewel, one side holding the portrait of the Emperor and the other side the Empress's own portrait, the two portraits being framed in diamonds. The governess of the Children of France wore similar jewels.

A word about some of the other ladies of the household. The lady reader arrived before the ladies in waiting, wrote letters but did not often read to the Empress as she much preferred to read to herself. In fact, I think I may fairly say that she was always quite a devourer of books, and it would have troubled her somewhat to be read to, in the first place because she would have always felt that this act was wearisome to the young lady who was performing it—she knew by experience in younger days that it is very fatiguing—and in the second place she liked to "skim" some parts of a book, and read over other parts several times. All these intellectual whims are next to impossible when your reading is done for you. So the official reader had somewhat of a sinecure at the Tuileries court. She retired as a rule, when the ladies in waiting arrived.

There was also a body of young ladies in waiting. One of these generally devoted her morning to the correspondence and accompanied the Empress on her visits to religious and charitable institutions. They would sometimes go to an exhibition, when the Chamberlain was also of the party. These young ladies in waiting had as a special duty the

filing away of letters, documents and papers of all sorts which could be of any possible value in the present or in the future. They were particularly careful to preserve any communication of historical value. Many papers of this sort addressed to the Emperor were carefully put away by these same orderly hands. In this fashion I found many valuable aids to my memory when I set to work on these rather rambling, I fear, and somewhat inadequate recollections of the Empress's public life. Though some of these documents, and many others, were lost during the stormy period of the fall of the Second Empire, still we managed to save a large portion of these interesting collections of manuscripts which throw so much light on several of the episodes and personages of the epoch.

The grand mistress of the household, who had been selected at the moment of the Empress's marriage and who continued to fill this delicate post throughout the reign, was the Princesse d'Essling, Duchesse de Rivoli, the daughter of General Debelle and widow of the son of the famous Marshal Masséna, surnamed "the cherished child of victory." The Princess had a pleasant face framed with fair curly hair. Though somewhat cold and severe in her bearing, perhaps, she was at heart good, kind and very distinguished in all she said and did. Whether in Paris, or traveling, she performed all her duties with great care and tact. It was her custom to come to the Tuileries every day to learn the Empress's desires, when she would withdraw. She was present at all important state functions, such as receptions or dinners, and presented by name the ladies who had been invited. This naming of guests

is always a valuable aid to a hostess, especially to one in the position which Eugénie then held. In the flurry of the moment, one often forgets for an instant the name even of a very good acquaintance, and then it is that such valuable aid as the Princess could give was fully appreciated. How many times she has saved Eugénie from making a blunder or being guilty of a sin of omission or commission, and how often the Empress has thanked her warmly, after some great social event, for her tactful and invaluable support. She was a good friend to the end of her well-filled days, and her elegant and eclectic salon in the Rue Jean Goujon was one of the most charming centers of polite Paris. One of her grandsons married one of the Empress's cousins, which was another bond of union, between them, though all she did during the long years of the Second Empire would alone have sufficed to keep her memory very dear.

The chief lady in waiting, the Duchesse de Bassano, belonged to the Belgian family of the Barons de Hooghvorst. She was a very distinguished looking woman, had a most charming manner and performed her duties with much discretion. She and her husband, who was grand chamberlain, as I have already said, were instrumental in drawing to the Tuileries many personal friends of marked distinction and value to the young régime, and the Emperor and the Empress always felt very grateful to them for the indefatigable manner in which they labored for the strengthening of the restored Empire. The Duc and Duchesse lived at the Tuileries and gave very select gatherings which were much appreciated by the *élite* of the capital. The Em-

press not infrequently attended these choice little parties and soon became most warmly attached to the Duchesse, so that when her death came in 1868, it was a terrible blow and was deeply mourned by the whole court. One of her daughters married the Marquis d'Espeuilles, a brilliant cavalry officer, who was aide-de-camp to the Prince Imperial, and so was doubly dear to Eugénie.

The Duc de Bassano survived his wife. After the fall of the Empire, he followed the Emperor and the Empress into exile. He was most devoted to the Emperor and, after his death, he transferred this devotion to Eugénie. When she lost the Prince Imperial, he would spend nearly the whole year with her, leaving her only now and then to visit his children. When she made her sad pilgrimage to the Cape, he wished to accompany her, but Eugénie felt the voyage was too long for a man of his years, and he finally consented to let himself be represented by his son, the Marquis de Bassano. As the infirmities of age crept upon him, he retired and enjoyed the thoughtful care of his daughter the Marquise d'Espeuilles, and it was in her comfortable home that this faithful servitor of the Second Empire died at the advanced age of ninety-four. His charming character remained with him to the last. His conversation concerning things of the past was most interesting, and this past went far back, because he always recalled with pleasure the fact that the great Napoleon once patted him, when a child, on the cheek. He had seen the two Empires in their glory. The Empress could never speak of him, after he passed away, without deep emotion.

Nearly all the ladies of the palace have also passed

away. Many of them I shall ever hold in sweet memory, they were so faithful in sunshine and in storm. I can never forget Comtesse Gustave de Montebello, born Villeneuve-Bargemont, who was so pretty and affable. She became a dear friend of the Empress, and when she lost a charming little daughter and was sad and isolated, the Court keenly felt the absence of this gay member of its circle. When her husband was sent to Rome to take command of the French troops for the protection of the Pope she soon became as popular there as she had been in Paris. But she did not forget the Empress, for every year she returned to take up for a while her duties in the palace. Eugénie often visited her during her last illness, in 1870, and when she finally passed into the other world, the Empress felt as never before that a new friend was awaiting her on "the other side."

Baronne de Pierres, whom I have already mentioned as one of the ladies in waiting, was an American by birth. She was a most excellent horsewoman and always accompanied the Empress, when the latter rode or hunted. Eugénie knew her before she mounted the throne, when her father, Mr. Thorne, was a well-known figure in the American colony of Paris, which was so brilliant and so well received at the Court of the Second Empire. Eugénie always liked to keep up her English, as if she foresaw that some day she would pass the decline of her life in an English-speaking land. Miss Thorne spoke English with just a slight touch of the best American accent and some of the words which she had brought with her from the other side of the Atlantic—especially that picturesque American slang, which she

sometimes employed with much effect in her lively conversation—had a special charm for the Empress. I think it was largely due to this fascinating American woman that her fellow countrymen and women always had such a warm welcome at the Court of the Tuileries.

The Crimean war was the indirect cause of the admission to the household of several excellent ladies. One of these was the Comtesse de Lourmel, widow of the General who was killed during that expedition. At the same time, widows of two other unfortunate generals and heroes—Madame de Brancion and Madame Bizot—were appointed under-governesses of the Children of France. The widow of Admiral Bruat, who had just died in the Crimea, was the head-governess. The Comtesse de Lourmel was a very amiable woman, and the fact that herself and the other ladies just mentioned, were sufferers from the unfortunate war always bound them closer to the Empress. The Emperor used to refer to these widows as "that noble band of female Invalides, who would do honor to the old home built by Louis XIV, if women were admitted there."

Perhaps the handsomest of the ladies in waiting, who also had a most cultivated mind, was the Comtesse de Rayneval, a canoness, but not a nun, and sister of the Comte de Rayneval who was for a long time in the diplomatic service. The countess united religious fervor to a large knowledge of the world, which gave a very unique stamp to her character that charmed the Empress not a little. "A sincerely religious woman, who knows the ways of fashionable life," the Emperor once said referring to her, "is as near perfection as can be hoped for on earth."

Baronne de Malaret, born Ségur, was a lady of honor, elegant in manner, with a beautiful temper and having hosts of friends, as she richly deserved. Another was Madame de Saulcy, wife of the distinguished numismatist. She was a very religious and intelligent woman. The Emperor referred to her when he said: "If there were saints in Court, she would be one." Other ladies were Madame de Sancy-Parabère, daughter of General Lefèvre-Desnoettes, whose eclectic salon was a neutral ground between the new Court and the old; the two daughters of the Marquis de La Roche-Lambert, who entered the Imperial household on the same day, and one of whom—Comtesse de la Bédoyère, whose strikingly fair complexion was admired by the whole Court—had two sons, Laurent and Jean, who became the close friends of the Prince Imperial, their mother losing her first husband towards the end of the Empire and marrying Comte Edgar Ney, Prince de la Moskowa, aide-de-camp and friend of the Emperor; the other daughter, Comtesse de la Poèze, very witty and bubbling over with spirits, who is still alive while I write these lines and who often accompanied the Empress on her various voyages and journeys; the Marquise de la Tour Maubourg, also one of her earlier traveling companions, granddaughter of Marshal Mortier, who was killed at the side of Louis Philippe, when Fieschi made his attempt on the life of the king; and Baroness de Viry-Cohendier, whose husband became honorary chamberlain. In fact, the husbands of all the ladies in waiting received this title, which gave them their entrance at the Tuileries and into the Court circles, generally.

I should speak a little more at length of one of the most beloved ladies, the late Viscomtesse Aguado, who was an octogenarian when she passed away. Her first husband, whom the Empress knew so well, died in a mad-house, and she then married her brother-in-law. She was born a Macdonell and was related to the Talleyrands, the Montmorencys and other great families of the old French aristocracy. For many years the salon of Viscomte and Viscomtesse Aguado was the meeting place of all the elegant society of Paris. The family had been very rich, possessed a fine hunting estate in the Seine et Marne department and owned, later, a grand town house in the Rue de l'Elysée, overlooking the garden of the Elysée Palace.

The last nomination of lady of the palace was that of Mme. Carette, the granddaughter of Admiral Bouvet. This lady first attracted attention during a visit which the Empress made with the Emperor to Brittany, by her extreme beauty. At first she was the reader, and then she replaced as one of the Empress's ladies Comtesse de Lazay-Marnésia, a distant relative of the Beauharnais family, who was in bad health. Mme. Carette often accompanied the Empress on her travels and official visits of all kinds. She had the bad luck to be with the Emperor and the Empress on the occasion of an accident which happened to them at Neufchâtel, when all were in the greatest danger because the horse took fright, and she, unfortunately, had her arm broken.

Mlle. Marion, daughter of the general, also belonged to the household. She married, shortly before the war, Comte Clary, who then belonged to the military household of the Emperor, which post

he resigned in order to devote himself entirely to the Prince Imperial, whose aide-de-camp he became. He followed the royal family into exile, and became the superintendent of the joint household in England. He died young, after great suffering, brought on by a terrible liver complaint which he had contracted in Mexico. His death was a great loss to the Prince Imperial and to all, for he was a wise counselor and a devoted friend. His son was early attached to the Empress's suite and always remained with her, accompanying her in all the voyages and journeys. He was of much aid during the last visit to Egypt and throughout the tour to India in 1908.

Now a few words about the male members of the household. Comte de Tascher de la Pagerie was the grand master. The Tascher family was of French origin and had emigrated to Martinique during the eighteenth century. The Count was a very upright and generally respected man. He came to France in 1802, and Napoleon put him in the Fontainebleau military school. He afterwards distinguished himself on the battle fields of the First Empire and was made a count in 1808. He identified himself with the interests of Prince Eugéne, whom he followed to Bavaria, whence he was recalled in 1852, by the Emperor and made senator and grand master of the Empress's household, as I have just said. It will thus be seen that the Count was quite a historic character and had seen a great deal of the world. Both the Emperor and Eugénie enjoyed his conversation, and he could speak most interestingly of the great events and the great men of the past, when he got warmed to the subject.

Napoleon always found a peculiar pleasure in

having about him these men of the past, who brought him so near to the great Emperor, whom he could recall only vaguely. It was most touching to hear the Emperor question such men as the Count about the smallest details of the looks, doings, and thoughts of Napoleon I. The Emperor did this so constantly and during such a long series of years, that in the end, he had in his own mind so clear a picture of the time and the great actors on the scene, with Napoleon in the foreground, that he finally felt himself of the circle. Perhaps no person in France who belonged to the generation which immediately followed the "grand era" was so imbued with its life and spirit as was Napoleon III, and the Pagerie family contributed not a little to bring this about. Hence it is that the Empress always had a peculiar fondness for these relatives, for such they were.

Every day Comte de la Pagerie would come to take the Empress's "orders," though in reality his functions were purely honorary. He and the Countess lived in the Pavillon de Marsan in the Tuileries palace. The Count suffered considerably from gout and was not seen much except when on duty. The Countess also lived a somewhat retired life, though her drawing-room was open to a large number of intimate friends. It was a sort of little German court right in the heart of Paris. Her immediate circle always addressed her as Durchlaucht, or Serene Highness, which had a delightful odor from the other side of the Rhine. The two daughters who lived with their mother and father gave a still further Teutonic touch to this home-circle. The first bore the thoroughly Germanic name of Comtesse Waldner-Freundstein, and the second, Comtesse

Stephanie, was a canoness in Bavaria. She was the gayest of the group and was especially clever in planning original quadrilles for masked balls. Many a Tuileries "hop" was given a stamp of delightful originality by the happy thought of this bright woman. The Emperor has left this rather curious note concerning this very virile mind:

"The Comtesse once wrote some humorous memoirs, which were published during her lifetime, but which were arranged by a writer named Paul Gaulot, for the family feared that the rather Germanic crudeness of her language might provoke unfavorable comment. She was indeed something of a Palatine princess, and her decidedly German accent when she spoke French lent a certain originality to her conversation which always amused me. She liked to indulge in ridicule, but, at heart, she was not ill-natured and could not be said to be a back-biter, though her tongue, which often caused much merriment, was feared in some quarters. Her well-known Teutonic leanings and her open correspondence with Queen Augusta and a number of German princes and princesses caused her to be looked upon with a certain distrust in French circles. She was one of those who hold that we may have two countries. But I do not wish to convey the impression that it was believed that she had caused any harm to this country by keeping up her connections with the land where she was born and brought up and where she had two married sisters."

Comte Charles de la Pagerie, son of the grand master, was first chamberlain in the Empress' household. He became senator after the death of his father in 1861 and obtained the Emperor's permis-

sion to assume the title of Duc de Dalberg, the Duc de Dalberg having been his uncle. He was witty in conversation, but extremely ugly, which ugliness was not lessened by a strange habit which he had of making odd grimaces when he talked. His tastes were also very Germanic, like those, in fact, of all his family, with the exception of his father, who had remained quite French. The son continued the tradition of his father and mother in making the Tascher salon the meeting place of all the diplomatists of the large and small German courts, and there you were sure to find any German of importance who happened to pass through Paris. When the Emperor went over to call on the Taschers in their wing of the palace, he would say with a smile: "I am now going to cross the Rhine"; and when he returned to his part of the Tuileries, he would add: "Well, I am back from the Fatherland." At one time the Empress thought of trying to acquire a good knowledge of the German language and she used to go over to the Taschers for conversation. But she had not the necessary leisure to keep it up, when the Emperor remarked: "You have returned from the Fatherland to stay."

At first the Empress had but one chamberlain—Viscomte de Lézay Marnésia—in addition to the first chamberlain. But later, three others were named, the Marquis d'Havrincourt, the Marquis de Piennes and the Comte de Cossé-Brissac. I mention the fact and their names more on account of the pleasing coincidence that all of them were clever amateur artists—the first being a sculptor, the second a very good draftsman, and the last, not a bad painter. As the Empress always greatly enjoyed the arts, these

three gentlemen had not a little to do with making our circle a delightful center for the discussion and practicing of the fine arts. More than one famous painter or sculptor of the day was admitted to the "art coterie" as the Emperor called it, and went away, I am convinced, with new ideas and a feeling that the Tuileries breathed an atmosphere not inimical to the beautiful in art and letters. At the time of writing this chapter, the Marquis de Piennes is the only one of this delightful trio who still survives. He has been residing for many years on his large Austrian estates and several times visited the Empress. He has not lost with age any of that uncommon type of wittiness which made him famous in the old Tuileries circle. It was through him that the Empress always felt the more closely drawn to Marshal MacMahon, as the son of the Marquis, who died young, unfortunately, was married to the daughter of the marshal. An interesting fact, concerning Comte de Cossé Brissac was that, though his family was opposed to the Empire, he remained faithful to it, while his bright and amusing nature made him very popular in the court circle.

There was, among the subalterns, in the Empress' service, a somewhat striking figure worthy, for several reasons, of a few moments' attention. Mme. Pollet, long known by the name of Pépa, has been said to have exerted considerable influence over Eugénie and her immediate circle. But this is quite a mistake for, though they all liked Mme. Pollet fairly well on account of her blind devotion, she was never in any way admitted into Eugénie's confidence.

Mme. Pollet was quite young when she entered

the Empress' service when the latter was Comtesse de Teba, and she remained with Eugénie all her life. The Empress married her to an infantry officer and at the time of her marriage gave her the title of treasurer.

That pale little woman, who seemed to have no strength whatever and constantly complained of ill-health, was activity personified. She was the only Spanish woman in the service. She spoke the most curious French imaginable. She had faults which cannot be overlooked, but she was, as I have just said, entirely devoted to the Empress, who fully appreciated her fidelity, which did not however prevent from scolding her on numerous occasions when her jealousy and ill-temper gave rise to difficulties and disputes among the serving-women, troubles of a kind which Eugénie detested most cordially. Witty and fairly intelligent, Mme. Pollet knew how to turn to good account the trust reposed in her. Some persons have said that she took undue advantage of her position. But that is not perfectly exact, for it should be remembered, Pépa was in no way her own mistress.

The Empress received one million two hundred thousand francs yearly from the Emperor; one hundred thousand of that amount she used for dress, while most of the rest was distributed in presents, pensions, and charitable bequests. It was Mme. Pollet's duty to keep all the private accounts. She was consequently in close relations with the tradespeople for not only the clothes but also for the presents which Eugénie had to make. It must be admitted that under such circumstances, a mortal would require more than an ordinary dose of probity not to

succumb to the temptation of feathering one's own nest. History leaves no doubt on this point. Mme. Pollet willingly accepted presents from the tradespeople who were naturally interested in keeping in the good books of the treasurer and who overwhelmed her with gifts. The Empress was told later that she also accepted gifts offered by highly placed ladies who wished to obtain favors from the Emperor or Eugénie and who were only too willing to bribe her. "But where shall we find a court, a ministry, or even an ordinarily large private establishment, in which those who seek favors do not have recourse to the assistance of the subalterns when they think they will thus obtain easier access to the powers that be?" This was a very just reflection made by the Emperor when this matter came up one day after the fall of the Empire.

Mme. Pollet was supreme as regards the direction of the women's services, and there undoubtedly was very often discontent and bitterness among those around her. It frequently required all the kindness the Empress could command to soothe the feelings wounded by Pépa's seeming injustice, and at times, it was no easy thing to put matters in order again. Eugénie would have much preferred to avoid these quarrels; but it is doubtful whether any other "superintendent of domestic affairs" as the Emperor dubbed Mme. Pollet, would not have caused the same difficulties.

On the other hand, the Empress could safely trust Mme. Pollet to look after jewels, laces, furs, and things of that kind. This was a grand source of comfort. She had a great sense of order, and it even sometimes happened that things were so well

tidied away by her that it was often impossible to find what one was looking for. In other words this good soul had, like so many more important people, the defects of her qualities.

Mme. Pollet was present at the Empress' toilet every day, took orders and transmitted them to the maids and servants generally. She constantly saw Eugénie for a thousand little matters or details, but it is certain that the latter did not allow her to play any part beyond her very subaltern rôle. A friend has very truly said: "She was never elevated to the rank of a lady, whether it were a lady in waiting or a lady in society." The Empress never discussed any important matter with her, which was, I fear, a source of great disappointment to her. But it was the only safe course. Knowing her character as she did, Eugénie was sure that if she gave her an inch she would take an ell, her usefulness would cease, and then they would have to part company.

I am told that Mme. Pollet made every effort in her power to gain admission to official receptions so soon as her husband's situation rendered it possible for him to obtain invitations for her. But the Empress in no way encouraged these efforts and always tried to keep Pépa in the modest situation which she filled so well. But when, in 1869, M. Pollet by the force of circumstances, became a colonel, his wife was seen, I believe, at one or two grand balls; but that was all. Colonel Pollet, who was an excellent husband and soldier, died suddenly in Paris shortly before the Franco-Prussian War broke out. His widow followed the Empress to England, but she found the climate too trying and was unable to remain there. So when she realized that

the Imperial restoration was not a matter of the immediate future, she returned to Paris to recruit her health, where she died very soon afterwards. She lived a somewhat isolated life during these last months, in the great capital, for almost every one had forgotten her, and she was no longer needed by those who had showered gifts on her in old times. They were not prone to recognize her now that she could be of no use to them. It must be admitted, too, that her bad temper prevented her from making fast friends. But she left a nice little fortune, I am told, for her sister and her niece, who had remained in Spain.

The one great quality of Mme. Pollet was, as I have already said, her unlimited devotion to those whom she served. She would incur any danger for the Empress, and yet she was of a most timid temperament. She was often teased on account of the ease with which she could be thrown into a fright. If some one of the Court were to say: "Why, that curtain is moving!" Mme. Pollet would begin to tremble, and grow pale; and if the Empress, entering into the spirit of the joke, should add: "Pépa, what can be behind that curtain?" the poor woman would be seized with real terror. She would go to the curtain, and lift its folds with trembling hands, while the court ladies, delighted with the success of their prank, would laugh merrily; and Eugénie sometimes participated in the fun.

Pépa's peculiar French, and her queer mistakes, due to ignorance of the language or a general lack of information, also often provoked mirth. One example of this is worth recording here. When Cabanel was painting a portrait of the Emperor,

the Empress told the celebrated artist to ask Mme. Pollet for all the accessories he might require. Consequently one day Cabanel wrote to Pépa asking her to let him have the hand of justice, which was to be painted in the picture with the crown and scepter. Much mystified, by the painter's letter, Pépa sought one of the ladies in waiting, Mlle. Bouvet, and raising her hands to heaven, cried out, much agitated and with an unutterably droll accent: "La main de justice! But I cannot give him that." Gradually calming down, she finally asked: "But, after all, what is the hand of justice?" And when it was explained to her that M. Cabanel simply wanted the baton anciently used by kings, which had an ivory hand at the end, she admitted that she thought it was some high legal position and that, on no account, would she undertake to transmit such a request to the Empress!

The friends who are interested in these memoirs have asked me to include in them something on fashions during the Second Empire and to go into details concerning Eugénie's tastes in the matter of toilette and other rather private topics, which I would not be inclined to do if not thus pressed, and if I did not know that these notes will not be read by the larger public till the Empress has passed into another and a better world. And then again, I, now in my old age, am speaking of things which happened back in my youth, when Eugénie was in the full gaze of France and all Europe, for it must not be forgotten that when the Second Empire was at its zenith, in the sixties, it was the cynosure of all eyes. Thirdly, in a chapter on Court life,

fashions, perhaps, have their rightful place. Such are my excuses, rather lame, some may think, for adding these more trivial notes to these pages of a life which had its serious side, notwithstanding the criticisms of some of her detractors.

I cannot conceive of a state of society worthy of the name which should not feel that its rulers should make as fine an appearance as possible before the world. This was the view taken by the great Napoleon and by his nephew, and the Empress shared this opinion of the two Emperors. Elegant clothes and jewels are as necessary on a throne, especially on the part of a queen or empress, as intelligence and popularity. The Court which preceded that of the Second Empire, had been described as lacking in elegance, and it has often been said that commerce and industry in France and particularly in Paris suffered from this lack. Napoleon's Court, however, has sometimes been criticized for an excess of luxury and elegance. But it should not be forgotten that it was, in this particular, simply in accord with the time. Luxury and elegance were then predominant and are still, for that matter. Wealth and comfort and even show were never more prominent than to-day. Neither the political misfortunes of 1870, the uncertainty of the European situation, nor the instability of the Third Republic, has attenuated this taste for fine things, display and the comforts and pleasures brought by money. It is not going too far, perhaps, to say that elegance has become an essential part of the modern world and the life of all nations. But it is going to much too great a length and is wholly unjust to accuse the Second Empire as having been the instrument

for the bringing about of this state of things. Every thoughtful person knows that the nearer people get to the quintessence of civilization and to the refinements thereof, the more are prized the arts, style in fashion, fine clothes, rich jewels. The sovereigns felt that it was the duty of such a Court as was that of the Tuileries, in a country where commerce and industry are so eager in their demands for encouragement, to give an impulse to trade and to create as far as we could a market for the more expensive products. And I think that I may say that they were eminently successful in this effort. Many large fortunes were made at Lyons and elsewhere because of the support of the *élite* of the population, the fashions of the hour calling for beautiful materials, for silks and rich fabrics of all kinds.

The Empress' efforts in this direction gave rise to many legends. Party pamphleteers went so far as to declare that she gave up her whole time to the devising of new gowns. Such phrases as these are scattered through certain sheets of the period: "the frivolity of the Empress," "her immoderate love of fine clothes," "her never-satisfied desire for luxurious things," "her custom of never wearing the same dress twice." It is true that Eugénie often changed her attire; it was a duty imposed by her station. It is also of course true that she possessed a large number of costumes of all kinds. How could it have been otherwise? But these were not all full-dress gowns. In the ordinary home life at the Tuileries and in the summer retreats, Eugénie's attire was always simple and in no way outdid the dress of the persons who surrounded her. It often happened that it was only the external part of her attire which

was elegant. A rich mantle often covered a very modest gown. When the Empress drove out, especially at Paris, her hat and cloak were handsome, but generally she was not otherwise "dressed up." I dislike to touch on the more personal side of the subject; but so many idle stories were circulated during the reign and so many of them are still alive, that it has seemed to me that I am doing my duty not only by the Empress but by the régime, in declaring most of them to be wholly false and all of them to be exaggerated grossly.

It will be pleasanter for me now to devote a few paragraphs to the more general theme of fashion and dress under the Second Empire, when what was worn at the state balls and great public ceremonies was often the talk of all Europe.

When one speaks of fashion, it is often difficult to refrain from criticism and a smile. The elegant women of to-day, with their dresses which are more or less tight-fitting—little by little we are returning to more ample and becoming shapes—cannot understand how any one could have worn those wire cages called crinolines, which held up a whole shopful of material! Three ladies so attired used to fill up the space of a moderate-sized room! What quantities of material were there and what a variety,—cunningly arranged draperies, fringes, ruchings, pleats, real or imitation laces, the whole ending in a long train which it was no easy task to pull about with one.

There was a mixture of all styles during the Second Empire. You saw Renaissance sleeves, Louis XVI panniers, Grecian draperies and those little basques formerly worn by ladies of the time of the

Fronde. It must be admitted that it was not an easy task, with such cumbersome and varied elements, to offer an elegant deportment and to make a charming appearance. Success depended on gracefulness of gesture, on carriage, on a sliding motion in one's step, on a svelt form and a supple bust. In the evening, when shoulders were bared, and the easy movements of the body were possible, the silhouette was more attractive; and, had it not been for the panniers and the crinolines, the dresses of that day would not have been ugly for dinner and after-dinner wear.

During the Second Empire, it was quite a feat to walk when you were forced to carry about with you such an unnatural rotundity as that of the crinoline. When you sat down, you had to guard against the flying up or out of the rebellious wires. To get into a carriage without making a mess of it required not a little skill, especially as many dresses were made of very light materials, such as tulle, gauze and lace. Husbands and fathers needed to be blessed with a large stock of patience and restive horses had to be well trained, for considerable time and much fine calculation were necessary on these trying occasions. It was almost impossible to shake hands with a child and very difficult to take a gentleman's arm. In fact from this moment dates the custom which prevails to-day of not offering the arm in a drawing-room and particularly in the street.

The inventor of the crinoline was Auguste Person, who died not many years ago in Champagne at the advanced age of almost eighty, I am told. I have also heard that he did not make much money from his invention, for he sold the patent for four thou-

sand francs. But those who bought it gained over a million. For its popularity grew very rapidly. Toward 1860, all the elegant ladies were submissive to the tyranny of this very wide piece of stiff twill, surrounded with metal hoops. The crinoline was at first called in France "a cage," and the women who put on the new invention were said to be "caged." It is easy to imagine the wit indulged in at their expense. One of the "funny writers" of the Paris press likened gossiping paroquets to "the bearers of the cage," the new-fashioned petticoat. All this talk about it caused the article to sell and hence the reason why, commercially, the invention was most profitable.

This strange fashion had been set by tall, stout women who are always very influential in the elegant world; but it was soon followed by all. Thin, small women persuaded themselves that "it suited their style of beauty," which was not the case; and though their husbands and brothers protested and ridiculed them, still the crinoline continued to hold its sway. The *Nain Jaune, Charivari,* and *Figaro,* the annual theatrical "reviews," and more pretentious plays like that of Blum at the Vie Parisienne —all made fun of the innovation, but its vogue did not begin to wane till towards the end of the Empire. Surprise is now sometimes expressed that it lasted so long.

A friend has told me of a play given at a fashionable Paris club in 1878, where, for one of the scenes, John Lewis Brown sketched two pictures. Both represented women of the world. In the one, the woman was spread out in a crinoline of the time of the Second Empire, while in the other, the woman

was attired in the tightly squeezing, narrow clinging skirts then in fashion. Though not ten years had passed since the ladies had allowed themselves to be dressed as in the first instance, the actresses who were to take part in the play exclaimed: "How could we have allowed ourselves to be made such frights of?" And somebody present well remarked: "The same thing will be said in another decade of the present fashion, which goes to the other extreme." Both criticisms, it seems to me, were just.

Some years ago, an effort was made to bring back the crinoline, though in less exaggerated proportions. But, fortunately, the attempt failed. And yet, it cannot be denied that the fashion was becoming to certain women. All of them did not appear ridiculous in crinolines. At the court of the Tuileries, where dress was never carried too far, it cannot be said that the crinoline was ugly. The Empress was not able to ignore the fashion but she always kept the crinoline within reasonable bounds. Its final suppression, I always considered to be due to Worth, who was really a great fashion-maker. He did much to revive a taste for grace in attire. He modified the size of the skirt, while he gradually molded the shape of the body. Little by little he diminished the immense circumference of the hoops until they were quite done away with, or were replaced by light cage-like affairs which held up the train behind. This sort of "dress improver" held its ground for a few years longer, and then it, too, was at last abandoned. Though this improver may be said to have been abnormal, it was not wholly inartistic in some respects and on some persons. Perhaps the Empress' own liking for short skirts, which

all wore for walking at Saint Cloud, Fontainebleau and Compiègne, had something to do with this gradual modification of this portion of woman's attire.

Towards 1860, women's hats were high pyramids covered with fruit and flowers. They were very heavy and enlarged the head to a disproportionate size. This fashion, too, was destined to be changed little by little. It was mainly to Mme. Virot that the transformation of hats under the Empire was due. She threw open to view the back of the neck by doing away with the streamers or bavolets—a stiff pleated piece of material which enwrapped the neck and shoulders. The hats then became little string-bonnets, rather flat, and framing the face artistically, showing the hair. Here, as in everything else, the style was exaggerated in some cases, and the hats were so flat that they were called "plates." But on the whole, this style of hat was becoming, was pretty and worn for a long time. They underwent many little changes and the strings were gradually suppressed. Nowadays, women of a certain age wear these little bonnets and efforts have been made to render them fashionable for the theaters, where high hats are such a nuisance. But this effort, unfortunately, has not met with success. The large Gainsborough hats and the Louis XVI shapes of the day, with their mass of feathers, flowers and fur tails, are the fortune of the milliners, who will, of course, keep them in fashion as long as possible. If you compare them with the creations of Virot or Ode, you will find that hats to-day cost three or four times more than they did under the Second Empire, and yet there are people who ever harp on the "extravagance of the Empire."

For traveling, and for walks at Compiègne and the other country residences, the Empress wore an oval-shaped hat, of medium size, adorned with ribbon bows and feathers of moderate length. These hats kept in fashion for some time. They are relatively simple, very practical and generally becoming to the face.

The evening head dress was usually round diadems of flowers in which were placed diamonds like drops of dew. This style was very becoming to young faces. Older ladies wore crowns of foliage or jeweled diadems. Eugénie always liked to see her ladies attired in a way fitting their years. If there was a thing that she particularly disliked, it was to see young attire on those who were no longer youthful. I can never forget how her excellent reader, Comtesse de Wagner, forgetting this rule on one occasion, appeared one evening, when she had passed seventy, got up in tulle, trimmed with red ribbons and with a nimbus of white roses round her head, like Ophelia! The Empress really could not go near her the whole evening.

Eugénie went over her wardrobe twice each year and the dresses which could not be worn again were distributed among the waiting-women, who, I believe, disposed of them at advantageous rates. Two rooms of the wardrobe apartments in the palace were used as work-rooms for the dress-makers. Here the Empress could have gowns made up in her own way. At the moment of the change of the seasons, shopmen were received in these rooms, and then it was that she chose materials and ordered a certain number of costumes. It was also in these rooms that the Empress would try them on when

they were finished. Adjoining rooms were provided with oak closets with sliding doors, and here the gowns were kept till wanted.

It was the custom at the Tuileries and the other Imperial residences for the Empress to appear in low-neck attire in the evening. When the company was small and during the winter season, she generally put on a long gown of black or blue velvet or of plain white satin, and also some jewels, one of her favorites being the clover leaf in emeralds and diamonds which was her first gift from the Emperor. She wore sometimes what she used to call "political gowns." They were of heavy brocade and lampas materials, rather sumptuous and unwieldy, but very effective, on the whole, I have always thought. The Emperor especially liked these gowns. They were ordered mainly to encourage the Lyons silk trade, and were more richly decorated than most of her gowns, with passementerie and lace.

The Empress never cared for loose morning robes and, in fact, never possessed a dressing-gown. She used the ordinary linen wraps which are generally employed when dressing. The real reason for this was that she always preferred to dress fully the first thing in the morning. Perhaps I ought to amend this statement by saying that in 1865, the Empress did have a dressing-gown for a short time. The Prince Imperial had caught the measles and she wished to be near him during the night. So the reader, Mme. Carette, went to the Louvre shops and chose a ready-made red flannel dressing-gown, which Eugénie found very convenient.

Of course she had to use a great many pairs of

shoes. The soiled ones were given to the orphanage Eugène Napoleon, founded with the money which the City of Paris had wished to spend on a necklace at the moment of her marriage. The white shoes were always kept for the young orphan girls who had arrived at the age for celebrating their first communion.

The Emperor and the Empress always held that, as rulers of France, their duties were much more than political, especially in a country where art and letters stood so high. They tried to spread about our Court an atmosphere that was, as far as possible, all-embracing. Thus, as has already been seen, the Empress took a particular interest in the fashions and did what she could to keep Paris the world's center, for all that pertained to feminine attire; and in this effort it was generally conceded that she was on the whole successful. But they also gave much attention to art and above all to dramatic art. The theaters, actors and actresses of Paris had been famous under all régimes, and during the Second Empire the high standard was carefully kept up. Nor was it French talent alone which was welcomed before the Paris footlights. Dramatic artists from several foreign lands were applauded by French audiences, and they often owed their invitation to Paris either directly or indirectly to the expressed wishes of the Tuileries. A good example of this was given in 1855 during the Exhibition of that year, when occurred a series of dramatic performances which were most interesting in every respect. The incidents connected therewith will illustrate the intimate connection which then existed between the Court and the theatrical world which is

the excuse for the introduction of the subject in this chapter.

The famous Rachel was on the point of leaving for a long vacation which had been granted her by the management of the Comédie Française. It turned out to be an eternal vacation, since she came home only to die. But before she went, at the request of the Court, she played for an entire month the great works of Corneille and Racine in which she excelled. After the performance of *Phèdre,* which was a veritable triumph, she was really free, but consented in June to reappear at a gala evening given in honor of the King of Portugal and the Duke of Oporto. The Emperor and the Empress were present and led in the applause. The spectacle included a *Hommage à Corneille,* the *Menteur,* and *Horace.*

As a matter of fact, this was not her last appearance, certain circumstances having determined Rachel to remain some time longer at Paris. It was due, in fact, to a sort of competition between Rachel and Ristori which gave the public many fine plays, greatly to the delight of Parisian society and the Court.

Ristori, Marquise Capranica del Grillo, who died in 1906, over eighty years old, had just carried off a series of victories at the Salle Ventadour in *Francesca di Rimini, Maria Stuardo,* and other parts. She was then the idol of Paris; Lamartine wrote verses to her, and at one time it was thought she might appear at the Théâtre Français. There were endless discussions concerning the talents of the two great artists. The Court was particularly interested in these honors shown the celebrated Italian trag-

edienne. The Emperor was then accused in certain circles in Italy of not doing all that was expected of him in the matter of bringing about a sort of political side to it—the Court did not let slip this occasion to please the Italian nation by honoring one of its great actresses. The Emperor and the Empress naturally led "in this good work" as the Emperor called it.

Alexandre Dumas even maintained that Ristori was superior to Rachel. This the sovereigns both thought privately was perhaps going a little too far. The celebrated story-teller proposed a performance at the Opera in which the two tragediennes would appear,—Ristori in *Maria Stuardo* by Maffei, Rachel in *Marie Stuart* by Lebrun. Unfortunately, this proposal gave rise to much discussion, and many articles more or less bitter were written in the newspapers by the partisans of both the great artists. The Court deeply regretted all this. Of course, the proposed performance at the Opera did not take place. But Rachel was at length aroused and took up the gauntlet. She went secretly to see her rival play at the Salle Ventadour; she heard the loud cheers, the encores—and she fainted!

The result of this was that Rachel made another appearance on the scene. She wished to see if she had lost her former power and to make a supreme appeal to the public who seemed to be falling away from her. She had a great success in her classical parts, in *Marie Stuart,* and especially in *Phèdre,* which she played twice; in *Andromaque,* and the *Moineau de Lesbie.* The Emperor and the Empress were present at several of these performances

and we showed the veteran actress that she was fully appreciated at Court.

A few days after this triumph Rachel left for America. In January, 1858, she succumbed to the malady of which she had felt the first attacks three years before, and which her American tour accelerated. She remembered in her will the Emperor whom she admired and to whom she left a bust of Napoleon I by Canova. The Emperor was much touched by this act of the great tragedienne whom he had so often applauded, and always felt that this delicate attention was paid him for the part he and the Empress took in the famous competition of the summer of 1855.

CHAPTER XV

EPISODES IN THE EMPEROR'S LIFE

THE long range of buildings designed by the architect Visconti to connect the Louvre and Tuileries, was completed in 1857 and on August 14th in that year the Emperor and the Empress presided at the ceremony of their inauguration. When, on July 25, 1852, Napoleon III laid the foundation stone, he expressed the hope that the work would be completed in five years' time, and his desire had been fulfilled, thanks first of all to Visconti, and, after the death of the famous architect, which occurred in 1853, to Lefuel, who carried on the undertaking to the end, with unflagging zeal. In the beautifying of Paris, Napoleon III took as his model his great uncle. When a work was to be done, he asked expert opinion as to the shortest, not the longest, time required to accomplish it, and then he required that it be done within this promised period and would take no excuse for any failure to keep the promise. The conduct of this Louvre-Tuileries work was a good example of the Emperor's energy and expedition. No effort was spared to hasten its completion. One hundred and fifty sculptors and a host of decorators labored ceaselessly at the execution of the design, which comprised no less than fifteen hundred separate objects for carving. During the year 1857 the number of workmen's days reached three hundred

and thirteen thousand exclusive of joiners, carpenters, and others. But the object was attained and the building was completed within the given time. It cost thirty-six millions of francs, and besides a beautiful building, uniting the two palaces, it opened up two new roadways to the public, one under the Pavilion Sully for pedestrians and the other under the Pavilion Richelieu for vehicles. Napoleon rightfully considered this work one of the finest material successes of his reign and more than once, on looking out of the Tuileries windows on these beautiful fresh fronts, did he express aloud his enthusiasm and contentment.

He was wont to recall with keen pleasure the ceremonies of that day. It was two o'clock in the afternoon of August 14th, that the Emperor and the Empress, accompanied by princes and princesses of the Imperial family and their households, left the Tuileries, passed beneath the Triumphal Arch on the east side of the Tuileries and entered the Louvre by the Pavilion Denon. The State Minister, M. Fould, and the grand officers of the Crown awaited their arrival and conducted them through the gallery which was destined to become a Museum of Sculpture, up the staircase of the Pavilion Molière, whence they entered processionally into the grand hall where the ceremony was to take place. During this whole walk, Napoleon spoke on art with those about him and displayed his wonderful knowledge of out-of-the-way fine art subjects.

Seats had been placed opposite the throne for the artists and workmen who had contributed by their talent or their labor to the construction of the edifice. The Emperor especially commanded that the

latter be given a worthy part in the proceedings. There was always a strong democratic strain running through all that Napoleon III thought and did. The Minister of State made a speech, describing the Emperor's plans and the manner in which they had been executed, after which a number of medals and awards were distributed, and every one of the artisans, contractors and workmen was called up to the platform to receive from the Emperor's own hand the reward which had been allotted to him. Then came the sovereign's speech, recalling the different phases through which the Louvre passed under the Monarchy, the Empire and the Republic. "The completion of the Louvre," he said in conclusion, "is not the caprice of a moment, it is the realization of a plan conceived for the greater glory of France, and sustained by the interest of our country during more than three hundred years."

It was a day of enthusiastic rejoicing. That evening, a banquet, presided over by M. Fould, was given, the greater number of the four hundred and seventy guests present being workmen; among these was a woman, the widow of a sawyer who, on the death of her husband, had obtained permission to take his place at the works. She was present as the Empress' guest and at her special request. When, the next day, the Emperor read in the public prints the account of this banquet and learned of the presence of "your widow," as he said quizzingly to the Empress, he remarked with a smile: "Well, you see, there must always be a woman in it."

August 15th, the birthday of Napoleon and the national holiday of the Second Empire, was celebrated with greater enthusiasm than usual this year.

The Parisians flocked to the Carrousel to see the Louvre and Tuileries now joined in one great building, remembering the houses of all kinds, shops and bazaars, which five years before obstructed the space now occupied by superb squares and gardens. Everybody was high in praise of the splendid transformation and the name of the author of it all was on every lip. The festivities closed by the Emperor himself distributing the medal of Saint Helena, which he had just instituted for the old comrades in arms of Napoleon I, to many military notabilities such as King Jerome, Marshal Vaillant, Admiral Hamelin, Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, Admiral Perceval Deschène, General Duc de Plaisance, and General d'Ornano, names which mean much for different reasons to all the friends of Bonapartism.

The inauguration of "the new Louvre" was, therefore, one of those many red-letter days which characterized the early years of the Second Empire, on the memory of which the Emperor loved to dwell in the stormier years which followed. "When I said that the Empire stands for Peace," he once remarked, "this is what I meant by that much ridiculed phrase. If wars came, it was not by my seeking. I much preferred events like this splendid artistic ceremony. We had many such during the Second Empire, and we would have had nothing else if I could have had my way. But circumstances were often stronger than individual desires."

Ever since the end of the war in Italy in 1859, the Emperor had cherished the thought of writing a history of Julius Cæsar. He recollected that Napoleon at St. Helena had complained of many omissions in the *Commentaries,* and, moreover, the strik-

ing individuality of the Conqueror of Gaul attracted him singularly. So, filled with enthusiasm, he drew up a plan of his intended work, in accordance with which it should comprise two distinct parts—the war against Gaul, and the Civil War, with a description of Rome and of the world in general at the time of Cæsar's greatest power and fame.

The work was commenced in 1860. The Emperor and his collaborators, M. Mocquard, his principal private secretary, and M. Maury, librarian at the Tuileries, member of the Institute and later director of the archives, started researches in all the chief libraries of Europe and especially in those of Paris and Rome, for everything that might in any way relate to the subject in question—manuscripts, plans, maps and drawings. M. Reynier at the Vatican, and M. Renan at the Paris National Library, hunted for details with the greatest care and indefatigability.

Topography and the question of fortifications were both to be treated with much detail in this reconstitution of the life of Cæsar. Quite by chance the Emperor discovered an exceedingly devoted and very competent military collaborator in the person of Baron Stoffel, captain in the artillery stationed at Auxonne, where he occupied his leisure hours, which are not few in a garrison life, by writing a very complete and learned book on the fortifications of Alesia, the famous fortified capital of Vercingetorix, the Gallic leader who was defeated by Cæsar. His treatise was submitted to the Emperor for approval. Napoleon found it most interesting and had it published in full in the *Moniteur,* the official journal of the Empire. He then invited Baron Stoffel to

enter the Imperial military household and entrusted him with a series of topographical missions in various parts of ancient Gaul, and later on, in Italy. By this means, the plans of battles, which are only vaguely indicated in the *Commentaries,* were fully described. Baron Stoffel also undertook extensive researches of a more literary nature, and when the Emperor, for political reasons, finally abandoned the idea of the second portion of the proposed work, this officer published under his own name a *History of the Civil War,* derived from notes prepared by the Emperor himself, or by those acting under his orders.

Some curiosity has at times been expressed as to who were the other collaborators of the Emperor in this important literary undertaking. I am in a position to give the facts on this point.

To the three principal collaborators who have just been named, may be added Prosper Mérimée, who gave many suggestions and abandoned his intention of publishing a Roman history, for which he had already collected a large amount of material. M. Victor Duruy, the distinguished historian and Minister of Public Instruction under the Empire, had numerous conversations on the subject with Napoleon III, and gave him valuable notes set out in the form of questions and answers. M. de Saulcy, the well-known antiquarian, undertook the numismatic part of the labor, which he was well qualified to do.

Besides consulting Duruy and other historians who had written on Roman history, from Lamartine to the Comte de Champagny and M. Troplong, the well-known *jurisconsulte,* the Emperor examined carefully the works of Mommsen, the great German

historian. A young man attached to the Louvre Museum, M. Fröhner, who was highly recommended by the Grand Duke of Baden, came several times each week to the Tuileries and spent several hours translating and commenting on the opinions of the German writer.

At this period the Emperor left the Empress' apartments about eight o'clock, every evening, and remained in his private apartments till a very late hour. But if he ceased writing before half past eleven, he would often return for a cup of tea with Eugénie and her friends; otherwise he would go on working till the small hours of the morning. The chief valet, Felix, had great trouble in drawing him from his labor. "Sire," he would say, "it is midnight," or "half past twelve" or "past one o'clock," as the case might be, adding a moment after: "His Majesty's doctors have prohibited such late work." "Yes, yes, but this isn't work," replied the Emperor smiling; and he would often remain a considerable time longer at his writing table.

But, notwithstanding these late watches, the Emperor always rose early. And yet, at this very moment, his enemies accused him of leading a life entirely devoted to pleasure and laziness. How little they knew him, and how little they knew of many of the other virtues which dwelt within the four walls of the Tuileries, where these ill-judging critics pretended to see only unworthiness. Nothing pained the Emperor and the Empress more than these unfair and unfriendly judgments.

Besides these scholars and archivists who lent their competent collaboration to the Emperor, he always counted among his most valued coöperators

M. Anselme Pététin, director of the Imperial Printing Office, who personally supervised the press-work, which was most beautifully executed, and M. Franceschini Piétri, who had been for some years one of the Emperor's most trusted private secretaries and who acted as an intelligent intermediary between the Emperor and his correspondents or artists.

The above mentioned collaborators and a half dozen others whose names have not been given, shared in the sales of the work, the second edition of which was brought out by the late M. Henri Plon, the well-known Paris publisher. It sold very well in France and abroad, as the share of each collaborator came to about twenty thousand francs.

The great quarto volume, the first edition, was given by the Emperor to his friends and to a number of scholars in Europe and the world in general, with a few words written by himself on the fly-leaf. It was an exceptionally fine specimen of printing and binding.

The work attracted considerable attention not only in France but in all civilized countries, where historians and critics devoted long articles to it. Some criticized certain passages in which the Emperor appeared, by a clever use of parallels arising in the course of the events described, to explain the Coup d'Etat. M. Duruy wanted all such sentences struck out, but the Emperor refused, saying: "Since similar events offer an occasion for making such comparisons, I do not see why I should not take advantage of them, especially as it is the nephew of a second Cæsar who is trying to write the life of the founder of the Roman Empire. The Emperor's theory of a providentially appointed man, born to

rule, naturally served as a target for the enemies of the Empire. The declarations on this point of Hegel and Cousin were evidently forgotten, by these bitter partisans, as was also Mommsen's remark that "certain men are born to command nations as the wind commands the clouds."

On the other hand, it was admitted that the Emperor did not exaggerate his hero's qualities as an excuse for his faults. Cæsar's cruel treatment of the gloriously defeated Vercingetorix was in no wise attenuated; but, at the same time, the author reminded his readers that the conquest of Gaul was the first step in the civilization of France, and, therefore, was of very great importance from the point of view of French nationality. The sequence of chapters was generally praised, as also the clear and sober style, and the great usefulness of the work, geographically, was also pointed out.

Mérimée, who, as we have seen, was to some extent a collaborator and counselor, devoted two articles to the *Life of Cæsar* in the *Journal des Savants,* the celebrated official periodical of French scholars. These articles, where praise was by no means unmixed with criticism of a rather adverse kind, satisfied both the Emperor and the Institute. Silvestre de Sacy, Prévost Paradol, and many other French and foreign critics of weight also expressed their opinion of the work, and all united in praising its scientfic value, though some condemned the theories which it set forth and advocated.

Two opinions concerning this work are especially worthy of being considered, as they come from determined adversaries of the Empire and at the same time from clever writers. My quotations in this con-

nection have been revised and are not taken from a version, which, I believe, has already appeared in print somewhere.

George Sand, notwithstanding her republican convictions spoke of the book in the following manner, when writing to a friend:

"From a literary point of view, the work is really without a flaw, and that does not mean that it lacks attractiveness or color; all is marvelously clear, sober, vivid and full. It is without doubt the result of great labor, but nowhere is there evidence of effort or confusion. Its pages appear to flow freely from the lips of an erudite thinker who sums up the works of all the ancient historians with such facility that one fancies one can hear each of them giving this synopsis of his own book. The personal appreciations are very brief, but excellently expressed, and if the color is sober, the design is all the firmer and the shaft strikes more keenly. To give a fair idea of the volume it would be necessary to quote several passages, for no one has expressed things better. A work so eminently both by its erudite talent and high sentiments, must tend to raise the level of ideas and to help the world's progress. Conviction alone produced it, not the desire to support a theory or to show off an intellectual capacity which had already been proven."

This article caused much discussion and George Sand was called upon to defend her position. She was one of the earliest critics to read the book and adds: "My report is the first which was made, and consequently my judgment was perfectly independent and I considered that the book had great merit. I was absolutely sure that it was entirely, and with-

out any correction, the work of him who signed it. Therefore my impartial praise was due to his real talent." This was a notably friendly criticism and the Emperor saw that his thanks reached the distinguished writer of it.

Ximénès Doudan, the delicate essayist of the Orleanist group, who so often spoke bitterly against the Empire, confessed on this occasion: "I am reading the *Life of Cæsar* and I have felt no compunctious shivers while perusing it. To be impartial, I find there is a certain merit in the book. The conquest of Italy by the Romans is, perhaps, much too long for an introduction, but the whole thing is brought out with a certain vigor and independence of judgment."

The question has been sometimes asked as to just how much of this history was really the work of Napoleon III himself. The answer is that the idea of making such a book was wholly the Emperor's and many of the pages were entirely written by his hand, while not one was left untouched by his practiced pen. Much of the purely historic and technical matter was furnished by the specialists and scholars whose names have been given above. They provided the skeleton, but it was the Emperor who put the flesh on these dry bones and gave life and color to the whole. It must not be forgotten that Napoleon III, like Napoleon I, had had considerable training in the art of composition and book-making before he came to the throne. He used to say sometimes: "I often feel that I would like to lay down the scepter for a season and take up the quill. The only risk would be that I would never wish to go back to the

scepter again. 'Cacoëthes scribendi' ought to have been in my armorial bearings."

After glancing over the first copy of the *Cæsar* just fresh from the press, he turned to the Empress and exclaimed with a smile: "We have two children now, though you are the mother of only one of them, and the better one, of course." One of the fond dreams of his exile was to find the time and health to revise this *Life of Cæsar*, and the accomplishment of this desire was repeatedly pressed upon him by a famous London publisher who probably saw a commercial profit in the undertaking. But all the Emperor had in view was to render a good book still better.

The Emperor did all in his power to bring over to the Second Empire intellectual France, fully aware of the important part played in a nation by its writers, professors, artists and scientists. This was a difficult task and Napoleon was only partly successful in his bold and wise effort. The whole Institute, and chiefly that section of it known as the French Academy, formed an almost constant center of opposition during the Second Empire, though there were a few short periods of tranquillity, when the two combatants rested on their arms.

The weapons employed by the members of the Institute were epigrams and more or less transparent belittling allusions by means of which it was hoped to undermine the government. The Orleanist and clerical element was very powerfully represented in the different sections of the Institute, and, by joining force with the republicans, they managed to domineer, and tried to force on their colleagues candidates for election who were openly

hostile to the Empire. This is not the place to examine these academic quarrels too minutely, and I will glance only at the principal ones which the government took more especially to heart.

Defeated in their political hopes by the Coup d'Etat, the representatives of the old political parties in the Institute determined to take their revenge. The first warning of this kind which the government of the Prince-President received was given even before "the 2nd of December," by the choice of Montalembert to succeed to the seat in the French Academy made vacant by the death of the historian Droz. Montalembert had not refused the government's support at this election. Quite the contrary; he came forward as the official candidate. But, nevertheless, his election was significant, for it meant, as the Emperor well expressed it in a private conversation at that moment, "the defence of temporal power and religious liberty," and it even gave rise to a slight dispute with the Elysée, the President hesitating to give his consent that Montalembert's reception discourse at the Academy be printed in the exact terms in which he had delivered it. Though Prince Louis Napoleon and this celebrated liberal did not always agree in the field of politics, they often met in a friendly way on other and less slippery grounds.

At the same time, there was another squabble with the government concerning the choice of the permanent secretaries of some of the sections of the Institute. The Academy of Fine Arts dared not nominate M. Vitet, the distinguished art critic, who was known to be a sworn enemy of the Empire, but chose in his stead the musician Halévy. This action leav-

ing a chair vacant, M. Hippolyte Fortoul, Minister of Public Instruction, was elected; M. Elie de Beaumont, Senator, replaced François Arago, on his death, as Permanent Secretary of the Academy of Science, and Marshal Vaillant was elected an honorary academician in this same section of the Institute. These nominations were important concessions granted to the government, though at the same time the French Academy showed itself openly hostile. Alfred de Musset, the poet, who replaced Mercier-Dupaty, the dramatist, could not be considered an enemy of the régime, but Berryer, the famous lawyer, who was chosen at the same time, had figured as an "irreconcilable" ever since his momentary arrest during the Coup d'Etat. He made his opposition, in this connection, a personal matter. The eloquent defender of Prince Louis Napoleon before the Chamber of Peers in 1840 after the Boulogne affair, now the sworn enemy of the government, refused to carry his reception speech to the Tuileries, according to custom, and wrote to M. Mocquard, secretary to the Emperor, saying that the manner in which he had been treated in December, 1851, rendered such a step impossible. He added that he thought he had the "right to abstain from a formality which would perhaps be painful not alone to himself." Berryer's letter and M. Mocquard's reply thereto attracted considerable attention at the time. The latter said among other things that "the Emperor regrets that in the eyes of M. Berryer, political interests outweigh the academician's duties. His presence at the Tuileries would not have caused the embarrassment he appears to fear. His Majesty occupying so high a position

could have seen in the Academy's chosen candidate only the orator and author; the adversary of to-day would have been remembered only as the former defender." But Berryer did not not go to the Tuileries and remained in his self-chosen isolation, as far as the Second Empire was concerned, to the end of his life.

M. Fortoul reorganised the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, of the Institute, so that it became possible to introduce into that section ten important men belonging to the government, diplomacy and the army. By means of these nominations—much criticized of course, by the opposition—the former majority in that section was changed; instead of being anti-governmental, it was now friendly to the Empire. This diminutive literary coup d'état had a good effect on the official learned world and accomplished its purpose. The French Academy, warned by this example, became more cautious and its epigrams and opposition showed a somewhat less virulent spirit. For a certain period new members were chosen unanimously. Thus, Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, Sylvestre de Sacy, Legouvé, Ponsard, the dramatic poet, and Biot, the mathematician, all entered the Academy without difficulty. An attempt was made to obliterate party lines. The Duc Victor de Broglie, son-in-law of Mme. de Staël and former Minister under Louis Philippe, also entered without much opposition. Such, however, was not the case when Comte de Falloux was brought forward. Violently attacked by the republican press, but supported by the Catholics, the author of the Education law of 1850 had to fight against a powerful competitor, Emile Augier, then

at the height of his renown. Falloux was victorious, however, though Augier was elected some months later, defeating Victor de Laprade, who later succeeded to Musset. The introduction into the Academy of these brilliant men was a moral defeat for the Second Empire, but by the election of Jules Sandeau, the friends of literature and the government were in their turn victorious.

De Tocqueville's death gave rise to vigorous competition in the Academy. An important candidate arose, Father Lacordaire, the celebrated Catholic pulpit orator, who was proposed, not by his coreligionists, Montalembert and Falloux, but by Cousin and Guizot. Lacordaire, supported by the religious party, but not opposed by the government, had, in the Academy, the liberals and free-thinkers, especially Mérimée, as opponents. His election was a triumph not so much of the government as of Catholicism and his reception speech was a great event in the intellectual circles of the Second Empire.

Until then the Empress had taken care to remain a stranger to all the intrigues and ceremonies of the Academy. But she made it a point to be at the sitting in which Lacordaire was "received" and in which Guizot replied to Lacordaire's oration. This act of hers was pronounced "fine and courageous" in the Catholic camp, but was much criticized by the imperialists of the Left who did not share her religious views. But the real reason for Eugénie's presence was simply that she wished to witness an Academy "reception," which is one of the sights of Paris. This was the first time the Empress had ever sat "under the cupola" and she greatly enjoyed the eloquence and learning of these two famous leaders

of Protestant and Catholic thought. Lacordaire, by the way, only went three or four times to the Academy, for he died some months after his admission, much to my regret, for I always considered him one of the greatest preachers of the church.

Lacordaire's vacant chair was filled by Prince Albert de Broglie—another Orleanist and anti-Bonapartist victory, which was followed by a struggle, where thirteen ballots were taken for the election of a member to succeed Scribe. Octave Feuillet, the novelist, supported by the Tuileries, finally carried the day. Then the Orleano-Catholics again triumphed with M. Dufaure and the Comte de Carné. In 1865, Camille Doucet, an ardent Bonapartist, defeated the poet Autran, who, however, succeeded in obtaining a seat in 1868. Jules Janin, the celebrated critic of the *Journal des Débats,* a candidate some years previously, entered the Academy in 1870. His opposition to the Empire was one of the causes of the delay. Meanwhile, were elected, Cuvillier-Fleury, former preceptor of the Duc d'Aumale and consequently an Orleanist, and Prévost-Paradol, the liberal writer who later became an open ally of the Empire, and then, as though filled with remorse at his change of face, took his life with his own hands. He was French Minister at Washington at the moment of his suicide, which was largely due to the outbreak of the Franco-German War.

Father Gratry and Jules Favre were the two antipodes in candidates elected during the last years of the Empire. The government did not seek to oppose the former, who was a talented orator and the candidate of the Catholic party; but it was pained by the coalition set on foot between republicans and Cath-

olics in order to bring in one of its sworn enemies, Jules Favre, the pronounced republican orator and leader in the Legislative Body. Comte d'Haussonville easily gained the seat made vacant by the death of Viennet. This was another Orleanist victory and did not give us any pleasure at the Tuileries though the Emperor fully recognized the talent of the father of the later member of the Academy, whose wife, too, was a woman of letters of considerable merit.

Comte de Champagny, son of a minister of the First Empire and consequently a partisan of Napoleon III, having defeated, in the struggle for Berryer's seat, M. Duvergier de Hauranne, the friends of the latter, who had offered their votes to the supporters of the government in the Academy, in order to insure Théophile Gautier's success in obtaining the third seat then vacant, determined to revenge themselves. So when Empis, the dramatic author, died and his seat was to be filled, they supported the candidature of Auguste Barbier against Théophile Gautier. Thanks to this maneuver, the forgotten poet of *Iambes,* the talented author of inflamed strophes dashed into the very face of the founder of the reigning dynasty, Napoleon I, whose centenary was shortly to be celebrated, defeated by a few votes, on the fourth ballot, the marvelous story-teller and great writer, Théophile Gautier, whose only crime was to be supported by the government. The Imperial party had some ground for showing displeasure at this last election, as had also the true friends of literature; and the Emperor excused the three last-named academicians—Jules Favre, d'Haussonville and Barbier—from making the cus-

tomary visit to the head of the State which always follows an admission to the French Academy. "I don't wish to force anybody to do homage to the Empire," Napoleon III said one day to me *à propos* of these elections. "If these brilliant Frenchmen can't appreciate the grandeur of the Napoleonic idea, it is their loss. Bonapartism is a historic fact and academicians who have not yet learned this are to be pitied. We move on and leave them in the wake."

The very important election of M. Emile Ollivier, who succeeded his friend, Lamartine, took place in April, 1870. This candidature had been proposed by Montalembert, who died before his candidate was accepted by the Academy, and then events so quickened their pace, that the Empire fell before M. Emile Ollivier could be officially received into the august company. When, later, he sought to defend, in his reception speech, the sovereign whose minister he had been, he encountered violent hostility on the part of some of his colleagues. Having refused most decidedly to modify the document as he was asked to do, M. Ollivier preferred to suppress it altogether. This happened in 1874, long after the fall of the Empire of which he was the last Prime Minister, and the episode was an excellent finale of the long and often bitter conflict between the Institute, especially the section which is the gem of this famous body—the French Academy—and the government of the Empire. In the person and talent of Emile Ollivier, Napoleon III found a defender worthy of the cause. Living to an advanced age, M. Ollivier was able in brilliant conversation and on the lecture platform, where his oratory always made a

deep impression, valiantly to support this much-abused régime and, in a stately history of the Second Empire, to place his views on record. If the battle of the Institute had given the Empire no other warrior than Emile Ollivier, the Bonapartists should have no reason to complain.

One of the causes of the Empress' greatest anxiety during the Second Empire was always the danger of some physical harm happening to the Emperor. And no wonder, for there were no less than nine conspiracies against his life between 1853 and 1870. The many attempts to destroy Louis Philippe were still fresh in the public mind and unquestionably suggested a similar dastardly act, in many weak and ill-balanced heads, against the person of the Emperor. The assassination of a monarch seems to have a hypnotizing effect on some addled brains. Later, when the Prince Imperial, a fully-grown child, began to move about more or less alone, both the Emperor and the Empress were always somewhat nervous lest some misfortune should befall the only direct heir to the throne. But even a mother's solicitude for an only son gave way before the greater danger to which the Emperor was ever exposed from the wild act of some crank or some political murderer.

Eugénie's old friend and most faithful private counselor M. Piétri, has drawn up for me a list of the attempts on the life of the Emperor. He has accompanied this list with many curious facts drawn from numerous different sources to which I have added several known only to myself. From this material, I have prepared the following pages, which present a peculiar interest. Among other things,

they show that though attempts are often made on the life of the heads of states, these abominable acts fortunately seldom succeed. This fact should give new courage to rulers and should deter evil-doers from making these terrible efforts to destroy worthy sovereigns. This is, indeed, the chief reason why I have ventured in these memoirs to touch on this rather repelling subject.

The first of these attempts on the Emperor's life was that known as "the hippodrome plot." It was discovered by the police on June 6, 1853, and was the work of a secret society of workmen associated later with a secret society of students. Having failed at the hippodrome, the same conspirators tried to carry out their scheme at the Opéra Comique on July 5th, but failed. In November, eighteen conspirators were sentenced to heavy penalties, and two months later, some forty or fifty more arrests were made and all those arrested condemned. Among these was a young student of twenty-two, Arthur Ranc, who later became a senator, and the editor-in-chief of a Paris daily.

That same year, on September 12th, an attempt was made to blow up a train from Calais to Tournay, in which the Emperor was to have traveled on a visit to the King of the Belgians. Fortunately, the visit was countermanded at the last moment. The plan was to place on the line a tube containing some four pounds of fulminate of mercury, which was connected, by means of a carefully hidden wire, with a Bunsen battery placed some hundreds of yards from the station. It was calculated to explode as the Emperor's car passed over it.

Both of these plots had been hatched in France.

But all those which followed were organized outside of France, chiefly in England, where the Italian societies were generally the instigators, the celebrated Mazzini being the main inspirer and the refugees in London his instruments. This was an exceedingly dangerous body of men, for they pretended to be actuated solely by political motives, and Mazzini was a genius for conspiracy. His principal rule was that if an effort of this sort was to have a chance of success, only a few persons should be admitted to the secret. So he never sent more than four or five men to France to carry out a plot.

The first of these Italian attempts took place on April 28, 1855. About five o'clock in the evening, the Emperor was riding up the Champs Elysées, accompanied by an aide-de-camp and followed by an equerry, when suddenly, an individual, coming from one of the side-walks, advanced calmly towards the Emperor and fired two shots at him from a double-barreled pistol. The Emperor was not hit. One of the policemen on duty, named Alessandri, rushed forward, seized the villain by the throat and was about to dispatch him, when the Emperor, who almost alone in the vast crowd had not lost his *sang-froid,* ordered that his life be spared. When the prisoner was searched, it was found that he had on him another pistol and a dagger. The Emperor, escorted by a vast concourse of people of all conditions, returned to the Tuileries. The Empress heard and saw the crowd as it approached the palace, and at first, not knowing what had happened, feared it was a mob bent on evil. She hurried to meet the Emperor at the entrance of the Tuileries, and as they

embraced, he said smilingly: "This is a funny land, where men are shot at like sparrows."

The would-be assassin's name was Giovanni Pianori. He was a shoemaker by trade and had come over from England. He was condemned to death and executed. But he would reveal nothing, so that it was never known if the man had any accomplices. All this terrible mystery that surrounded these awful deeds added to the horror which they inspired in the Empress, and there were moments, following each of these attempts when she wished that they were far from the dangerous throne and living in private life in some secluded spot. But when the Empress spoke in this mood, the Emperor would say: "But in your quiet retreat, a tree might fall on us and kill us, or, if we remained in the city, a tile might tumble on our heads!"

Cardinal Antonelli, the Pope's secretary of state, was on very good terms with the Emperor at this time, as was, in fact, the whole Papal court, so thankful they were for the care which France had for Roman interests; and he kept the court informed concerning the movements of dangerous characters both in Italy and at London. For instance, the Cardinal warned the government that Pianori's brother was coming from Italy to kill the Emperor and revenge this brother's death. This precious information reached Paris six hours before the arrival of the would-be assassin. He was, in consequence, arrested at the railway station as he left the train, was tried and sent to Cayenne where he died.

The eagerness of Italian revolutionists to destroy the Emperor was because they considered that his

support of the Pope prevented the complete realization of Italian unity. The Emperor once told me that he had learned that Amédée Deleau, the agitator, had said: "Napoleon is decided to support the Pope at any cost, consequently we must overthrow him by every possible means. Italian or French, we have the same interest in his fall. It is the justice of the people which must treat this case." This theory of the solidarity of the Pope and the Emperor was not wholly false. The Empress always favored it. The Emperor defended the Holy Father to the utmost limit, and consequently, the good understanding with Italy was of no practical value in 1870, because we retained French troops in Rome. As soon as we were forced to withdraw them, the Papacy fell into the hands of its enemies. Napoleon has since been blamed for this, and looked at from a military and purely political point of view, there is, I confess, ground for this blame. But one must not forget the moral and religious side of the question. The Emperor and the Empress were Christians, Roman Catholics, Papists, and they could not stand aside and see religious interests sacrificed for political interests.

Another plot, organized in London in 1857, by Tibaldi, Bartoletti and Grilli, was financed and directed by Mazzini. It was considered that the most important feature of this conspiracy, which was fortunately detected before it could be executed, was the presence in it of Ledru-Rollin, the ultra-republican leader, who had been banished from the country. It showed that the French republicans were now hand in hand with the Italian agitators. "I have Italy and Paris against me," remarked the

Emperor when he was given the details of the plot; "but I have France with me; and that is enough."

I now come to the most notorious of all these terrible machinations. An extraordinary gala performance was given at the Opera on Thursday, January 14, 1858, for the benefit of the famous barytone Massol. The program comprised a fragment of the second act of *Wilhelm Tell,* with Mme. Marie Dussy, and Messrs. Renard, Chin and Massol in the principal parts; fragments of *Maria Stuart* by Schiller, with Mme. Ristori in the leading rôle; the second act of *La Mueta de Portici*; and finally the ballet from the Masked Ball of *Gustavus II.*

The Emperor and the Empress had promised to be present at half past eight, the reigning Duke of Saxe-Cobourg awaited the arrival of the Imperial carriage at the foot of the grand staircase. The night was very fine and the boulevards and streets all round the Opera, which was then situated in the Rue Le Peletier, were crowded. At the half hour the Imperial procession turned into the Rue Le Peletier with a group of lancers. First came a carriage containing the officers on duty, and then the landau bearing the Emperor, the Empress and General Comte Roguet, aide-de-camp. The Imperial carriage slackened its pace when the chief entrance to the theater was reached, in order to enter the special passage reserved for the sovereigns at the far end of the portico. At that very moment three successive explosions were heard. A bomb had been thrown behind the officer's carriage and in front of the Imperial landau, a second one had fallen near the carriage to the left and a third had rolled under the carriage itself.

It is impossible to describe the emotion and alarm which seized upon the crowd. The gas lights illuminating the front of the edifice were extinguished, the awning protecting the sovereign's entrance was torn to threads, the windows in the portico and the neighboring houses were shattered to atoms, fragments of glass and splinters of wood were mingled with the projectiles which fell into the carriage, the Emperor's hat was pierced by a shot, while the Empress' gown was covered with blood and it was thought at first that she had been wounded. General Roguet received a violent blow below the ear which caused an alarming loss of blood, and deeply affected Eugénie and Napoleon. Were there any other bombs ready to be thrown? was the question asked on every side.

The police quickly opened the carriage door to allow the sovereigns to alight. The Empress thought at first that the police were assassins trying to murder the Emperor and threw herself in front of him to protect him with her body. But she immediately saw her mistake, when the Emperor, who did not for a moment lose his presence of mind, addressing the police officers said: "How can we alight? You have not let down the steps." Then it was that the Empress learned the true character of these brave and devoted men.

How many had been wounded by the Italian conspirators' bombs? was another question on everybody's lips. This could not immediately be ascertained. It was known, however, that the three footmen and the coachman of the Imperial carriage were wounded, that some lancers in the escort had fallen dead, while others were grievously hurt, and that the

same fate had been shared by several women and children in the crowd, by some of the Paris Guards, and policemen who were on duty at the theater entrance.

The panic was generally outside the theater, and inside the emotion was also considerable. After the first orders had been given for assistance to the injured, the Emperor and the Empress advanced towards the royal box. Then she found that the suite was not complete, and that Mme. de Sancy de Parabère and another lady of the palace, pushed by the crowd into the study occupied by Babin, the theatrical costumer, got lost in the dark corridors. So for a few anxious moments Eugénie feared that these faithful companions had met with harm.

As the Emperor and the Empress entered their box, the entire audience arose and cheered and cheered again with indescribable enthusiasm. They repeatedly bowed in acknowledgment of this warm greeting and then sat down quietly as the performance was about to begin. It was *Wilhelm Tell.* Though throughout these trying moments Eugénie succeeded in retaining her presence of mind, and tried to let no sign appear of the deep emotion she was laboring under, nevertheless she was exceedingly anxious until the messenger sent in haste to the Tuileries returned and assured the Emperor and the Empress that the Prince Imperial was safe and sound.

In the meantime the entertainment continued without any alteration in the program. Even the masked ball ballet, which represents the murder of Gustave II of Sweden, was given just as it stood. Throughout the performance, the audience ap-

plauded wildly, turning from time to time to the Imperial box, especially at the moment when Mme. Ristori gave the passage where Marie Stuart, speaking to Mortimer, says: "Il braccio del sicario! E questo il solo, il mio vero terrore!" Calm and unmoved, the Emperor cast at Mme. Ristori a glance full of an expression that the great tragedienne never forgot, as she afterwards told me.

The Emperor and the Empress remained until the end of the performance, during the progress of which they were visited in their box, where news was brought them concerning the wounded, by King Jerome, Prince Napoleon, Princess Mathilde, Princess Murat, the marshals, several members of the Diplomatic Corps and many high functionaries. The sincere sympathy expressed by these relatives and friends touched them both very much and made a lasting impression upon them. It was their first experience of this tragic nature, and the memory of it was never entirely effaced from Eugénie's mind.

The news of the outrage reached the Palais Royal just at the moment when, in the drawing-room of Prince Napoleon, a proverb by Alfred de Vigny entitled: *Quitte pour la peur,* was being played. The Prince immediately drove to the theater, and rushed to the Imperial box, as has just been said, to congratulate his cousin on his fortunate escape. The Emperor thanked him sincerely and added: "You had better return to your guests; the play you have chosen bears an appropriate title"—a good example of the Emperor's calmness in moments of danger and of his gifts for the apropos, which was, indeed, remarkable.

When the Emperor and the Empress left the

theater, they found the boulevards specially illuminated and they were enthusiastically cheered as they passed through the crowded streets on their way to the palace where several ambassadors and senators awaited them, another evidence of the great esteem in which the Emperor was held by high and low alike. They often recalled that evening, and while they remembered specially the victims who, in the fulfillment of their duty, or in search of pleasure, had fallen by the bombs of Orsini and his accomplices, what made the most lasting impression on their minds, was the remarkable popular demonstration in favor of the régime which the Emperor was endeavoring to place on solid ground.

At a much later period, the Emperor said one day: "Orsini did more to consolidate the Second Empire, than a half dozen Bonapartist speeches in the Legislative Body or as many more of my addresses from the throne—which I put last you see," he said smiling.

The following day, all Paris learnt that the conspirators had been arrested, that Orsini was the chief, while Gomez and Rudio were his accomplices, and that Pieri had been arrested the day of the explosion, for the police were aware of the plot and steps had already been taken to prevent its execution. Who can say whether the bomb which Pieri was to have thrown would not have been fatal to the Emperor? This question was asked on every hand. Though he had escaped, Napoleon and Eugénie were far from rejoicing, for there were many other victims, as has just been said, and they felt deep sorrow as they thought of these lives cut short or in the greatest danger by the bombs which had

been intended for them. The Emperor and the Empress drove out together the next day, January 15th, in an open carriage, passing through the boulevards without escort, and visited at the hospitals of the Gros Caillou and the Val de Grâce the wounded men who had formed part of the escort on the previous evening.

On January 16th an official reception was held at the Tuileries for the members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Senate, the Legislative Corps, the Council of State, and the Municipal Council of Paris. On this occasion speeches were made by the presidents of the Senate and the Legislative corps, M. Troplong and M. de Morny, which were filled with loyal sentiment. The papers published, the same day, the names of the one hundred and eighteen persons who had been wounded or killed, and described in detail the admirable bravery of the lancers of the suite, the presence of mind of Quartermaster Cuisin and of Corporal Prudhomme. On the 17th there was a reception for the generals, admirals and all the other officers then present in Paris, while the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris presided at a Te Deum which was sung at Notre Dame. Congratulations on their fortunate escape now began to pour in upon the Emperor and the Empress from all parts of Europe, couched in the warmest terms. The Prince of Denmark, and Princes Charles, Adalbert and Albert of Prussia came in person a little later to bring their felicitations. The Imperial speech delivered at the opening of the legislative session on the 18th was most enthusiastically greeted, and while they continued to visit the wounded men in the hospitals, military crosses and medals were distributed by the

Emperor among the police, lancers, and Paris Guards who had risked their lives on that tragic evening.

These details are given to bring out the fact that the sovereigns, the high officials, the journals and the people all united as one on this occasion, a fine proof of the popularity and stability of the throne at this moment.

Meanwhile the news from abroad was far from quieting the public mind at home. From Italy and England came information concerning a vast plot which had been prepared and which showed that the Emperor's life was in constant and growing danger. Nothing else was talked of at the ball given by the English ambassador on January 25th, the day on which was celebrated in London the marriage of Princess Victoria with Prince Frederick of Prussia, the future Frederick III. It was only natural, therefore, that the Emperor should feel some concern over this state of things. Not only was his life in danger, but the peace of the country was threatened. He was still further alarmed on reading the reports sent to Count Walewski, the natural son of Napoleon I, Foreign Minister at this moment, by the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, then French minister at Turin. This all caused Napoleon to think of the future, to consider what would be the situation of France in the event of his being murdered. He often examined at this time the eventuality of a Regent and a child-Emperor. He took necessary military measures and divided the troops in the interior of the Empire into five large military commands which he entrusted to the marshals of France. Letters patent dated February 1, 1858, con-

ferred on the Empress the title of Regent, to be valid from the day of the mounting to the throne of the Prince Imperial. A decree of the same date instituted a privy council composed of such pillars of the Second Empire as Cardinal Morlot, the Marshal Duc de Malakoff, M. Achille Fould, Minister, M. Troplong, President of the Senate, Comte de Morny, M. Baroche, Minister, and Comte de Persigny. Finally, while the trial of Orsini and his accomplices was under way, General Espinasse was called to the Ministry of the Interior with the title of Adjutant-Minister of Public Safety. This nomination, made in terms which indicated future repressive measures, caused some surprise. It was in fact, done in an answer to an address from the colonels of the army, who denounced England, as "a murderer's refuge, a shelter for assassins," who had, for the most part, really come from Italy, determined to kill the Emperor. Public sentiment even demanded that severe measures be taken against former deported and suspected French subjects, and some four hundred persons of this category were arrested and three hundred were sent to Algeria. This somewhat draconian measure produced a good effect and the Law of Public Safety remained like a sword of Damocles ever threatening, but rarely striking, turbulent spirits bent on violent acts against the head of the state. Thus the senseless act of Orsini drove Napoleon III, in spite of himself, to take stern steps to protect himself, the throne, and the tranquillity of the French nation. He always regretted having been forced to do so, and the Empress wholly shared his feelings on this point.

Very serious difficulties had arisen between Eng-

land and France on account of the violent denunciations made by the colonels just referred to. It was well known that the Orsini plot had been hatched on the other side of the Channel and much indignation was felt regarding the liberty which was enjoyed there by the discontented subjects of all nations. The English ministry considered it necessary to introduce a "Conspiracy to Murder" bill which was, however, rejected at the last moment. Thereupon, Lord Palmerston fell and finally the new Derby-Disraeli cabinet, in which Lord Malmesbury replaced Lord Clarendon in the Foreign Office, made amicable overtures to France. Marshal Pélissier was sent to replace Comte de Persigny in London as French Ambassador, and to further prove that friendly relations subsisted between the allies of the Crimean war, the Queen and Emperor agreed to meet at Cherbourg on the occasion of the opening of the new docks.[1]

In the meantime, on March 13th, Orsini and Pieri were executed. Rudio's sentence was commuted to hard labor for life, while Gomez shared a similar fate. The Emperor would have liked to grant a reprieve to the two first named, in which act of clemency the Empress supported him. But the ministers begged him not to do so as this criminal outrage had caused so many deaths. The trial of the conspirators gave rise to meetings full of interest in which many persons desired to broach political matters both in a manner favorable and unfavorable to the régime. It was said even that the Emperor had gone to see Orsini in prison, and that, "speaking as a former Carbonaro," he had promised the

[1] An account of this meeting is given in Chapter VI in this volume.

Italian conspirators that he would labor in the future for the liberation of Italy. This absurd fact is mentioned to show what wild rumors were in the air at this moment. Of course, there was much fable and little truth in all these tales. It is certain that the Emperor saw in these desperate acts, threats which were more important from the fact that they came from all the different corners of Italy. He unquestionably read in them a call back to the dreams and ideals of former days, to the vague promises of his youth. He henceforth viewed as a possible eventuality what till then had been only a dream and a fancy. From now on a close alliance with Italy became more desirable in view of a probable war with Austria for the liberation of Italy.

Well might we entertain a feeling of sadness during that spring tide of 1858. The dark political clouds at home, the horizon heavy with warlike probabilities, a sudden check to the prosperity which had marked the two preceding years, a lack of confidence shown by government and nation, general anxiety regarding not only the future, but even regarding the very life of the head of the state; all these somber circumstances were of a nature to render us more thoughtful and uneasy than ever before. And it was this dreadful act of Felix Orsini, a man of undoubted talent and energy, a fanatic in the cause of Italian independence, which had suddenly plunged France, and Europe in general, into this state of dark uncertainty. So depressing was the effect of all this on the mind of both the Emperor and the Empress, that they always avoided, in their retrospective moments, any thought of this unhappy year of 1858.

After Orsini's bold and well-organized effort, all the other plots which followed were rather insignificant. On July 3, 1864, four common-place assassins —Greco, Trabuco, Scaglioni, and Imperatori—made an attempt on the life of the sovereign, but without any result. They were all Italians, paid by Mazzini, and sheltered in London. Many Bonapartists again felt that England was much to blame in permitting Mazzini and his fellow-conspirators to work thus freely against the peace of a friendly neighboring state and against the life of an allied and cherished sovereign. But the Emperor understood perfectly well the peculiar character of the British constitution and never entertained any hard feeling against England, the royal family or the nation. The Emperor said one evening, not long after the fearful Orsini outrage, when, as we have just seen, public opinion in France was very much excited against England: "Emile Ollivier is perfectly justified in protesting against the new Public Safety Bill, and I am not over-pleased with it myself. I believe the Interior should always have a civil head. Nor do I approve of the intemperate speeches which it is now the habit of pronouncing against England. In the first place, violent political acts, like these attempts at assassination, never aid their promoters in the long run. They cause to rally around us all the friends of order of all parties. Then again, I cannot be harsh with England, for I can never forget how hospitably I was treated there in the dark days, in both official and private circles. To me, London is always a second Paris, notwithstanding her fogs and rain and chilliness."

The ministry formed on January 2, 1870, by Emile

Ollivier, with the purpose of evolving the much-talked of "Liberal Empire," was born in the midst of conspiracies, which this time were of purely French character. The Paris republicans were preparing a revolution which was to burst forth on the first good opportunity. It was no longer the Emperor's life which was in danger, but the very existence of the régime itself; or perhaps it would be more correct to say, that both the Emperor and the Empire were threatened. The Empress felt it and saw it from the first. The Emperor was of her mind after the Victor Noir tragedy. It will be remembered that this turbulent Paris journalist was shot by Prince Pierre Bonaparte in a quarrel in which both held that they were right. The Emperor was displeased with this rather ungovernable son of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who married against his wishes and had caused the government much trouble. The Emperor would have preferred to get the Prince out of the country and prevent all the scandal which followed. But this was impossible now that the control of state affairs was in the hands of a liberal ministry. So the trial, replete with scandals of various kinds, and the subsequent public funeral of Victor Noir, lent themselves to the purposes of the enemies of the régime, who were not slow to make use of these excellent arms. Arrests, riots, bloodshed were the natural results of this unfortunate state of effervescence, which lasted several days. The Empress fully realized the dangers of such unrest. Her mind was continually recurring to the memory of similar events in French history. One evening when the Tuileries and the neighborhood were more carefully guarded mili-

tarily than usual, the Emperor said to her: "Let us go and see the soldiers"; and they visited those parts of the palace where they were put in easy communication with the troops. But suddenly the Empress recalled the fatal feast of October 3, 1789, and she exclaimed earnestly to the Emperor: "No, no! No bodyguard banquet. Let us return to the inside of the palace immediately," which they did.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON III

I NOW come to the final, inevitable, episode in the existence of the Emperor Napoleon III—the closing days of his mortal life. As is well known, the Emperor was ill for a long time before the end came. At the close of his stay in Wilhelmshöhe, he was beginning to recover from the fatigue and strain caused by the war. He bore the exile in England with many ups and downs in his health. The anguish of the past few years, the long chain of insults and the many breaks in friendship seriously affected the Emperor's constitution; for his heart, so strong against physical pain, was, beneath his apparent serenity, singularly sensitive. If he harbored but little bitterness over the anonymous attacks which had been showered upon him and was the first to make excuses for their authors, he did not feel them the less. On the contrary, they struck deep into his very soul and did their part in hastening his end. We all saw this and we all sorrowed over it; but we could do almost nothing to prevent it. Sometimes, the hopes expressed in France of a return to political favor and the faithfulness of those who surrounded him would arouse the Emperor for a short season. But probably the most comfort to the wounded spirit came from the excellent work of the Prince Imperial at the Woolwich military school.

He was naturally wrapped up in his only son and this boy's good conduct was balm to his ailing father.

But there was still another element that tended to undermine the health of the Emperor. I refer to the climate of England. No climate could have been worse for an ailing patient in his state. His temperament could not fight against it, but his will was so strong that he almost succeeded in hiding the fact from those about him. But he could not hide it from the Empress. She saw the real situation but could do nothing to alleviate it. She simply suffered at his suffering.

Camden Place House was a general meeting place for all the exiled courtiers, and though these old faces did much to keep up the general cheerfulness, their presence was a continual strain on Napoleon. Former aides-de-camp and ladies in waiting were always in attendance, and the little group was often reënforced by friends or faithful visitors of the old Tuileries group. All these when they left Chislehurst went away delighted with the Emperor's welcome and in high spirits over the "excellent health of his Majesty." When, on their return to France, they were questioned concerning his physical condition, which they felt was the pivot on which turned the whole political situation, they would say, very honestly, as they thought: "Why, he is perfectly well and strong!" Others would add: "We never saw him so courageous and cheerful; he really seems to have grown younger."

This special interest in the state of the Emperor was largely due to the fact that at this moment an Imperial restoration was much thought of and a

whole plan had been formed, with the support of several corps commanders, to put the Emperor on the throne again. There is no hesitation on my part to state this fact at this late day, for the reasons, in the first place, that the republicans of that moment made this public, and, in the second place, because the Empress was privately opposed to the plan. She felt that the Emperor was too feeble to stand this new strain and the Prince Imperial too young to take the lead in the proposed restoration. Nor was she convinced from what she heard from France that there was wisdom in the proposal, and I think the events that happened in the immediately following years showed that her view, which was shared by not a few friends of the régime, was the right one. Furthermore, the Emperor himself, who had had wide experience in political matters, was not so enthusiastic about the "plot," as the republicans called it, as were the young Bonapartists who had planned the affair.

At the end of November, 1872, the deadly form of the Emperor's disease became more evident to the Empress. At first, he was obliged to give up driving and then even walking. A decision had to be arrived at. The medical men, Dr. Corvisart and Dr. Conneau, both advised an operation, which they considered absolutely necessary. But other physicians held that it was not yet obligatory. The Empress was appealed to, but hesitated giving an opinion as she perceived the danger of both proposals. When Prince Napoleon visited the Emperor at the beginning of December, he urged him to yield to the advice of the first set of doctors. In order to get him to consent, he said to him one day: "It is

only in this way that you will obtain complete command of yourself." The Emperor answered, in his characteristic way: "Oh, my health will never stand in the way of my accomplishing all my political duties. It was so in 1870, and it will be so again, if circumstances make such a sacrifice necessary." This was brave and just like him. But he decided to make an experiment himself. So he gave orders for a drive, and the following day, about two o'clock, a footman announced that the Emperor's carriage was at the door. The announcement caused great surprise and every one but the Empress thought there must be some mistake. It was a long time since he had taken a drive, and for several days he had not left the house. "I am going over to Woolwich to see the Prince," he said quietly as he went down stairs to get into the carriage. Eugénie was very anxious and the intimate circle all naturally shared her anxiety. We all felt how dangerous that drive might be.

The Emperor was accompanied by Prince Napoleon. They reached Woolwich safely, saw the Prince Imperial for a short time, walked with him, and then drove back to Chislehurst. On his return, the doctors questioned Prince Napoleon very closely. He told them that the Emperor had not complained during the drive and that if his suffering had been increased, his face had given no signs of it. As soon as the Empress was alone with him, she asked anxiously how he had really borne the trial. In his habitually courageous manner, he answered simply: "I suffered a little." But, two days afterwards, a violent fever set in, which decided the doctors to make an examination. Dr. Gull

suggested that this be done by the eminent surgeon, Sir Henry Thompson, who came to Camden Place and examined the Emperor. The result of his visit was to confirm the diagnosis of Drs. Sée, Conneau and Corvisart. There could no longer be a doubt that the Emperor was suffering from stone. It was then decided that he should be operated upon at the beginning of January. We were all anxious but optimistic, for Dr. Thompson was known for the successful way in which he performed this delicate and dangerous operation. The Prince Imperial shared this confidence, and when he wrote to the Pope, his godfather, and sent the customary New Year's greeting, he confided to the Holy Father his optimism, and asked for a blessing for the patient. The letter was delayed in some way and reached Rome on the very day when the telegram arrived informing the Holy Father of the Emperor's death.

On January 2nd, Sir Henry installed himself, with his aids, Messrs. Forster and Glover, one of whom was to administer the chloroform, at Camden Place. Drs. Gull, Corvisart and Conneau, were of course present at this the first operation, which was fairly successful. The Emperor's suffering was much diminished; but the result was very slight, for the stone was hardly touched. On Monday, the 6th, a second operation was performed. It was more painful than the first one, and the Emperor felt the pain afterwards very violently. Local troubles set in which caused much anxiety. After consultation, it was decided that if the third lithotriptic operation was not successful, they would have to resort to heroic remedies. The poor patient said nothing. After this second operation, the changed state of

his body and mind was revealed only by his pulse, his temperature and the expression of his face. He hardly came out of the heavy sleep mixed with delirium into which he was plunged by his disease, and probably by the chloroform. On Tuesday, when the Empress was near his bed, he murmured: "Where is Louis?" She answered: "He has gone back to Woolwich; do you want him?" "No, no, he is working and I do not want him disturbed." The following day, Dr. Conneau, who had just returned from London where he had been to see his daughter, who was ill, entered the room. The Emperor said to him: "Ah, is that you, Conneau? You were at Sedan, were you not?" Thinking that His Majesty had made a mistake, he answered: "Yes, Sire, I have been to London." "I did not ask whether you were in London. I asked if you were at Sedan." "Yes, Sire, I was there." "Ah!" and he closed his eyes.

"Louis! Sedan!" those were the last intelligible words pronounced by Napoleon. The first was a farewell to the beloved son whose presence always brought a smile to his lips even in the midst of the most cruel suffering of these final days of life. The second word was a reminder of the moral and physical calvary which had tortured him during those dreadful days of the summer of 1870 which had continued to torture him each day and even every minute since. This was the disease which sapped his forces slowly but surely while the doctors were seeking for physical causes. These were really his last words, though he did open his mouth several times thereafter, but only to respond in monosyllables to the questions put by the doctors or by the Em-

press. He gave the latter feeble smiles, having no strength left with which to speak.

On the evening of the 8th, his condition seemed to have improved. The night was calm and his suffering had greatly decreased. The 9th was commencing and appeared promising. Sir Henry was encouraged and informed Comte Clary that the third operation would now take place, and that it would be necessary to use the knife. Everybody hoped for the best. The Prince Imperial had asked to be allowed to come. But it was thought best for him to wait till after the operation. Comte Clary was preparing to start for Woolwich in order to carry him the more favorable news and to inform him of the comforting words he had heard from the doctors. At about ten o'clock he came to see if the Empress had any message to send, and she asked him to wait while she got ready to go, too. As the Emperor appeared to be better and she had not been out for a month, the Empress concluded to take a little airing and see her son. On the way to take the carriage, she met Dr. Corvisart, who said to her quietly: "Your Majesty had better not go out." "But what has happened?" "A new attack has come, and it would be better that Your Majesty remain at the house." Then, turning to Comte Clary, he said quickly: "Hasten and bring the Prince"; and to Mme. Lebreton: "Call Father Goddard." This was the Chislehurst priest who often came to Camden Place and with whom the Emperor liked to chat, and to whom he had said shortly before, as they were walking in the cemetery: "I'm looking for the spot where you can put me."

Thereupon the Empress entered the room. The

doctors stood round the bed observing the altered features, the whitening lips and marking the slackening pulse. "Sire," said one of them, "the Empress has come to see how Your Majesty is." At this, the Emperor turned and sought her out with his eyes. She drew near and kissed his forehead. He turned his head a little and put out his lips to kiss her, but had hardly the strength to do so. Dr. Thompson gave him a few drops of cordial, but Eugénie's remark that "Louis is coming, dear" had a greater reviving effect than the cordial. Everybody noticed how that name moved him. A slight smile and an expression of joy immediately spread over his white face. At this moment, Father Goddard entered the room, and administered extreme unction. The Empress noticed the hard breathing, but did not imagine that the end was so near. Father Goddard gently drew her away. She thought that he wished to remain alone with the Emperor. The doctors evidently perceived that the Empress did not realize the real situation, so they told her that the Emperor was dying. She then returned to the bed, everybody fell on their knees, and the Emperor Napoleon passed quietly away.

In the meanwhile, Comte Clary had reached Woolwich, where he found the Prince, gun on shoulder, starting for his military exercise. They hastened back, and got to Camden Place a little after midday. As they entered the house, Comte Davillier said to the Prince: "Be brave, Prince; the Emperor is very ill." The Prince saw Father Goddard coming towards him weeping, and then understood what had happened. He hurried up the stairs and met the Empress just coming from the death chamber. She

embraced her poor boy, and he then passed on into the room. He had hoped up to the very last moment to find his father alive. But he now found himself confronted with a corpse. The Emperor seemed to be sleeping, and his face wore a most calm appearance. The Prince fell on his knees and prayed. Then he rose, seized the Emperor's head in his two hands and kissed him tenderly. The Empress again drew him to her, and others tried to have the Prince leave the room. But he refused for a long time. He seemed stupefied and unable to give way to the emotions which were swelling up in his bosom. He finally retired, asked quietly how the last moments were passed, and at length, giving way to his deep sorrow, wept bitterly and freely.

The news of the Emperor's death caused much sorrow in England and in France. Several of the London papers appeared in black. The Emperor was popular in England, and, though in exile, it was felt that he exercised much influence on public affairs. Many statesmen at that time considered that he or his son was destined to play an important part in the world's politics. The Queen was kind enough to send her chamberlain, Lord Sydney, and the Duke of Cambridge arrived shortly afterwards. The good Queen who, up to the day of her death, always treated Eugénie with the greatest kindness also sent to her and to the Prince Imperial tender letters and telegrams. Telegrams reached them in great numbers from other crowned heads, public men in all countries and from our old and dear friends in France. I was told a few days later that more than two score newspapers of Paris and the departments came out in mourning. The warmth

of feeling expressed by all classes at Chislehurst touched the Empress deeply. The Prince Imperial was so overcome by the blow that she induced him to withdraw from the big house, where there was such a come and go, to a smaller one occupied by Comte Clary in a corner of the park. The next day, the then Prince of Wales came. He would not intrude upon Eugénie's grief, but he was received by the Prince Imperial, to whom he said with much feeling and gentleness as he kissed him: "I pity you, for I know by experience what you must suffer."

The Prince Imperial was so tender throughout this sad experience. I recall some one of the household coming to ask the Empress about some of the details of the funeral. Turning to her son who was with her at the moment, she said to him: "Speak, Louis; you are the one to decide things now." His only reply was kneeling down, kissing her hands, which were bathed with his tears. There were many other touching acts and scenes during these painful hours. Among the Frenchmen who arrived direct from France was Eugène Delessert, who brought with him a case full of earth taken from the private garden of the Tuileries on which was laid the coffin. The Emperor was placed in his coffin wearing his wedding ring and the ring which was on the finger of Napoleon I, when he died at Saint Helena. It was proposed to take off and hand to the Prince Imperial this family relic. But he refused to permit this.

The body was exposed on January 14th, in the large hall of the house. When Marshal Lebœuf arrived before it, he fell on his knees before the bier,

exclaiming: "My poor Emperor! My poor Emperor!" Then he slowly walked around the room and twice kissed the hands he had not shaken since Metz. Those who witnessed this scene told me that it was most heart-rending. All understood the anguish and pain of that unfortunate man and true soldier, who seemed to ask forgiveness for his shortcomings, and who was finally led away by a friend.

The night preceding the funeral the Empress spent in prayer at the coffin side. A ray of sun burst through the heavy clouds at the very moment when the funeral left the house. Later, M. Franceschini Pietri informed her that in the procession were two marshals, an admiral, fifteen generals, six vice-admirals and rear-admirals, fourteen deputies, twenty-seven former ministers, twenty-five former prefects. On Sunday, the 19th, Father Goddard preached an excellent sermon on the dead Emperor. I have read and re-read it many times since. He dwelt on the religious feelings of the Emperor, which were indeed very deep. Speaking of the Emperor's kindliness to the poor, he told this anecdote which I have myself heard from the Emperor's own lips. A child, he returned home one day without his shoes, and when Queen Hortense asked him what he had done with them, he answered: "Mother, I met a poor boy who had no shoes, so I gave him mine." The child in this case was indeed father to the man, for no soul was ever more noble and more generous than that of the Emperor. There was in him a generosity, a greatness of heart, a touching kindliness which was felt by everybody who came into his presence. I have heard this said over and over again by friend and stranger. His

attachment to his friends, his gratitude for the slightest attention—noble and rare virtues—would suffice alone to single him out as a king among men. But there was another trait in his character which was still greater. He was capable of the most magnanimous forgiveness for offenses. Those who lived outside of his immediate circle have no idea how highly developed this grand quality was in him. Often he had an opportunity of taking revenge, but he never once took advantage of it, even when it would have advanced his political views and interests.

Father Goddard told me a few days later that after the burial service, a marshal who had fought and commanded at Sebastopol came to him in the sacristy and said with tears in his eyes: "I thank you for having come to join your grief and respect to ours in the presence of this tomb. He whom we are mourning deserved this homage, for he had a noble heart." Since then, I have heard similar testimony from many other men of mark, and I perceive that I am not alone in saying that the Emperor Napoleon III had one of the sweetest characters I have ever known.

CHAPTER XVII

RECOLLECTION AND RETROSPECTION

DURING the Empire the Empress acted as regent on several occasions. What she did at these times has, in some instances, been criticized severely in certain quarters. Even what she thought or was supposed to think has not always escaped censure. But neither at the time nor since did Eugénie pay much attention to these carpings, which were generally based on no very solid facts. Nor did she accept willingly the praises which were not infrequently bestowed upon her for her acts during these same regencies. She was always ready to wait patiently till the future historian, with all the documents in hand, shall pass final judgment on the public characters of the Second Empire.

But, concerning many things that the Empress did during these regencies, even the most malevolent detractors of the reign were forced to hold their peace. A good example of this was afforded during the regency of the year 1865 when Napoleon III undertook a journey to Algeria during which she occupied the position of ruler.

The treatment of youthful prisoners was a subject which has always greatly interested the Empress and she studied it attentively during this regency. All who have any knowledge of administrative red-tapism and routine, especially in France, can realize

what she had to fight against in order to introduce alterations or improvements of any kind in the prison system. Eugénie fully realized the difficulty of the task, and as the best means of gaining accurate and precise knowledge of the existing state of affairs, she determined to conduct all the investigations in person, and carefully visit all the establishments where ameliorations were needed.

At that time, youthful delinquents were usually shut up in La Petite Roquette, and this prison was the first which the Empress visited on her "errand of mercy," as the Emperor termed it, writing from Algiers. After a preliminary hasty examination, she was pained to find that the condition of things there was worse even than she had imagined it to be. The children, many of whom, though no doubt guilty and even vicious, were mostly victims of neglect and ill-treatment, and were yet subjected to moral torture of a kind which had long been abolished in all the prisons where adults were shut up. The natural result was that these young persons became hardened and perverse in many cases where gentle treatment and kind care would have worked wonders.

The Empress found that the children were condemned to a life of complete isolation. For these young beings, full of life and spirits, the days were terribly long and each was a perfect replica of the day which had preceded it, a perfect foreshadowing of the day which would follow it. Their time was spent in a lonely cell, bending over an unchanging task, in absolute and unbroken silence. No relief came when the poor soul was turned into the prison-yard for a short walk. Perhaps on the first occa-

sion, his heart beat eagerly as he passed through the grated door, thinking no doubt that he would find some comrades outside, and that even if speaking were prohibited, there would be something different to look at. But, alas! the poor child's walk was taken in a passage-way twenty-five yards long surrounded by high blank walls, and the daily so-called recreation became a sort of torture against which his young soul revolted. The very chapel had been turned into a place of punishment; for one above the other, rose tiers of little boxes from which the occupants could see the altar, but where they were unable even to catch sight of any of their companions in misery.

The Empress had brought before her some of these wretched young beings. She questioned them one by one, inquired into their former life, the cause of their imprisonment, and asked especially about their present condition. For some, she was soon convinced there was no remedy. Soiled imaginations, perverted minds, such appeared ready for any crime. When catechized, these immediately launched into long explanations of their deeds and actions, inventing with marvelous facility tales by which they hoped to deceive their listeners and win compassion. The Empress was led to the reluctant conclusion that such children were beyond help; they were sunk too deep in the mire. She found that there were others, however, who had never known a kind word or loving caress. They slept under the bridges of the Seine because they had been abandoned. They had no other home, and sought the only shelter they knew of. Some night, the police would find them out, and, being homeless, they

would be brought to La Petite Roquette. Was it right, Eugénie asked herself, that such victims of fate deliberately should be turned into culprits' cells to become by confinement and harsh treatment hardened and desperate criminals? She answered the self-imposed question by a vigorous "No."

Eugénie discovered that other children had been imprisoned at their own parents' request, by parents who beat them and goaded them till they became little better than savages. One case particularly interested her—that of a young boy who had one day stolen some trivial object as he passed through a street. He was a policeman's son, and the father, ashamed of the boy's evil deed, insisted on his being rigorously punished and had requested that he be imprisoned for a year. The lad had been hardened by the treatment and swore that as soon as he was free he would kill his father. Every effort had been made to shake his determination, but he remained obdurate. "I will kill my father when I leave here," he repeated over and over again.

The Empress inquired into this boy's past. In very simple language, he told the whole story and bursting into tears exclaimed: "My father had no right to punish me so severely for such a little thing. It is unjust and I will kill him for it." Eugénie drew the young prisoner nearer to her and spoke gently to him. In kindly tones she dwelt on the duty of parents, and how such duties become sterner and more imperative according to the position held by the parent. "Your father was a policeman," she said to the trembling lad, "whose duty it was to repress evil in others, and he had consequently felt it more incumbent on him to punish his son's mis-

deeds very severely, though no doubt it caused him much pain to do so." The child listened, and as her words fell on his ears, his hard little heart grew softer and softer till at length he gave way and sobbing, fell at her feet and promised to abandon his terrible determination. Eugénie then promised to send some one to intercede with his father so that the term of imprisonment might be shortened. She did so, and shortly afterwards the child was released. She saw that he was apprenticed and carefully watched during several years. In the end, the lad gave entire satisfaction to his employers, thus justifying the interest which she had inspired.

After this visit to La Petite Roquette, the Empress appointed a committee to inquire into the possibility of converting the iniquitous cellular system of imprisonment into that known in France as "agricultural penitentiaries." The meetings of this committee were held at the Tuileries and among its more prominent members was M. Emile Ollivier, who had but lately come over to the Empire and who was a staunch partisan of this new system by which work in the open fields supplanted the drudgery in pent-up prison work-shops.

As was to be expected, there was a considerable amount of opposition in the committee to this reform. One of the members tried hard to persuade the Empress of the danger of allowing sentiment to play a part in such matters. He pointed out with much earnestness that innumerable obstacles would be raised to the new proposal and that the whole administrative economy would be upset by such a reform. Eugénie did not deny these facts, but having exposed her ideas on the subject, she warmly

maintained that humanity, and not mere sentiment, demanded that such steps as she suggested be taken. The Empress gave examples of what she had seen, and pleaded so earnestly on behalf of the young prisoners that it was finally decided by the committee to draft the children gradually into the various agricultural penitentiaries then existing.

It cannot be denied that the obstacles which had been foreseen did arise. None were more opposed to the proposal than the managers of the agricultural colonies or penitentiaries, who feared the evil effects which might accrue from the introduction of undisciplined, and in many cases vicious, children, among those who had already been disciplined and improved by regular and healthy work. But these objections were over-ridden, and the change of treatment brought about more rapid and better results than had been expected. In the fresh country air, under the healthy influence of congenial work and contact with fairly disciplined children, some marvelous changes took place.

Whenever I speak of this campaign for the amelioration of the lot of imprisoned youth, I always enjoy relating the following example of the success of Eugénie's plan. It was that of a boy of sixteen who, with a party of fifty others, was transferred to Citeaux, the famous abbey near Nuits, turned into an industrial and agricultural penitentiary for juvenile offenders. He had been specially noted for his coarse and defiant nature. He prided himself on being a "prison bird" and declared his intention of remaining one. He would listen to no counsel and spurned the efforts of all who tried to take an interest in him. But this agricultural sys-

tem worked a miracle on him. Barely a year had elapsed before he was allowed to leave, although his term of imprisonment had not yet expired. The manager of the establishment recommended him as a farm laborer, and the boy kept his situation, giving great satisfaction and becoming in the end an excellent member of society.

The Empress next turned her attention to the terrible women's prison of Saint Lazare, where vice, misery and crime were thrown together indiscriminately, thus forming a vast and festering social wound.

During one of her visits to this lamentable establishment her attention was attracted to a woman who was lying on her deathbed. She had led a wretched and shameful life, and was now loudly refusing the comfort of religion, while she indulged in the most horrible curses and blasphemy. The Empress approached her bed, spoke gently and soothingly to her, and seemed to find words which went straight to her heart. Suddenly she raised her eyes wonderingly and remarked:

"You, an Empress, can speak so kindly to me! You can feel for my sufferings! Then, truly there must be a God, if you have such a kind heart."

Few things that happened to Eugénie during this regency gave her more real joy than these words coming from the heart of a fallen woman. Soothed and softened, the poor woman asked forgiveness of the sisters and nurses towards whom she had been so rebellious, and, assisted by the Empress, she passed the rosary they handed her round her neck, asked for the chaplain and even wished to be con-

fessed aloud. She then died quietly with words of prayer on her lips.

That day spent by the Empress at Saint Lazare was not soon forgotten, and the touching and pathetic remarks of gratitude which she received both in the prison and outside its walls, have always remained graven in my memory. I believe that this work of Eugénie's in this prison for the fallen women of Paris was the starting point for the formation of a philanthropic society especially devoted to their interests, a society which has become very widely known during the Third Republic.

The news of her presence in the building during the visit just described spread throughout the neighborhood and a large crowd gathered about the gateway, anxious to catch sight of the Empress and to praise a humane but very natural action. So when she appeared at the door, she found groups of kneeling women who strove to touch her hands and garments and present their children to the Empress. She was naturally much moved and was obliged literally to force her way to the carriage through a mass of affectionate people. The Empress returned to the Tuileries with a heart which, though heavy, was at the same time happy at a duty cheerfully performed. Nothing during the regency was so worthy of the Emperor's praise; and he did praise the Empress warmly, on his return from Algeria, in the midst of her philanthropic work.

Ten years later, the Empress had another opportunity of coming to the aid of the poor and unfortunate under most trying circumstances. At the end of September, 1865, while the court was staying at Biarritz, it was announced that cholera had

broken out in Paris. The Emperor and the Empress immediately resolved to return to Saint Cloud. The first outbreak of the epidemic had been overwhelming, but afterwards the virulence of the disease seemed to diminish somewhat. Towards the middle of October, however, a return of the terrible malady caused a general panic. Everybody who could left Paris and the hospitals were full of the sick. The working population especially suffered. On October 21st the Emperor went to Paris, accompanied by General Reille, his aide-de-camp, and an orderly officer. He visited the hospital of the Hôtel Dieu, spoke with the doctors, walked through the wards and cheered up the sufferers. On leaving the hospital, he gave a sum of fifty thousand francs, to succor the cholera victims. This brave visit reminded many of what his great uncle had done in the similarly affected hospitals of Cairo during the famous expedition to Egypt. Such comparisons always pleased Napoleon III.

The Empress did not accompany the Emperor on this occasion, because he gave orders that she should not be informed of this proposed visit to the Hôtel Dieu, as she was suffering from a bad attack of influenza. But on her recovery, the Empress expressed an ardent desire to visit in her turn the cholera-stricken people. The moral effect produced by the Emperor's act had been so excellent that it was finally decided that the Empress should also go up to Paris. Etiquette would not let her go alone. But the ever-thoughtful Emperor told Mlle. Bouvet, her lady in waiting, that he allowed her to accompany the Empress only on condition that she should not enter the hospital, but remain in the carriage.

Mlle. Bouvet was obliged to make this promise, although she did so with the greatest reluctance, as Eugénie well knew; and this bound them together more closely than ever.

Eugénie left Saint Cloud accompanied by her equerry, Marquis de la Grange, Mlle. Bouvet and Major Dupré, orderly officer to the Emperor.

Her first visit was to the Beaujon hospital, to the wards occupied by the cholera patients. She tarried at their bedsides, talked with them one by one, and tried to comfort and encourage them by word and manner. Her conduct was much praised then and since, but the Empress never felt that she had done anything more than her plain duty.

From the Beaujon hospital Eugénie went to the Tuileries for lunch and afterwards visited the Lariboisière and Saint Antoine hospitals.

A pathetic scene took place during the visit to the Beaujon hospital which the Emperor used to love to relate, and so I may be excused, perhaps, for giving it here in his own words. "The Empress," he wrote to a friend, "approaching the bedside of a dying man, bent over him, took his hand in hers and uttered a few words of comfort. The man kissed the hand which held his own, saying, 'Thank you, Sister.' 'You are mistaken, my friend,' said the nun who was conducting the Empress through the wards, 'I did not speak to you, it was our good Empress.' 'Nay, do not correct him, Sister,' answered the Empress; 'he could not give me a nobler title than that of Sister.' "

At the Saint Antoine hospital, the doctor who preceded Eugénie opened, by mistake, a door leading into the ward where the small-pox patients were

lying. He instantly closed it again, desirous of preventing her from entering. "But she entered, however," says the Emperor in the letter already quoted, "though she forbade her lady in waiting to cross the threshold. But the Empress does not take any very great credit for this act. She went to the hospitals to aid in preventing the panic which had seized upon the public, and was simply carrying out a pre-arranged program. It is quite true, as the journals report, that on leaving the hospital, the Empress was literally carried to her carriage by the crowd who enthusiastically pressed around her. Blessings and praises were showered upon her by the women who had clustered about, and who even cut pieces out of her gown to preserve as relics."

Even the most careless student of the more spiritual side of the Court of the Second Empire—for it had such a side, notwithstanding what its detractors have said—must have remarked that the Emperor, and the Empress, perhaps to a less degree, had a cult for certain great historical characters and events of the past. Napoleon III used to say: "It is not enough for a sovereign to read and study history, and especially the history of his own land. He must worship his country's heroes, believe in them and never let an occasion slip to impress their greatness on the present generation. We sit on a throne, not only to govern, but to teach." By association with her noble-minded consort, this same spirit grew in the Empress and with the years she became more and more enraptured of the famous men and women of France. "I am glad to see the progress you are making in this respect," the Emperor once said to the Empress; "you will end by becoming a

greater hero-worshiper than I—if this is possible!"

For example, the Empress always had a great veneration for Marie Antoinette. She was early much moved by the misfortunes of the ill-fated Queen and was often haunted by the memory of her. Eugénie loved everything which reminded her of Marie Antoinette, whether artistic treasures, costumes, pictures, or books. Immediately after her marriage, when she was spending her honeymoon at Villeneuve de l'Etang, in the neighborhood of Versailles, she asked the Emperor to take her to that interesting, sleepy old town, and especially to the Trianon. Eugénie then visited for the first time the small palace and the gardens which the Queen so greatly loved, and henceforth she began to have collected for her own use minute details concerning the life of Marie Antoinette at the time when the latter was the center of a kingdom's love and adulation.

The visit to the Trianon was not merely homage paid to the memory of the unfortunate Queen, but a sort of pilgrimage, a kind of public act of reparation on the part of a bride who had just mounted a throne. Later on Eugénie made several efforts to revive in the public mind memory of the Queen. Everything concerning her was collected with the greatest care. Memoirs of her times were read with avidity, the slightest incidents were noted, the smallest objects were looked upon as sacred relics and a sort of museum of Marie Antoinette's effects was gradually brought together at the Trianon. Bit by bit many articles of furniture and other objects which once belonged to her were accumulated; the walls were hung with pictures, among which could be seen the curious painting in which she was rep-

resented dancing a ballet with her brothers at Schoenbrunn, during the festivities which were given at the time of Joseph II's marriage; and there was a square table decorated with bronze chiseled as delicately as any jewelry, which had been made specially for the Queen.

Having thus contributed to the reorganization of the Petit Trianon collections, the Empress thought it might be a good idea to add to the International Exhibition of 1867 the attraction of a display of all objects which had once belonged to the Queen and which should be brought together from private collections and museums. In fact, under her patronage a committee was formed with the object of restoring Malmaison and the Petit Trianon exactly as they were originally. In recent years this was brought about in a most admirable manner as regards Malmaison, through the generosity of the late M. Osiris of Paris.

These efforts were very successful. The King of Sweden sent to Paris the portrait of Marie Antoinette holding her two children by the hand and walking in the alleys of the Trianon. Gustavus III wished to have a good likeness of the Queen, and this was said to be very striking as a portrait. The Marquis of Hertford lent many things from his London collections: works of art, furniture, and miniatures which had belonged to Marie Antoinette or which were in some way connected with her. Among the objects lent by the Empress, one of the most remarkable was an album in which were gummed samples of the materials of which the Queen's gowns were made. Eugénie learned from the descendants of those who had been of the court circle of the old

régime that this album—of which, by the way, there were several copies—was each morning handed to Marie Antoinette who, by pointing out one of the gummed samples, indicated the dress which she intended to wear that day, and thus Mme. Bertin's orders were greatly simplified.

The Empress owned several other interesting objects which had belonged to the King and Queen, and among them, several portraits. There were a snuff-box with a portrait of Marie Antoinette by Sicardy; a cornelian ring engraved with a head of Henry IV, which Louis XVI, on the morning of his death, gave to Father Edgeworth; the plain penknife which Louis XVI used at the Temple, and, by contrast, a very handsome knife, enriched with rubies and Cottaux enamels, with a gold blade, a marvel in jewelry, which had belonged to the unlucky King also; a bracelet-locket, bearing the King's profile in relief, which the Queen had often worn; marble, terracotta and Sèvres busts; an enormous traveling bag of guipures, embroidered in silk and gold; books on which were engraved Marie Antoinette's arms; several letters signed by her, and many other things.

As a rule, the Empress kept all these relics, the authenticity of which was guaranteed by the most competent authorities, in her private apartments at the Tuileries. But during the Exhibition, they were displayed at the Trianon.

At Saint Cloud, too, were many evidences of Eugénie's regard for Marie Antoinette. Her apartments there were decorated with portraits of the Queen, of Madame Royale, and of the Dauphin. In her cabinet was the celebrated writing desk which had belonged to Marie Antoinette, elegantly deco-

rated with two bronze gilt statuettes representing chimeras whose bodies, twisted in graceful fashion, followed the sinuosities of the wood. This desk, which was made specially for the Queen, has always been regarded as one of the most remarkable examples of the cabinet-maker's art. At the time of their marriage, the Emperor presented the Empress with two magnificent earrings, representing two pears, made of diamonds, as long as a large almond, and surmounted by two large stones. These, too, once belonged to the Queen.

Among the most prized of these Marie Antoinette souvenirs was a gift from Princess Metternich, wife of the Austrian ambassador in Paris—a strange portrait which she had brought with her from Austria. The Dauphine is represented shortly before her marriage, at the age of fourteen, with a narrow red riband, which looked like a thin streak of blood, encircling her neck. One was painfully impressed by this characteristic of it.

Towards the close of the Empire, a prayer-book which had belonged to Marie Antoinette when in the Temple was secured for the Empress at a famous sale. But when she learned later, that the Comte de Chambord was among the bidders for the book, she sent it to him through a friend, and he accepted the gift in the most courteous terms. It was a rule with Napoleon III always to treat with the greatest deference the princes of the old régime and Eugénie ever strove to second the Emperor's efforts in this respect.

Among the books exhibited at the Trianon were two volumes which had belonged to Marie Antoinette, entitled *Traité de l'Oraison de la Méditation*.

They were bound in blue morocco, and bore the arms of the Dauphine Marie-Josèphe de Saxe. On the first page were written the words: "These books belonged to my mother-in-law. Marie Antoinette." The Empress took them with her to England, and kept them carefully until the year after the death of the Prince Imperial, when, before setting out on the journey to the Cape, in order to visit the spot where her unfortunate son had died, and filled with dark forebodings, she decided to give the precious books to some one who would fully appreciate them. The Empress had formerly known the Duc de Doudeauville, head of the royalist party, and to him she sent the volumes, which can now be seen in a glass case in the center of the grand salon of this nobleman's superb Paris mansion.

As has already been seen, the Empress always took much interest in works of charity, and the organization which has been specially dear to her is the Maternal Society, founded by Queen Marie Antoinette. This excellent institution is still in existence under the presidency of the Duchesse de Mouchy, one of Eugénie's closest friends.

Now a few words about another bent of Eugénie's. I refer to her love for travel. I admit that she was never so happy as when visiting foreign lands, seeing cities where she had never been before and even sailing over the seas, ever changing and ever new. Walking or driving through unexplored quarters of a favorite city, such as Paris, for instance, had a charm for the Empress of which she never wearied; and this taste seemed to grow with the years.

After the death of the Emperor, the Empress spent a large portion of almost every year on the

Continent. She was accustomed to make more or less prolonged visits to Paris, always choosing the Hôtel Continental as her temporary abiding place.[1]

[1] M. Franceschini Pietri, so long and so intimately connected with the Imperial family, beginning with the Emperor in the Italian campaign as secretary, and continuing with the Empress as secretary and confidant says on this point: "In some quarters surprise was expressed at her choice of this hotel, situated as it is right opposite the Tuileries, which must have awakened so many unhappy souvenirs of the fallen Empire. The Empress used to gaze for long minutes at a time on the ruins of the Tuileries, before they were razed to the ground just before the World's Fair of 1878. She would walk and sit for hours in the former 'reserved garden,' which now borders the Rue des Tuileries and is open to the public, but which in those days was the private garden of the palace. Then would tears come frequently into her eyes and there was always anguish in her heart. It would seem that such constant dwelling on painful memories would produce but pain, so keen that it would be hard to bear. On several occasions the Empress explained to me and to others her reason for this strange indulgence. 'My always stopping at the Continental,' she would say, 'is due to a sort of attraction born of the sufferings I had experienced in that part of the great city. I will admit that on the first occasion when I came back there after Napoleon's death, and especially after the death of the Prince Imperial, the effect on me was very dolorous. Then, little by little, the sorrow became more poetical in its nature and easier to endure, until it grew to be a real source of consolation to me to live over again those bright and cruel days in almost the very same surroundings. I have always liked to revisit spots where I have spent happy years. The cherished memories of persons and events would then ever come back more clearly and vividly.' Thus, the Empress, more than once during our frequent sojourns in Paris, went out to Compiègne, to Fontainebleau and to Saint Cloud, the demolishing of whose ruins caused her such deep anguish. She loved to stroll again through those leafy alleys and in those shady groves, where she used to pass the warm summer days with her Court. She found a sad comfort in sitting in the garden at Saint Cloud where the Prince Imperial as a child was accustomed to play with his boy companions. On these occasions she wished to be alone and her solitude was religiously respected. Sometimes these communions with the past would last for an hour or more. During one of these visits to that sacred spot so closely associated with the memory of her beloved son, she was

The reason for Eugénie's long stay in Paris in the year 1904, was the protracted illness of her niece,

threading her way through a narrow path bordered with brambles, one of which caught her dress so firmly that she had to stop. It seemed to the Empress that this bramble was filling the office of some unseen hand, and this little incident quite upset her, so that she returned to us who were waiting at a distance—we always left her alone at these times—in a very agitated state, and sobbing, told us what had happened.

"In 1904, the Empress stayed longer than usual at the Hôtel Continental. It was at the moment when the Princess Mathilde died. During the closing years of the latter's life, the two cousins met frequently. With the passing years, the death of the Prince Napoleon and with the philosophy which comes with age, all of the little hostilities and petty differences of opinion which once marred somewhat their intercourse, gradually disappeared and left behind an affectionate friendship. Now long conversations would take place between the two Princesses and they finally became very intimate. At Princess Mathilde's deathbed, the Empress was all tenderness. Though she knew of the character of the will which the Princess was leaving behind and which disinherited Prince Victor in favor of his brother Louis, at no time, and especially in these closing months, did the Empress touch upon this subject with her cousin, particularly as she felt this unfortunate feature of her testament to be due to the influence which her brother, Prince Napoleon, had over her who had quarreled with his son. The general public was much surprised at this clause of the will, but rightfully interpreted it to mean that, as the Empress had chosen Prince Victor as heir to a great part of her property, it was but just that Princess Mathilde should regard the future of Prince Louis. But no real understanding of this kind had ever been come to by the Empress and Princess. What the Empress desired to do for Prince Victor, as heir to the Empire and in accordance with the wishes of the Prince Imperial expressed in his testament, in no way bound Princess Mathilde. As during the last two years of her life, the Princess was more friendly to Prince Victor, it was supposed that she had altered her will. But such was not the case, and the result was that her large fortune, added to the modest sum left him by his father, made General Louis Napoleon the possessor of nearly seven million of francs, whereas his brother, who has all the expenses to keep up entailed by being the recognized head of a former reigning family, enjoys but the modest income allowed him by the Empress—some eighty thousand francs annually."

the Duchesse d'Albe, who died that year. This was a great sorrow for her. The Duchess was as intelligent as she was beautiful, was very well educated and had acquired an erudition that was rare in a woman. The Empress used to tell how "this scholarly niece," as she would call her with pride, had supervised the drawing up of a catalogue of all the marvels of art contained in the palace of Liria at Madrid, that had come down from the Berwicks and the Albes. The Duchess was much admired both at the Spanish capital and at Paris, where she had become very well known during the time her father was Spanish ambassador to France.

I have already spoken of Eugénie's relations with ex-Queen Isabella. The Empress never passed through Paris without seeing her. The unfortunate Queen never forgot the kind refuge offered her by "the then powerful French sovereign," as she used to say, when she fell from power in Spain, during the sixties. But what bound Eugénie particularly close to Isabella was the fact that the Queen's son, who became later Alphonso XII, was, when Prince of the Asturias, a playmate of the Prince Imperial, both at Saint Cloud and at the Tuileries, as is mentioned elsewhere in these memoirs.

The Empress always enjoyed the society of distinguished Spaniards and when she was in Paris, she met a large number of them, the Spanish ambassador being particularly amiable. The Grand Dukes of Russia, who also stop at the Hôtel Continental, were also frequently seen in her small circle.

The favorite hour for receiving her Paris friends was between nine and twelve in the evening. The conversation on those occasions was very general,

especially touching on the question of the hour, whether political, artistic or a purely social topic. The latest book of note was also frequently discussed and judged. Burning political questions were tabooed. The Empress was quite ready to let everybody have their own opinions, but she did not care to give up her own. The Empress consequently abhorred political discussions. In fact, she would not permit them in her presence. For instance, at the time of the Dreyfus affair, it was agreed by her friends to mention it as little as possible before her. Living in England during that tragedy, I admit that she was biassed in favor of the unfortunate captain and felt that the case against him had not been proven, in which respect she differed from nearly all of her friends of her own political party.

A devout Catholic, her feelings were deeply wounded by all the legislation concerning the separation of the Church and State in France. In this connection, the Empress was prone to dwell on the religious liberty enjoyed in England as compared with France, and the establishment, during the closing years of her life, of the good understanding between England and France was very pleasing to her.

The Empress never took a wholly pessimistic view of the condition of France. She was convinced that the great industrial vitality of the country and its widely diffused wealth would save it where other nations might go down to ruin. Politically, she did not think the restoration of the Empire to be in the immediate future. She was never in favor of aiding Prince Victor in trying to conquer his rights. With the death of the Prince Imperial and the loss of the

popularity which once surrounded the Empire, Eugénie did not believe in the return of the Empire. The anti-military spirit which pervades the country and the religious and political scepticism which are so rife, seem to her to bode no good to France. In her declining years, politics were interesting to her for their information and not for their theories. After her long and cruel experiences politics could not be expected to interest Eugénie otherwise.

The larger portion of her sojourn on the Continent was not spent at Paris but at her comfortable home on Cap Martin, in the neighborhood of Nice. There the Empress received many persons whom she had never known at the Tuileries, in her charming Villa Cyrnos, which was built in 1891, and where she resided generally from January to June. Her course of life there was one of marked seclusion, having nothing to do with the social world of the favorite winter resorts of the Mediterranean coast. But many of the great personages who come to this part of France for sunshine and health amiably pay their respects to her. One of the most notable of these visits was that paid by the Emperor of Austria, in 1905. She returned it the following year while the aged monarch was at Ischl. The Empress wrote as follows in a letter to a friend concerning this visit: "It lasted two days, and we talked over all the happy and unhappy events of our lives during the past years. When I said good-by to the Emperor, I remarked: 'Now, sire, we shall not meet again until we are in the other world.' We were both much affected."

The Empress always liked the sea, as I have already said, and she was accustomed to make voy-

ages now and then on her yacht. On one of these voyages she had a memorable meeting at Corfu, with the Empress of Austria, shortly after the mysterious death of the Archduke Rudolph, and curiously enough, the Austrian Empress gave Eugénie all the details of this terrible tragedy. Eugénie was so much affected by the narration that she wrote it down immediately afterwards, during her voyage. The story as told by the Empress, which can be given with propriety, was as follows:

"There are several versions concerning his death. According to some, the prince was killed during a copious supper by a jealous rival; according to others, his death was due to a hunting accident, while suicide and murder have both been advanced to explain the sad event. We knew that he had a very intimate liaison with a young lady, Baroness Vetzera, daughter of one of the Baltazzi family. The Emperor was much worried by the complaints made by the Archduchess Stephanie, which he knew to be justified, and he did what he could to put an end to this unfortunate situation. The Archduke was romantic and quick-tempered, and at one time we feared that he might have his marriage annulled so as to be able to marry Baroness Vetzera. I am sorry to say that some persons, fond of intrigues, sided with my son in favor of such a union, but of course the Emperor, myself and the whole court circle did what we could to prevent it. More than once I pleaded with my son, but in vain. Just when we began to hope that the Archduke was coming around to reason, the tragedy happened. On January 29, 1889, there was a grand dinner at the Hofburg in honor of the Archduchess Valerie and her

betrothed, the Archduke Salvator. Rudolph had promised to be present, but at the last moment telegraphed that he was so fatigued by the hunt that he would return to town only on the following day. He was at Meyerling with a hunting party, which included Baroness Vetzera. Did her cousin, Baltazzi, who wished to marry her, suddenly appear on the scene and provoke a quarrel with the Archduke, which ended fatally for him? This is the opinion held in some quarters. The guests were all warmed with wine. This is certain. In a thoughtless moment did the Archduke kill himself and his sweetheart?"

It seems to me that this account places the Prince in a much better light than those sometimes given, which is my reason for transcribing it here.

When not traveling, the Empress divided her time between her Cap Martin home, just mentioned, and her English residence at Farnborough, in Hampshire, whither she retired shortly after the death of the Prince Imperial. Farnborough Hill is situated an hour's journey by rail from London, in a smiling, wooded country, broken by hills and valleys, rather wild to the view, with long stretches of moorland and pines. Here the Empress found a pleasant abiding place, congenial to her heart and mind. Camden Place House was associated with such sad memories that she was glad to quit it and to transfer her dead to her new abode. The Emperor and the Prince Imperial were given only a temporary resting-place in Chislehurst church. Opposite Farnborough, on another hill, at the end of the park, the Empress erected a Gothic chapel in Portland stone, surmounting a crypt. The French

architect, Détailleur, who was charged with the building of this little edifice, completed it in three years, with great taste and with much respect for pure art. Soberness of design is its most predominant feature. The front and interior are both free from all ornament. The walls of the nave are snowy white, and the pews and pulpits are in carved oak. Underneath, lies the crypt, which extends the whole length of the chapel. There rest the two sarcophagi of the Emperor and the Prince Imperial in the simple grandeur of solid granite. On the one, between the two dates, are cut the words: "Napoleon III, Emperor of the French", on the other: "Napoleon, Prince Imperial, Born at the Tuileries, killed by the Enemy in Zululand." Many different inscriptions had been suggested and even written out for her, but the Empress preferred these few lines. History knows the rest. The sanctuary is filled with wreaths, princely tributes or offerings of humbler origin. I always, when I visit this sacred spot, read with the same old interest this inscription on the wreath sent by the late King of Sweden at the time of the Emperor's death: "Bomarsund. In Memory of the Aid sent in 1855, when a Fleet to defend Sweden was dispatched to the Baltic."

This homage to the dead is not the only memory that is kept green at Farnborough. There are several reminders of old friends or faithful servants, among the dead or still among the living. For instance, in the park is the cottage in which Ullmann lived until his death a few years ago. He was, as is stated in an earlier portion of this narrative, the Prince Imperial's devoted valet. Often during Eugénie's walks in the park would she stop to have

a short conversation with this excellent man-servant, who loved to recall the memories of her dear son's youth and of his young manhood, and who now and then would throw some fresh ray of light on that dark tragedy of Zululand.

Farnborough House is built, like so many other mansions in England, with a Norman roof, large bow windows and spacious verandas. The large dining-room and the glass-covered gallery leading to it were constructed by Eugénie. Besides the usual stables of a country-house, there is in the grounds a carriage-house, which always interests visitors, as it contains the semi-gala coaches which were returned to the Empress after the war. The grounds immediately surrounding the dwelling are laid out in French style and at the foot of the hill are masses of rhododendrons. All out-door growing things are green and vigorous, as is always the case in the damp English climate.

The ground floor of the house is full of mementoes of all kinds, largely relics of the Imperial days returned to her after the war. The study, where the Empress spent a large part of the day, for she generally went out, when she was at Farnborough, only between twelve and one, is replete with souvenirs of her son. There are many portraits of him and Carpeaux's bust, which faces Flandrin's portrait of the Emperor. Both are good likenesses, I think, though this is not the opinion of all. The room also contains many articles which belonged to the Prince and the Emperor. Some of these are souvenirs of the Duchesse d'Albe, who was ever so dear to the Empress.

But the room in the house which the Empress

cherished the most and which she spent many hours in arranging is the Prince Imperial's study, in which the poor boy of course never put foot, but where she sometimes felt he was very near to her. His books, maps, and many of his shooting paraphernalia, as well as the weapons which were with him in real war, are here brought together and carefully preserved. In front of the window is a bust of Napoleon I, by Canova. There are several busts and portraits of Napoleon III, of dead friends or relatives—Abbé Deguerry, Comte Clary, and others—and especially three pictures by Protais, which the Empress particularly cherished. One represents the first skirmish in which the Prince Imperial distinguished himself, while the two others are representations of his last moments on earth, in his heroic struggle with death. In the one, he is in a standing position, determined to sell his life dearly; in the second, he is lying dead, the noble boy, pierced by the treacherous shafts. In a cloud, at the top of this canvas, lit up by a ray of light, are three symbols: Notre Dame, the Vendôme Column and the Hôtel des Invalides. They stand for baptism, the field of glory and the last resting-place of us all. The Empress passed many long hours in this shrine, buried in thoughts which I cannot put down here.

The other rooms of Farnborough also contain many interesting things. There are, for instance, mementoes of the Prince in the square drawing-room, where the Empress generally passed her evenings, and in the little boudoirs, whose walls are covered with pictures recalling the life of her beloved son. In the middle of the gallery already mentioned is the portrait of the Prince by Cannon,

which was painted at Vienna under her direct supervision. It is a magnificent picture and immediately attracts the attention of everybody who passes it. Other pictures or artistic objects are thickly scattered throughout the house. Some of them were saved by Prince Metternich during the disaster of September 4th, at Paris. Others were returned to the Empress at the request of several important persons, among whom I should mention Comtesse Edmond de Pourtalès who obtained the consent of M. Thiers to this honorable action. Some of these objects came from the Biarritz villa, when the Empress sold it. These are chiefly Gobelin tapestries which were in the dining-room and which depict the life of Don Quixote. These now hang in the gallery and dining-room of Farnborough. In the library are found albums, various souvenirs of travel, gifts from sovereigns and presents from well-known individuals or public bodies. It was always a pleasure to show friends and visitors all these varied objects and explain their origin and give their history. The Emperor used to say to the Empress at the Tuileries, when she was pointing out the many valuable artistic bibelots and treasures which filled that once beautiful palace: "Eugénie, what a fine cicerone you would have made!" And more than once at Farnborough the memory of this remark rushed back to her.

The Empress' long residence in England has always been cheered by the many kind attentions of the Royal family. The late Queen Victoria and the Princesses were the very spirit of Christian charity, in their love for her. They often came to her and she returned their visits with deep pleasure. There

was something indescribable about Her Majesty. While always remaining a great Queen, with all the restraint demanded by her position, there was about her at the same time a simplicity and an expansive interest in your personal troubles and trials that made you quite forget, for the moment, the lofty position of the kindly caller and friend. When Queen Victoria made a visit of condolence, you immediately perceived that there was nothing perfunctory about it and that she really felt more than she could express. The Empress had occasion to experience this agreeable fact on several occasions. Some persons, even in exalted quarters, have declared that the Queen was cold and distant. This may have been so under ordinary circumstances and with those towards whom there was no reason why she should be otherwise than cold and distant. It is highly probable that the Queen did not care to lavish affection and show warmth where these sentiments were not called for. But into Eugénie's sorrows she penetrated with a sincerity that gave the greatest comfort. At one time, the Empress used to go in the autumn to Abergeldie, near Balmoral, in Scotland, and there she was able to judge the Queen still more thoroughly, for there was less formality observed by the Court in that wild region. They made excursions together, and the conversation then turning on all topics, the Empress was in a position to measure not only the affections but the mental strength of Her Majesty. She never returned from one of those memorable outings without finding that the mind and character of the Queen had risen higher in her estimation. I am sure that I do not go too far when I say that, take her all in

all, the Empress considered her as one of the most remarkable women of any age and any land. I feel sure that history is going to place her very high in the list of great Queens, and if the splendid Victorian Age remains, as I believe it will, one of the grandest pages in the history of Great Britain, this will be largely due to the ability and virtues of Queen Victoria.

In closing this portion of the memoirs, let me touch briefly on an incident which, while not very interesting, is characteristic of the fate which attends the fallen rulers of France. During nearly thirty years a suit was pending between the Empress and the State. But at length, in the spring of 1907, the Empress won her case. When the Empire fell, the State seized certain things belonging to the Imperial family found at the Tuileries and in other State palaces, which the Imperial family had inhabited. Certain of these objects found their way to the collections in the Louvre. Five hundred and thirty-eight articles were, after the ending of this suit, returned to the Empress. But in this long list are many things which have not the slightest intrinsic value.

This interminably long suit was begun under the government of M. Thiers, back in the seventies. Both parties made concessions in order to bring it to a close. M. Thiers held that the State should keep all objects of real historical importance, though some friends got M. Thiers to return to the Empress, without waiting for the decision of the case before the courts, certain personal articles, including some carriages which the State could not utilize; but she gave in exchange several valuable pic-

tures by David, Meissonier, Cabanel and other great artists, though these canvases had been bought with the Emperor's private money.

In February, 1879, a decision of the courts made the first important step towards the settling up of this disagreeable business. The list of things which the State decided to hold and another list of those which the State was ready to abandon was officially drawn up. The result was that the State recognized its indebtedness to the Empress of over two and a quarter million of francs, with interest extending over a certain term of years. But her legal advisers did not consider this account correct and held that the State owed their client at least two millions more. And there the matter stood for twenty years. In January, 1899, the courts again took up the subject and the pecuniary side of the dispute was settled, the Empress abandoning her claim for the two millions above stated, while the State was ordered by the court to pay over to her the two millions and a quarter, with interest, as also stated above. The registration of this judgment cost her nearly eighteen thousand francs, but the decision of the court remained a dead letter, for the debtor happened to be the State. The Empress hoped at least, to get back the pictures, portraits and certain other objects, which were of no public interest and which the judgment of 1879 had made hers. The State agreed to have the list drawn up but informed the Empress that this would consume much time. In order to hasten matters and show as conciliatory a spirit as possible, she made still another sacrifice to the State, and abandoned the interest on the two million and a quarter given her by the courts.

Whereupon, the State was again ordered judicially, in November, 1899, to settle up this affair. The Empress knew that the inventories had been burned in the Commune and other troubles of 1870 and 1871, and had not been reëstablished with perfect exactitude afterwards. So there was some excuse for this slowness. But she finally grew heartily weary of this long delay, especially as she had sacrificed some four hundred thousand francs in this matter, in one form or another, mainly for the purpose of bringing it to an end.

Some of the objects claimed by the Empress have a certain value, while others are cherished simply for their associations. Among the latter are many of the objects which belonged to the "Sovereigns' Museum" which was made up of gifts and loans. When this museum was broken up, these objects were returned to their owners, among whom were the Princess Mathilde, General Petit and the Marquis de Turenne. But the Empress was not treated in this same manner, notwithstanding the fact that the catalogue showed that these articles belonged to her by inheritance or were purchased with the Emperor's private money, not one having been bought with funds belonging to the State. The main trouble was over a few objects in the Louvre Museum, which were of some value and, in a few instances, of even considerable value. Two Gobelin tapestries and some Sèvres porcelain were readily returned by the museums where they had been deposited, the directors of those institutions admitting that they had no right to them. The Prince Imperial's cradle, a fine piece of work by Froment Meurice, offered by the City of Paris on the oc-

casion of the Prince's birth, as the reader has seen, was returned in this way. But later, at the moment of the World's Fair of 1900, Prince Murat requested the Empress to lend it to the retrospective exhibition which he was organizing at that time. This she readily did. But when the Fair ended, the City of Paris claimed the cradle. The Empress then gave it to the city collections at the Carnavalet Museum, asking only that there be a ticket attached to it on which should be printed the words: "Given by the Empress," but this request has never been granted.

A friend of mine and a leading French jurist has made this comment on the shabby way in which the State has acted in this whole matter: "Just compare for an instant the fashion in which the State treated the Orleans Princes under like circumstances. In 1872, Thiers practically gave them back everything. In fact, their personal property was never seized, and the landed estates which King Louis Philippe settled on his children, before he mounted the throne in 1830, was quite contrary to dynastic law, as they should have become Crown property. Yet the possessors were not disturbed. The claims of the Empress were perfectly good in law. Nobody denied this. But the various ministers of finance seemed afraid of public opinion and so would not carry out what the courts had ordered."

THE END OF VOL. I